POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 21 · 1964 20c

THE SECRET OF THE BEATLES

An intimate account of their American tour and a probing analysis of their incredible power to evoke frenzied emotions among the young.

EXCLUSIVE:

Original Beatle fiction

By JOHN, the married Beatle

If you think their music bugs you, read this.

The man who made a fortune from "religion" / **Speaker McCormack: next in line for the White House**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

363 GROVASKP04DEC 66
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIB
363 GROVE ST
PASADENA CALIF

He has diabetes—but he's still all boy!

Once, he never would have had a chance. Diabetes meant certain death for its victims little more than a generation ago.

Now a modest expenditure for drugs not only keeps him well, but also makes possible the active life that even includes the "shiner" most boys occasionally come home with.

The story of insulin starts with a pair of brilliant Canadian research scientists, who first succeeded in isolating this vital hormone. But it remained for the skill and productivity of American drug manufacturers to make it available in such abundance that today thousands of diabetics lead normal lives—sustained by a drug that costs no more than a dollar per week on the average.

More recently, drug companies developed an entirely new family of antidiabetic drugs to be taken by mouth. Drugs that now free many from the pain and inconvenience of daily injections. Moreover, the advances that made these new medicines possible may point the way to eventual conquest of this age-old illness. And, other human ailments.

This is the value of modern drugs—protecting your health and reducing the cost of illness.

This advertisement is sponsored by a group of prescription drug manufacturers whose aim is to create through research continually better medicines:
BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. · CIBA PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY · LEDERLE LABORATORIES · MERCK SHARP & DOHME · A. H. ROBINS CO., INC.
SMITH KLINE & FRENCH LABORATORIES · THE UPJOHN COMPANY · WALLACE LABORATORIES · WARNER-CHILCOTT LABORATORIES

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MAYTAG
HALO OF HEAT®
DRYER
GAS OR ELECTRIC

This nylon nightgown

was dried 30 times in a Maytag Halo of Heat Dryer. As you can see, it is as fresh as it was when new. Maytag has this kind of gentleness because a Maytag dries with a circle of low, gentle heat. No scorching hot spots to overdry and weaken fibers. And Maytag deluxe models are so automatic you don't even set the temperature or time. Maytag Halo of Heat Dryers—so gentle you can dry delicate lingerie in them.

THE MAYTAG COMPANY, NEWTON, IOWA. SOLD IN CANADA AND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The incomparable LONGINES Admiral Automatic celebrates almost a century of honored supremacy!

Yes, the Longines Jubilee 5 Star Admiral Automatic (with the world's most advanced, self-powered wrist watch movement) is a crowning achievement in the horological art! Astonishingly accurate, incredibly reliable, elegantly styled so that—at a glance—it is obviously a member of the World's Most Honored Watch family. The Longines Jubilee Automatic will never need winding, it is so meticulously handcrafted that it can serve you . . .and serve you well . . . for an adult lifetime.

This Longines, as every Longines regardless of price or purpose, is made to be the finest of its kind . . . built to the self-imposed standards which have won for Longines 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals—more awards, prizes and honors than any other timepiece in the world.

And Longines will time the U.S. Olympic Trials at the New York World's Fair. Continuing proof of outstanding excellence. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer Franchised Jeweler soon to see **The World's Most Honored Watch.**

LONGINES *The World's Most Honored Watch*

10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES • 28 GOLD MEDALS
HIGHEST OBSERVATORY HONORS FOR ACCURACY

The new Longines Jubilee 5 Star Admiral Automatic: Never needs winding, astonishingly accurate, reliable, All-Proof,® with the rich new mesh strap-bracelet. Priced from $125.

L O N G I N E S - W I T T N A U E R W A T C H C O M P A N Y

Maker of watches of the highest character for almost a century!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
MATTHEW J. CULLIGAN, *Chairman and President*
CLAY BLAIR JR., *Editor-in-Chief*
MARVIN D. KANTOR, *Chairman, Magazine Division*
JOHN J. VERONIS, *President, Magazine Division*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
CLAY BLAIR JR. *Editor*
DON A. SCHANCHE *Managing Editor*
WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. *Executive Editor*
Assistant Managing Editors:
OTTO FRIEDRICH *(Articles)*
HANK WALKER *(Photography)*
ASGER JERRILD *Art Director*
FRANK KILKER *Associate Art Director*
DON McKINNEY *Chief Articles Editor*
STEWART ALSOP *Washington Editor*

ARTICLES
Senior Editors: CHARLES N. BARNARD *(General)*; HILLEL BLACK *(General)*; SANDFORD BROWN *(Business)*; THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. *(Speaking Out)*; WILLIAM EWALD *(Entertainment)*; WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK *(National Affairs)*; ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. *(National Affairs)*; ROGER KAHN *(Sports)*; DAVID A. LYLE *(Foreign)*; JEANETTE SARKISIAN *(Women)*; STEVEN M. SPENCER *(Science)*.
Associate Editor: FREDRIC C. APPEL.
Assistants: GLADYS ANN MÜLLER, KENNETH B. PLATNICK, RICHARD A. RAND, JANE DENIS SMITH.

EDITORS-AT-LARGE
JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT SHERROD.

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, BROCK BROWER, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, FRANK GRAHAM JR., C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, PETER MAAS, ROBERT K. MASSIE, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR., WILLIAM TROMBLEY, ROUL TUNLEY.

FICTION and BOOKS
L. RUST HILLS, *Chief*
Senior Editors: JOHN APPLETON, H.E.F. DONOHUE, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL.
Associate Editors: SUSAN STANWOOD, LOUISE DUDLEY.

PHOTOGRAPHY
Senior Editor: MARSHALL LUMSDEN.
Associate Editors: ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, KAREN DUDLEY, ROBERT MOORE, SALLY A. REUKAUF, ROGER VAUGHAN.
Assistants: JUDY GUROVITZ, DAVID MOLLER, HELEN NATHAN.
Contributing Photographers: JOHN BRYSON, BURT GLINN, JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER, JOHN ZIMMERMAN.
Regional Photographers: OLLIE ATKINS *(Washington)*; BILL BRIDGES *(Los Angeles)*; LYNN PELHAM *(Miami)*.
Photo Lab: JOHN HARM, *Chief*

COPY
JOHN HUNT, *Chief*
Senior Copy Editors: LESLIE R. FORESTER, RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER.
Associate Editors: LINDA GRANT, JACK HARING.
Assistants: DOROTHY HUMANITZKI, RENEE PROWITT.

LAYOUT
ZEN YONKOVIG, *Chief*
Assistants: JOHN DAXLAND, ROBERT McELRATH.

EDITORIAL PRODUCTION
THOMAS R. MARVEL, *Chief*
Associates: FERD D'ESPOSITO, DAVID BASCH.

RESEARCH
LIA SMITS, *Chief*
JODY O'ROURKE, BARBARA J. POSEN

CURTIS EDITORIAL BOARD
Managing Editorial Directors:
HUBBARD H. COBB, WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR., OTTO FRIEDRICH, FREDERICK J. MOFFITT, TED PATRICK, DON A. SCHANCHE, CASKIE STINNETT, DAVIS THOMAS.
ASGER JERRILD *Managing Director, Art*
HANK WALKER *Managing Director, Photography*
L. RUST HILLS *Managing Director, Fiction and Books*
NORMAN RITTER *Managing Director, Curtis Syndicate*
WILLIAM E. BUCKLEY *Vice President, Administration*

C. L. MacNELLY *Publisher*

POST

MARCH 21, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 11

Articles

Doesn't Congress have ideas of its own? . . . *by Sen. Abraham Ribicoff* 6
Affairs of state . . . . . *by Stewart Alsop* 14

A crisis for capitalism . . . . . *by Richard Armstrong* 17

Time is running out in Latin America. Because of the widespread poverty and political corruption there, the menace of revolution is growing. And the prime target for the discontented masses is the capitalist, even though he generates 80 percent of the wealth. Contributing writer Richard Armstrong, a specialist in Latin-American affairs, surveys the inner workings of the continent's social and financial life. He explains why only the younger, more modern industrialist—a patriot concerned for his people as well as his money—can save the nations to the south from the chaos and collapse with which they are now threatened.

The Beatles: music's gold bugs . . . . . *by Alfred G. Aronowitz* 30
Building the Beatle image . . . . . *by Vance Packard* 36
Beatalic graphospasms . . . . . *by John Lennon* 40
Athens on the prairie . . . . . *by Walt McCaslin* 64
The job John McCormack dreads . . . . . *by Don Oberdorfer* 66
Carol Lawrence of Illinois . . . . . *by Normand Poirier* 72
The twins who found each other . . . . . *by Bard Lindeman* 76
Scientology: "Have you ever been a boo-hoo?" . . . . *by James Phelan* 81

Fiction

The captain's boar hunt . . . . . *by David Ely* 44
Blow us something good, sirocco . . . . . *by Stanley E. Smith* 54

Departments

Letters 4
Post Scripts 70
Hazel 78
Editorials 86

The authors. Contributing writer **Alfred G. Aronowitz,** who accompanied the Beatles throughout their tour of the United States, found himself cornered in Miami's Deauville Hotel by an autograph-seeking fan. "But I'm not even connected with the Beatles," the author protested. "Don't give me that, man," replied the other. "I've seen you with them the whole day. You've got to be *some*body." . . . **Vance Packard**'s most recent study of American mores, *The Naked Society,* will be published next month by David McKay Co. . . . Free-lance writer **Walt McCaslin** first learned of the wonders of Columbus, Ind., from an architect friend with an "almost religious enthusiasm for his chosen field. He talked about this town for so long that I just had to see it for myself." . . . **Don Oberdorfer,** a contributing writer who began observing the political life of John W. McCormack as a Washington newspaper correspondent, followed the House Speaker's career all the way back to his home in South Boston for this profile of our President's understudy. . . . New York *Post* reporter **Normand Poirier** found Broadway star Carol Lawrence "a regular little human dynamo. Three days working with her, and I was practically living on caffeine pills and hot tea." . . . **Bard Lindeman,** who tells for the first time the full story of Roger Brooks and Anthony Milasi, is a contributing writer. . . . **James Phelan,** who traveled more than 16,000 miles researching the story behind scientology, visited L. Ron Hubbard at his large manor home in Sussex. "He had his private chauffeur pick me up at the railway station, but after our two-day interview he insisted that I find my own way back. I think he began to get an idea of what the article was about."

The cover picture of England's traveling Beatles was taken during their hectic stay in New York by contributing photographer **John Zimmerman.**

© 1964 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published weekly except alternate weeks during July and August and at year-end; forty-five issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Phila., Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. **Subscription prices:** U.S. and Possessions, 1 Yr., $5.95; longer terms $5.00 each additional year. Canada add $1.00 per year. Pan American Countries, 1 Yr., $8.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $10.95. **Unconditional Guaranty.** We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. **The Curtis Publishing Company.** Matthew J. Culligan, Chairman and President; J.M.Clifford, Executive Vice Pres.; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; Clay Blair Jr., Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Marvin D. Kantor, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks, Sr. Vice Pres.; John Miles, Sr. Vice Pres.; John J. Veronis, Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Roger J. Lederer, Vice Pres., Advertising Director. The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. **The Saturday Evening Post** editorial offices are located at 666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019.

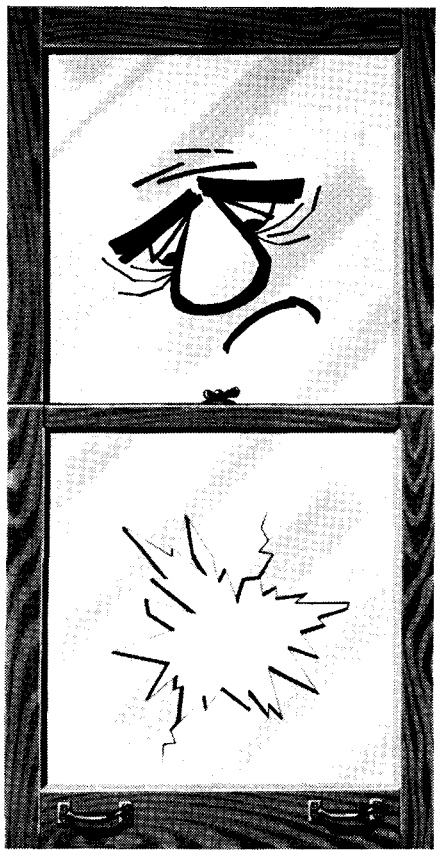
Changing your address?
Don't forget your Post

The Post Office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. SO PLEASE . . . at least six weeks before the first issue to go to the new address, send us your new address, including postal zone, your old address and a label from a back copy. With SERVICE ADJUSTMENT requests send us latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies.

POST Subscription Service, Phila., Pa. 19105.

Postmaster:
Send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



UPSET STOMACH?

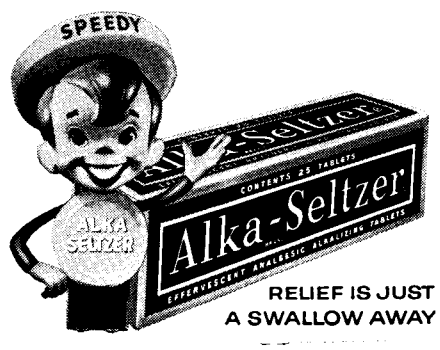
If you've never tried Alka-Seltzer® BRAND you don't know how speedy relief can be!

When you have an upset stomach there's nothing quite like Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer contains a soothing stomach alkalizer, ready to go to work instantly to soothe and settle upset stomach.

Headache, too? Alka-Seltzer provides the effective pain-reliever, sodium acetylsalicylate, in a completely dissolved solution. In the first ten minutes—when you really need it—the system quickly absorbs more of this Alka-Seltzer pain-reliever.

Take two Alka-Seltzer tablets before bed and wake up feeling better!



RELIEF IS JUST A SWALLOW AWAY

LETTERS

Glenn runs

Good wishes to John Glenn [WHAT MADE JOHN GLENN RUN? by Harold H. Martin and Don Oberdorfer, Feb. 22] as he ventures to greater heights on ground level, so to speak.

JOSEPH T. KASPRZAK
Baltimore, Md.

• I predict A-OK all the way to the White House for John Glenn.

CECIL W. TISDELL
Dougherty, Okla.

• Your editorial, THE CANDIDACY OF ASTRONAUT JOHN GLENN [Feb. 22] has made me reflect negatively. How about the small, overlooked item of us taxpayers forking out over a million bucks to train him as one of our nation's handful of skilled astronauts?

RICHARD H. WATKINS
Palo Alto, Calif.

Who's nervous?

William K. Zinsser's NECKLINES MAKE YOU NERVOUS? [Feb. 22] turned my mind back to Thurber and Benchley, but Zinsser has his own very delightful style.

CHARLES F. KOONCE
North Bergen, N.J.

• That little number for the office is lovely, but I'm afraid it really wouldn't look quite right with sneakers, which is what you'd need to keep ahead of the men.

MRS. JOANNE HUTH
Sayville, N.Y.

• And in offices, no less. These girls are desperate.

M. A. SHOEMAKER
Salem, Oreg.

• I take my hat off to Mr. Zinsser. I, too, think designer Estevez should go home and take his bare-chested beauties with him. I'm perfectly content with my buttoned-up sweetheart.

T. D. BRAENDEL
Philadelphia, Pa.

• My wife and I refuse to get excited over a couple of inches or so additional bosom. However, we are nudists. We'll be glad to talk to Mr. Zinsser to help him straighten out his befuddled condition.

AHMAN R. KARR
Tonganoxie, Kans.

• As a recent arrival from Europe, I was struck by the attitude in William Zinsser's article which reveals, it seems to me, why life for women in America is so dull! Feeling that she looks her best, a girl may venture out; but not an appreciative glance will she receive, no seat will be relinquished for her on the subway, no door held open with a smile. Perhaps her adoption of the plunging neckline is a strategem—a last-ditch effort, as it were—to attract the attention and admiration which her more fortunate European sister, without employing such extravagant means, is so graciously accorded.

ANA CARDOZA
Boston, Mass.

Railroad vs. union

I certainly appreciated Trevor Armbrister's THE RAILROAD THAT DEFIES THE UNIONS [Feb. 22]. It is a welcome change to find that a company [the Florida East Coast Railway] has actually used its right to conduct its business as economically as possible and dispose of useless, unneeded employees. Board chairman Edward Ball is to be congratulated.

KEITH L. BERGSTROM
Seattle, Wash.

• Organized labor has helped the workingman tremendously in the past 50 years, but if they don't learn when to quit they will price themselves right out of the market, as the United Mine Workers members have done.

GEORGE E. CLARK
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

• I personally feel nothing but contempt for the scabs, who would destroy all that has been gained by labor over the years. Mr. Armbrister called these people the "new breed." This is not a new breed. The scab has been with us for quite a few years and has been aptly defined by Mr. Webster as a scoundrel and paltry fellow who will work for less wages and rights than others demand.

D. G. COTTONGIM
The Dalles, Oreg.

• Recently my wife and I had as a visitor a friend who is a minor official with the F.E.C.R. He told us that after a long day of herding Ed Ball's "punks" around and watching them demolish perfectly good locomotives and other rolling stock, he would go home sick to his stomach.

RAYMOND L. HUGHES
Plant City, Fla.

Vietnam

Stewart Alsop in Vietnam: THE AWFUL ALTERNATIVE [Feb. 22] ignores one big source of arms for the Viet Cong: U. S. equipment acquired from South Vietnamese soldiers whose hearts aren't in this war.

MARTIN R. HAASE
Belmont, Mass.

Murphy's memoirs

I suggest that Robert Murphy [DIPLOMAT AMONG WARRIORS, Feb. 22] be appointed Secretary of State in the coming Administration, whether it be Democratic or Republican. He seems to have a realistic understanding of what makes a Communist tick and the guts to stop the clock before the alarm goes off.

DANIEL D. COONS
San Francisco, Calif.

Philby

My attention has been drawn to an article entitled THE RISE AND FALL OF A SOVIET AGENT [by Edward R. F. Sheehan, Feb. 15] and in particular to the paragraph in it which alleges, in telling how Philby came to work for *The Observer*, that "the highest executives of *The Observer* were made aware from the beginning that Philby was under suspicion, though nothing had been proved."

This is the very reverse of the truth, and a minimum of research by Mr. Sheehan would have shown it to be so. After all, his article purports to be factual, and yet he did not even trouble to contact *The Observer*.

Take a moment

for Murine

...read in comfort!

Murine gently cleanses, soothes and helps rest your eyes. It's an isotonic formula, made to blend perfectly with natural eye fluids. Enjoy the comfort millions do by keeping Murine handy, using it regularly.

Handy new squeeze bottle. Also glass bottle with dropper.

The Murine Co., Inc., Chicago, U.S.A. ® Trademarks Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

On July 2, after the announcement in the House of Commons that Philby had been the "third man" in the Burgess and Maclean affair, I made a statement which was prominently reported in the British Press. This said that:

"The suggestion that *The Observer* should employ Mr. Philby as a correspondent came from the Foreign Office. In November, 1955, the then Foreign Secretary Mr. Macmillan had stated publicly: 'I have no reason to conclude that Mr. Philby has at any time betrayed the interests of this country or to identify him with the so-called "third man," if, indeed there was one.'

"Privately, the Foreign Office later repeated this assurance to *The Observer*, adding that Mr. Philby, after his resignation from the Foreign Office in July, 1951, had retained no connection with them, and said it seemed unfair that so able a man should be finding difficulty in earning a living as a journalist now that he had full clearance from the Foreign Secretary.

"*The Observer* agreed with this point of view and accordingly asked *The Economist* to share Mr. Philby's services in the Middle East, inviting them first to make their own check on Mr. Philby with the Foreign Office.

"*The Economist* did so. They were given the same assurances as *The Observer*. Between that date and Mr. Heath's statement in the House of Commons yesterday (July 1, 1963), the Foreign Office gave neither publication any hint that there was reason to suspect Mr. Philby's loyalty, though *The Observer* informed the Foreign Office immediately it learned of Mr. Philby's disappearance early this year (1963)."

Again, on July 7, 1963, *The Observer* printed an article entitled PHILBY: ALL WE KNOW, which once more made it clear that we had employed him only after we had received satisfactory assurances from the Foreign Office that he had been cleared of all suspicion.

Another invention of Mr. Sheehan's imagination is the statement that *The Observer* was asked to employ Philby in the Middle East. No such suggestion was ever made to us, and the decision to send him to the Middle East was ours alone.

Further, Mr. Sheehan is also wrong when he states that toward the end Philby was "paralyzed in his writing and aware that the *Observer* and *Economist* would probably dismiss him." As far as *The Observer* was concerned, his writing was still good and we had no intention of dismissing him.

The fact of the matter is that when we stated in *The Observer* on July 14, 1963, that "*The Observer* has made public all the facts it knows," then strange though it may seem to Mr. Sheehan, operating in his James Bond world, it happened to be the truth.

DAVID ASTOR, *Editor*
The Observer
London, England

(*The* Post *is glad to print Mr. Astor's account of* The Observer's *role in the Philby case. According to Mr. Sheehan, his story was based on information provided by what he considers reliable sources in the British government.—Ed.*)

COMING SOON... in The Post

WILL ROBERT KENNEDY RUN FOR VEEP?
An intimate look at his plans

Tart talk from TV's DONNA REED

Exclusive.
For the first time JAMES DONOVAN tells the incredible inside story of
HOW U-2 SPY FRANCIS POWERS WAS RELEASED

Congress's dark enigma:
ADAM CLAYTON POWELL

Religion at the World's Fair

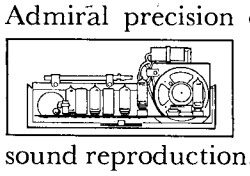
Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

6–Jim Mahan. • 14–Charles Bonnay (Black Star). • 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 27, 28, 29–Larry Fried. • 30–Lynn Pelham. • 32, 33–Marvin Lichtner. • 34, 35–Charles Trainor. • 36–Marvin Lichtner. • 40–From John Lennon. • 64, 65–Declan Haun. • 66, 68–Ollie Atkins. • 72–Gary Renaud (Pix); Lynn Pelham. • 75–Lynn Pelham. • 76, 77–Jim Drake. 81–Derek Bayes; James McNamara (Washington Post). • 82, 83, 85–Derek Bayes.

New!

A radio in the most compact automatic Hi-Fi

The Playmate...slimmest, trimmest fully-automatic phonograph...now has a long-distance radio, too! Hear the difference Admiral precision quality adds to this compact combination!



The precision-built radio chassis (*shown at left*) is engineered for increased sensitivity, with a specially selected speaker for finer sound reproduction. The Playmate is only 6¾ inches thin. It's no larger than a single-play phonograph, yet it has a 4-speed automatic changer that plays all size records. It even shuts itself off automatically. And the lightweight, sculptured case won't chip, crack, fade or peel. Make a date with the newest Admiral Playmate, now complete with radio, for just **$59.95.***

ADMIRAL®
MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*Model Y8003 mfr. suggested retail price. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SPEAKING OUT*

Doesn't Congress have ideas of its own?

By SEN. ABRAHAM RIBICOFF

Senator Ribicoff, Connecticut Democrat, is the only living American to serve as governor, congressman, senator and Cabinet member. He was Kennedy's first Health, Education and Welfare Secretary.

A senator charges that Congress merely reacts to the President's proposals instead of coming up with its own legislation.

In all the recent uproar about Congress—the public dismay with its balkiness, the cries for its reform—the real trouble with Congress has been overlooked. It is simply that Congress has surrendered its rightful leadership in the law-making process to the White House.

No longer is Congress the source of major legislation. It now merely filters legislative proposals from the President, straining out some and reluctantly letting others pass through. These days no one expects Congress to devise the important bills. Instead, the legislative views of the President dominate the press, the public and the Congress itself.

This is all wrong. Making laws, not just scrutinizing them, is the job of Congress. That job requires initiation, not simply passive reaction to Executive Branch requests. Yet Congress has surrendered the job—so completely that the press and the nation now "score" a President's success by the number of his requests he gets through Congress. In the scoring, a presidential request approved by Congress counts as a victory, and a rejected request counts as a defeat. Since January, when President Johnson delivered his eloquent and farsighted State of the Union message and the requests began to flow from the White House to Capitol Hill, the scorekeepers have been busy.

It is not the President who is at fault. His office is, under the Constitution, a position of extraordinary leadership—in the nation and the entire world. It is part of his job to give Congress his recommendations for needed legislation.

This is President Johnson's rightful responsibility, and I believe that he is discharging it well, as President Kennedy did before him. Both submitted to the Congress a wide range of constructive and imaginative proposals. Many Kennedy proposals have been placed on the statute books, and the country is the better for them. Many of President Johnson's legislative proposals must and will be enacted.

I have no quarrel with the way the President discharges *his* responsibilities. My point is that Congress has failed to exercise its own.

I do not mean just a failure to pass bills. There have been failures in this respect. Some needed bills have not been passed and many that were approved were unduly delayed. For these failures Congress has received much criticism. Some of that criticism is deserved, though the accomplishments of Congress last year are far greater than is generally recognized. The test-ban treaty and major bills for college aid, vocational education, medical schools, air pollution control, mental health, mental retardation and job retraining were all approved in 1963. In fact, I predict the complete record of the 88th Congress, including the tax cut and, in all likelihood, a strong civil rights law, will mark it as one of the most productive in recent years.

The critics of Congress have really missed the point. Their sole concern is the failure of Congress to enact presidential bills. They don't even consider whether Congress is doing any law-making on its own. What these critics really prefer is a parliamentary form of government. They want executive and legislative power to be joined, as in the British parliament, so that a policy decision made by the Government's leadership can be automatically made the law of the land. But the genius of our constitutional system is that it separates executive and legislative power and provides for two coequal branches of government. This is a great strength of our nation and it should not be diminished. But if the system is to work effectively, both branches must fully exercise their constitutionally assigned functions.

My concern is the failure of Congress to realize the full extent of its own role in the legislative process. Congress need not and should not be content simply to react to presidential requests. Congress should make its own independent assessments of the nation's problems and come up with its own answers. If legislation is needed, Congress, too, has prime responsibility for developing a bill. Yet this is not what happens in practice.

Look how the process works. There was widespread agreement last year that there should be legislation to revise the income-tax laws. What happened? Congress convened on January 9, 1963. Did it start to conduct hearings into the entire problem of taxation? It did not. It did absolutely nothing until the President had drafted *his* tax proposal and sent it to the Hill. Then the Ways and Means Committee of the House began hearings—not a general inquiry into the entire problem, but a hearing into the pros and cons of the President's program.

The first witness was the Secretary of the Treasury. He said the program was good. Other witnesses followed who said part of the program was good and part was bad. When the hearings were over, the committee met in executive session and began a line-by-line examination of each recommendation sent up by the President. Some of these proposals were adopted, some rejected and a few modified. The committee added scarcely any provisions on its own initiative.

The committee then drafted a bill to put its decisions—or, more accurately, the decisions of the Executive Branch as modified by the committee—into legislative language. (Congress deserves credit for doing this bill-drafting. Usually the Executive Branch sends its recommendations to Congress with draft bills already prepared.) After Rules Committee approval, the bill went to the House floor, where amendments were not permitted.

Then the whole process began again in the Senate. In February, the bill completed its round trip and ended up back where it started: on the President's desk.

The process is simply wrong: The President's proposal should be looked at with care, but it should not be the beginning, middle and end of the story. There is absolutely no reason for Congress to spend all its time deciding whether the President's proposal is good or bad. Let Congress provide its own answers to the problem. Let the hearings roam broadly over the entire field of taxation and the economy, and when they are concluded, let the people's elected representatives draw up a bill that they believe is right.

When I entered the President's Cabinet three years ago, I was frankly surprised at the deferential attitude some members of Congress exhibited toward the Executive Branch. Of course, I know they make critical speeches and cut budget requests, but beneath these headline-making events is an unreported story of silent acquiescence to Administration views.

Representatives and senators often called me to find out what position the Administration would take on a bill of theirs or what type of draft legislation would be submitted by the White House. I was sorry they put so much emphasis on what position I would take. I was more interested in knowing what position *they* would take.

It is the same story here in the Senate. I have heard ranking members privately admit that their pet bills were doomed because of opposition from the Executive Branch. "Why don't you ask for hearings on that bill?" I asked a colleague the other day. "It sounds to me like a really good idea."

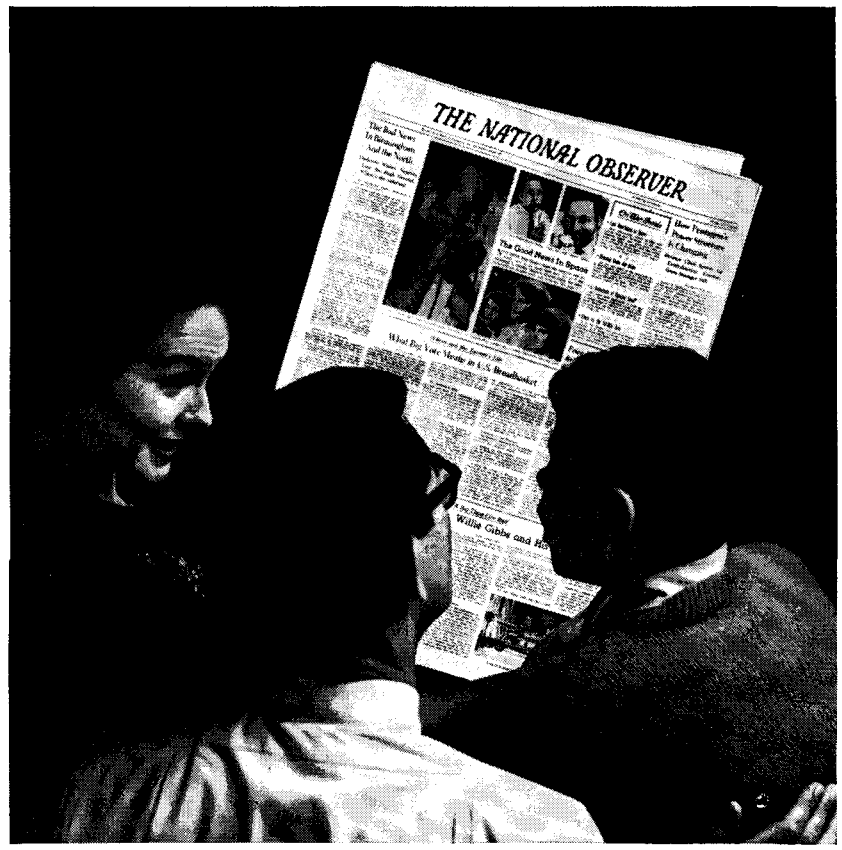
"It's no use," he replied. "The Administration is dead set against it. It wouldn't have a chance."

In the House Education and Labor Committee last year, the Kennedy aid-to-education bill was being considered. The President had packaged many separate proposals in one bill and urged Congress to pass the entire bill. What was the reac-

**One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How 2^{67} for The National Observer Changed Our Lives



Thousands of families are now getting more information and more reading pleasure from this new kind of national weekly newspaper. The following account gives some idea of what you can look forward to, if you take advantage of our very special trial offer. To do so, use the postpaid form bound in below.

By a Subscriber

FOR YEARS I was shy in groups, even at home. Didn't enter into conversations easily. By the time I'd collect my thoughts to venture an opinion, the group's talk would pass me by.

"A few months ago, I sent for a trial subscription to The National Observer, that wonderful new weekly put out by The Wall Street Journal people. I hoped that regular reading of such dependable and varied information would give me more self-assurance and poise. I *hoped* for all this—but didn't really expect it. After all, what could a mere newspaper do for me? To my surprise, I have discovered that The National Observer more than lives up to my desires.

"There is a wealth of significant, useful and entertaining information every week. It is authoritative, wholesome and unslanted... written so interestingly that when I finish an issue the information is *mine*. I easily take part in almost any discussion of politics, science, books, movies . . . keep up-to-date on theater, art, medical findings, fashions, household problems, economic events. (These are only some of the many subjects reported regularly in The National Observer.)

"Busy as I am with other chores, I don't get behind on my reading, for The National Observer very wisely gives me all this information in concise form—in relatively few pages that I can manage very conveniently.

Wives love it

"And I'm not the only one who gets a lot out of The Observer. Just the other day my wife clipped an Observer item describing 12 fund-raising ideas for clubs and organizations and took it to her club's finance committee meeting. Last week she stood up in P.T.A. and asked if our own school system shouldn't consider year-round schooling divided into three semesters—another idea she got from The Observer. She stopped correcting our little Billy's baby talk after The Observer told her why experts advise parents against it. She says it's the most helpful news publication she's ever read.

Teen-agers use it for school

"Not only that, our teen-age boy and girl enjoy it and use it in their school work. It's a pleasure to be able to pass along to them a paper filled with clean, constructive news, free from sensational crimes and scandalmongering. John was quite impressed with the new facts brought out about auto seat belts at The Stapp Car Crash Conference. Betty was tremendously interested in what college presidents and deans had to say about the point of a college education for women. And they're always clipping items for their Social Studies homework—such as the story of how the Louisiana constitution has been amended 407 times, and the one about the weighted vote plan adopted by New Mexico's state legislature.

"And you should hear the whole family chattering away at the dinner table these days. We have so much more in common to talk about now. Sometimes we're still lingering long after dessert, discussing whether or not Congress should outlaw selling guns by mail... whether carpets in the classroom are a frill or an economy... whether teaching machines can also be used to teach better human relations....

"We're just a changed family since we discovered The National Observer."

SO MANY National Observer families are talking like this. Why don't you join them?

The National Observer is published by Dow Jones, the same worldwide news organization that publishes The Wall Street Journal.

Differs from other news weeklies

Because The Observer is printed simultaneously on high-speed newspaper presses in several of the Journal's own modern printing plants across the country—and because newspapers can be "made up" and printed faster than magazines—last minute stories can be filed only hours before the paper comes off the press.

You get more news. And you get more out of it—in only 18 to 32 full-size newspaper pages (printed on our own special crisp-white newsprint). The large newspaper format permits not just one major "cover story," but five or six. Inside pages are important news pages too—there's no "letdown." Well-written headlines let you learn a lot quickly and invite easy browsing for the stories that interest you most. More than 50 excellent pictures open windows not only on the people, places and events in the headlines but also such amusing sidelights as a 5-year-old boy washing his St. Bernard dog in the family bathtub... or the ingenious statuettes a Westport, Connecticut man fashions out of railroad spikes.

Many enjoyable special features

Each week, too, The National Observer brings you more than a dozen special features that add to your enjoyment or broaden your knowledge in important areas. "The Week in Washington," for example, can be read in seven minutes or less, yet brings you up to date on significant happenings in Congress, the White House, Government agencies, the courts and politics. Similarly, "How's Business?" fills you in quickly on important trends in industry, the performance of the stock market, and other economic indicators.

For Bridge enthusiasts, there's "Better Bridge"; for crossword fans, a really challenging puzzle; for recipe collectors, a gem or two almost every week in "Food for Thought." "A Chat with the Doctor" brings you helpful medical hints on subjects ranging from snakebite to hiccups. And the whole family will enjoy the dry humor of "Grass Roots Philosophy," culled from the home-town press. ("Keep smiling! It makes everyone wonder what you've been up to.")

Send no money... just mail card

But you really have to try The National Observer a while to appreciate how much it can mean to your whole family. So you are invited to accept the special Second Anniversary trial offer outlined in the postage-paid reply card adjoining this page. You needn't send any money now—just clip, fill out, and mail the card.

Special Second Anniversary Offer: Try 25 Weeks for Only 2^{67}, barely more than HALF PRICE

That's less than 11¢ a copy. Send no money—just detach, fill out, and mail postpaid reply card.

(If you find no reply card, write The National Observer, Dept. AD 858, 1015 14th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Attention: All Californians 65 and

Why Western 65 is different from similar plans

The Western 65 Health Insurance Association is composed of 61 leading insurance companies. They are important, reputable organizations with hundreds of years of service to millions of policyholders behind them. These experienced companies are working together in Western 65 to reduce operating expenses and share the risk. The result is—you get more adequate benefits than ever before possible. Yet your premiums are kept at a minimum.

Western 65 benefits are guaranteed by these 61 leading insurance companies

Aetna Life Insurance Company
Allstate Life Insurance Company
American General Life Insurance Company of Delaware
American National Insurance Company
Bankers Life Company (Iowa)
Beneficial Standard Life Insurance Company
Business Men's Assurance Company of America
California Life Insurance Company
California Physicians' Insurance Corporation
California-Western States Life Insurance Company
The Capitol Life Insurance Company
Commercial Insurance Company of Newark, New Jersey
Connecticut General Life Insurance Company
Continental Assurance Company
The Crown Life Insurance Company
Educators Insurance Company of America
The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States
General American Life Insurance Company
Great American Insurance Company (New York)
Great American Reserve Insurance Company
Great Southern Life Insurance Company
The Great-West Life Assurance Company
The Hanover Insurance Company
Hartford Accident & Indemnity Company
Hartford Life Insurance Company
The HBA Life Insurance Company
Intercoast Life Insurance Company
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company
Legal Reserve Life Insurance Company of California
Lifeco Insurance Company of America
The Lincoln National Life Insurance Company
Lumbermen's Mutual Casualty Company
Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
National Casualty Company
Nationwide Life Insurance Company
New England Mutual Life Insurance Company
New York Life Insurance Company
Northern Life Insurance Company
Northwestern Life Insurance Company
Northwestern National Life Insurance Company
Occidental Life Insurance Company of California
Pacific Fidelity Life Insurance Company
Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company
Pacific National Life Assurance Company
The Paul Revere Life Insurance Company
The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company
Plymouth Insurance Company
Provident Life & Accident Insurance Company
Republic National Life Insurance Company
Security Benefit Life Insurance Company
Southland Life Insurance Company
Southwestern Life Insurance Company
Standard Insurance Company
State Mutual Life Assurance Company of America
Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada
Sunset Life Insurance Company of America
Transamerica Insurance Company
The Travelers Insurance Company
West Coast Life Insurance Company
Western Life Insurance Company

ENROLLMENT NOW OPEN IN WESTERN 65...THE HEALTH INSURANCE MADE POSSIBLE BY A NEW STATE LAW AND 61 LEADING COMPANIES

Western 65 is here at last! The legislation signed into law on July 23, 1963 has done its job. It enabled 61 leading insurance companies to combine their resources for just one purpose: to provide senior Californians with more adequate health insurance than ever before possible. You get generous benefits, yet premiums are reasonable.

No medical exam • No health questionnaire • No upper age limit • Spouses may also be covered, regardless of age • Your individual coverage cannot be cancelled because of your long or repeated illness.

"I was afraid of medical bills until this new law made Western 65 possible,"
says Thomas E. Jackson

Mr. Jackson—a 65-year-old resident of Los Angeles—echoes the sentiments of thousands of senior Californians. They have already compared Western 65 with other health insurance plans. And they have found that Western 65 gives them the benefits and advantages they have been looking for in health insurance.

Sons and daughters please note!

It's so easy to enroll your parents if they are California residents 65 or over. Their signature is not required. And you may pay the monthly premiums direct. Get together with your brothers and sisters. Share the premium. That way you can give your parents—and yourselves—peace of mind for just a few cents a day.

WESTERN 65
Health Insurance Association

1151 SOUTH BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90054

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ver and their sons and daughters

WESTERN 65 OFFERS YOU A CHOICE OF THREE GOOD PLANS

Compare their benefits with any similar plans offered anywhere

HOSPITAL EXPENSE PLAN

Premium, $11.00 per month

This plan is designed to help meet those short term hospital expenses that so frequently occur in the years past 65. Maximum of $10,000 in your lifetime.

For hospital room and board charges: Western 65 will pay up to $20.00 per day for a maximum of 31 days for any one period of confinement.

For hospital supplies and other services: Western 65 will pay up to $200.00 for any one period of confinement.

MAJOR MEDICAL EXPENSE PLAN

Premium, $14.00 per month

This plan provides broader benefits to give you protection against the heavy financial loss of a prolonged illness or a serious accident. Western 65 will pay 80% of the Covered Expenses listed on the right in excess of $500 in any calendar year, including Hospital Room and Board Charges up to $25.00 per day. Your maximum benefit payments will be $5,000 in any calendar year and $10,000 in your lifetime.

COMPREHENSIVE MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL EXPENSE PLAN

Premium, $23.00 per month

This plan offers you the combined benefits of a Hospital Expense Plan *plus* the long-range protection of a Major Medical Plan. Western 65 will pay Hospital Room and Board Charges up to $20.00 per day for the first 180 days of each period of confinement. In addition, Western 65 will pay 80% of the Covered Expenses listed on the right in excess of $100 in any calendar year. Your maximum benefit payments will be $5,000 in any calendar year, $10,000 in your lifetime.

THE FOLLOWING CHARGES ARE CONSIDERED COVERED EXPENSES UNDER BOTH THE *MAJOR MEDICAL PLAN* AND THE *COMPREHENSIVE MEDICAL AND HOSPITAL EXPENSE PLAN*

Hospital Services and Supplies other than Room and Board.

Confinement in a Convalescent Hospital (immediately following at least 5 days of hospital confinement)... up to $10.00 per day for up to 90 days in any period of Convalescent Hospital Confinement. Maximum: $900 per calendar year.

Professional medical, surgical, radiological or laboratory services in accordance with 1960 Relative Value Studies adopted by the Council of California Medical Association. Here are a few examples:

Broken Arm, closed reduction: up to $100. **Cataract, Eye Operation,** removal of lens: up to $400. **Gall Bladder Operation,** cholecystectomy: up to $300. **Visits to a Doctor's office:** initial, up to $10.00; routine follow-up, up to $5.00. **Doctor's visits to your home:** initial, up to $12.50; routine follow-up, up to $10.00.

Graduate Registered Nurse for private duty service... up to $20.00 for each 8-hour shift. Maximum: $1,000 in any period of 12 consecutive calendar months.

Home Nursing Service (Registered or Licensed Vocational Nurse) ... up to $6.00 per visit. Maximum: two visits per week and not more than 52 in any calendar year.

Professional ambulance service... up to $30.00 during any period of hospital confinement.

Also charges for rental of iron lung or other durable medical equipment; for initial purchase of artificial limbs or eyes to replace natural limbs or eyes lost while insured under this plan; for drugs, medicines, anesthetics, or oxygen prescribed by a doctor and administered while confined in a hospital.

Definition of the term "period of hospital confinement": for the purpose of determining your benefits, successive periods of hospital or convalescent hospital confinement, regardless of cause, will be considered as one period of confinement unless there is at least 90 days between such periods of confinement.

Benefits under Western 65 are subject to reduction if you have benefits under other hospital, surgical or medical plans, so that the total benefits from all plans will not exceed the actual amounts charged.

Hospital Patients. If you are now in a hospital or under nursing care, you may enroll in Western 65 within 60 days after you have been out of a hospital or free from nursing care for a continuous period of 31 days, providing you make application during the initial enrollment period.

EXPENSES NOT COVERED BY WESTERN 65

If you had expenses for a medical condition during the 90 days *before* the effective date of your coverage, no benefits will be payable for this condition during the first 6 months of your coverage or during any period of hospital or convalescent hospital confinement which commenced within the first 6 months of your coverage.

Other expenses not payable under Western 65 are for: injuries and diseases covered by Workmen's Compensation; services and supplies furnished without charge by any Government; treatment of any mental or nervous condition, except while confined as a patient in a hospital for at least 24 hours; dental care; cosmetic surgery; eye examinations; glasses; hearing aids; certain treatments of the feet; and any or all diseases or injuries caused by war.

Your coverage cannot be cancelled unless (1) you yourself do it; (2) you fail to make your premium payments; (3) you reside outside of the U.S. or Canada for a continuous period of 6 months; or (4) your Western 65 plan is discontinued for *all* members.

Your premiums cannot be increased without approval of the California Insurance Commissioner, and then only if the increase applies to all members enrolled in the plan.

10-DAY FREE LOOK! Your money back if, within 10 days after receiving your Certificate of Insurance, you decide not to keep your Western 65 insurance.

JOIN NOW! ENROLLMENT ENDS MARCH 31, 1964 · PROTECTION BEGINS APRIL 1, 1964

Ask your agent to help you enroll

Fill out this application and take it to your insurance agent, or mail it to Western 65, Dept. 23, Box 65, Los Angeles, California 90054

APPLICATION FOR ENROLLMENT IN WESTERN 65 *(please print or type)* (CALIFORNIA RESIDENTS ONLY) 4

OFFICE USE ONLY

NAME OF ENROLLEE—Person to be insured (Husband and Wife must enroll separately):

Last First Initial

ENROLLEE'S TELEPHONE NO.:

DATE OF BIRTH MO. DAY YR.

SEX ☐ MALE ☐ FEMALE

SEND MAIL TO (name of person if different from Enrollee):

ADDRESS TO WHICH MAIL SHOULD BE SENT:

No. & Street

City State Zip Code

If enrollee is eligible because spouse is enrolled (or now enrolling), give name of spouse:

CHECK ONE PLAN BELOW

PLAN	MONTHLY PREMIUM
☐ Comprehensive Medical and Hospital Expense (b)	$23.00
☐ Major Medical Expense (c)	14.00
☐ Hospital Expense only (a)	11.00

NOTE: See your Agent or Broker for help in enrolling. He will gladly answer your questions, and there is no additional charge for his services.

WESTERN 65
Health Insurance Association

AGENT OR BROKER SUBMITTING THIS APPLICATION:

Last Name First Name Initial

Business Address:

No. & Street City State Zip Code

Insurance Company affiliation: Soc. Sec. or Tax Acct. No.

I hereby certify that I am licensed by the State of California to sell insurance.

Date..... .....
SIGNATURE OF AGENT OR BROKER

Is enrollee now confined in a hospital or convalescent hospital, *or receiving the care or services of a graduate Registered* Nurse or Licensed Vocational Nurse, or has the enrollee been so confined or received such care or services within the past 31 days? ☐ YES ☐ NO

I certify all information given here to be correct. No agent or broker may make or modify any contract of insurance or bind the Association in any way.

....
SIGNATURE OF PERSON REQUESTING ENROLLMENT DATE SIGNED

Attached is check or money order for $.....for first month's premium. Make check or money order payable to WESTERN 65, Box 65, Los Angeles, California 90054.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stubborn

Cold miseries are stubborn. That's why Contac® is too. Over 600 tiny "time pills" in each Contac capsule keep working all day or all night. They stop sneezes, keep you breathing freely, dry runny nose and watery eyes. Contac stays stubbornly on guard. Doesn't let up on relief—because your cold doesn't let up. Nothing else does as much for head cold congestion as the tiny "time pills" in Contac, today's largest-selling cold medication at your pharmacy. Now available in money-saving 20-capsule packages, too.

"MEN J"
Each capsule contains: belladonna alkaloids 0.2 mg. (as salts 0.25 mg.) phenylpropanolamine hydrochloride 50.0 mg. chlorpheniramine maleate 4.0 mg.
12
1 CAPSULE EVERY 12 HOURS
Over 600 tiny "time pills" in each capsule provide continuous relief from nasal congestion due to the COMMON COLD & HAY FEVER.
Contac relieves itching, weeping eyes; running or stuffed-up nose; sneezing; helps drain nasal passages.
MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES • PHILA., PA.
CONTAC®
10 CONTINUOUS ACTION CAPSULES—5 DAYS' & NIGHTS' RELIEF—$1.49

Now available in Canada

MENLEY & JAMES LABORATORIES, Philadelphia, Pa.
Proprietary Pharmaceuticals made to Ethical Standards

tion in the committee? "This is terrible; the President has got to set priorities. He should tell us which proposals he really wants; otherwise how are we to proceed?"

When I served in the Cabinet, I had an obligation to present the Administration's view of what was important. But now that I serve in the Legislative Branch, I should not just mark time until the Executive Branch makes up my mind for me. I was elected to make judgments for myself and my constituents. That is the business of everyone in Congress.

A practice that started many years ago as an orderly procedure for consolidating views within the Executive Branch has now grown into an unofficial pre-veto power. This is the practice of referring nearly all proposed legislation to the Budget Bureau and the various agencies of government for a report of the Administration's position. Say you have a proposal to cut the tariff on widgets. You draft a bill, and it is referred to the Finance Committee. Then the bill goes "downtown" for reports from the Administration. It may be looked at by the Commerce Department, Treasury Department, State Department, Tariff Commission and the Budget Bureau.

Weeks later the replies come back. "No," says the Executive Branch, "we have carefully considered this bill and we would be just as happy if it didn't pass." Unless your bill has acquired the popularity of apple pie, that reply from the Administration means the end of the line. Chances are there won't even be a hearing. Prospects for ultimate passage are virtually nil.

Let us have the views of the Executive Branch. Often extremely constructive suggestions are made in Executive reports; they improve the proposed bill. But if the Congress permits the Administration's disapproval to bring the legislative process to a complete stop, it makes a great mistake.

If the Administration seriously believes that a proposed bill is contrary to the public interest, the Constitution sets out the appropriate procedure to be followed: the presidential veto. Yet many people have come to believe that when a political party controls both the White House and the Congress, the veto should be put on the shelf. If a Democratic Congress passes a bill that so displeases a Democratic President that he must veto it, then—people think—somewhere along the line somebody goofed. According to this popular notion, Democrats in Congress should not embarrass the President by sending up a bill he doesn't like.

This is nonsense. The Congress has a job to do—making laws. The President has one too—reviewing those laws and either signing or vetoing them. Yet when one party controls both branches, it is rare for Congress to send the White House a major bill that will be vetoed. To some, this may show harmony between the Executive and Legislative branches. To me it shows that Congress is not doing the job the people elected it to do.

I think that, no matter which party controls the Executive and Legislative branches, the legislative process would work far better if several bills incurred vetoes during each Congress, including bills dealing with matters of high public interest. These vetoes would show that Congress has thrown off its complete dependence on Administration approval. It would also make the issues more meaningful to the country.

In the election of 1948, the Taft-Hartley Act was a clear-cut issue before the voters precisely because it had been vetoed by President Truman and passed over his veto. Again, the need for housing legislation was brought clearly into focus in 1959 when President Eisenhower vetoed a housing bill. The broad scope of the bill that ultimately became law two years later under President Kennedy is due in large part to the sharpening of the issue after the Eisenhower veto. The same can be said of the Water Pollution Control Act Amendments of 1961. A broad, national antipollution program was enacted the year after President Eisenhower referred to the problem as "uniquely local."

Because law-making in Congress is now so heavily influenced by the views of the Executive Branch, a subtle distortion has occurred in the press and so in the minds of the public. Whenever the President sends one of his proposals to Congress, reporters immediately ask senators and representatives what they think of the President's bill. They don't ask Senator X what he thinks should be done—whether he thinks any bill is needed, and if so, what kind of a bill he thinks best. Their inquiry is always confined to the alternatives of being for or against the President's bill.

The result is that a large part of the public, especially people who do want something done about the particular problem, tends to think that the only answer is the President's answer. Being for the President's bill is a good position, and being opposed is bad. And as the bill goes through the legislative process, these people are led to believe that any change in the President's bill is a setback for him, and the elimination of some provision a total defeat.

No more filibusters

Meanwhile the critics go right on urging Congress to change its procedures, make reforms and generally reorganize itself. I agree that some rule changes are called for. The filibuster should not be allowed to block a vote on measures favored by a majority, and some delays in committee and floor consideration of bills should be eliminated. Some rule changes are needed, but the basic difficulty lies not in rules of procedure but in the entire process of government.

Perhaps the critics should take a step back from the details of the process and view it in its entirety. Then they would see the heart of the matter: Pennsylvania Avenue has become a one-way street. For as long as Congress is more concerned about the proposals that go from the White House to the Hill than about the bills that go from Congress to the President's desk, congressional critics will go right on attacking the Senate and House for lack of responsibility.

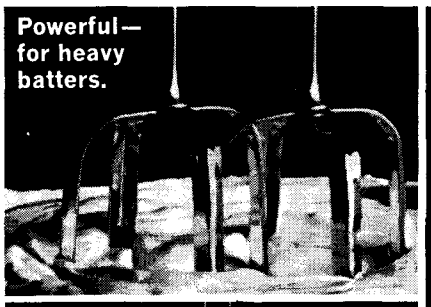
I believe the best way to insure responsible action by Congress is to give Congress heavy responsibilities. The men and women here want to do a good job for their constituents and their country. They are capable of doing it.

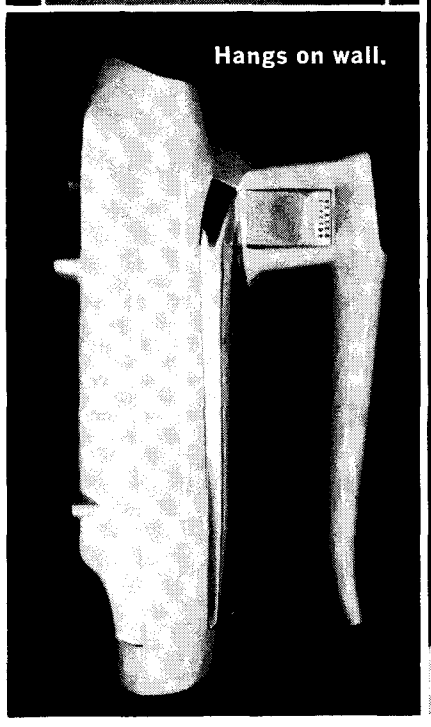
But if all the emphasis is on whether they approve or disapprove of what the President has recommended, then they will continue to spend too much of their time reacting to the White House. Turn the spotlight on what *they* think should be done and what *they* are prepared to do, and there will be constructive results.

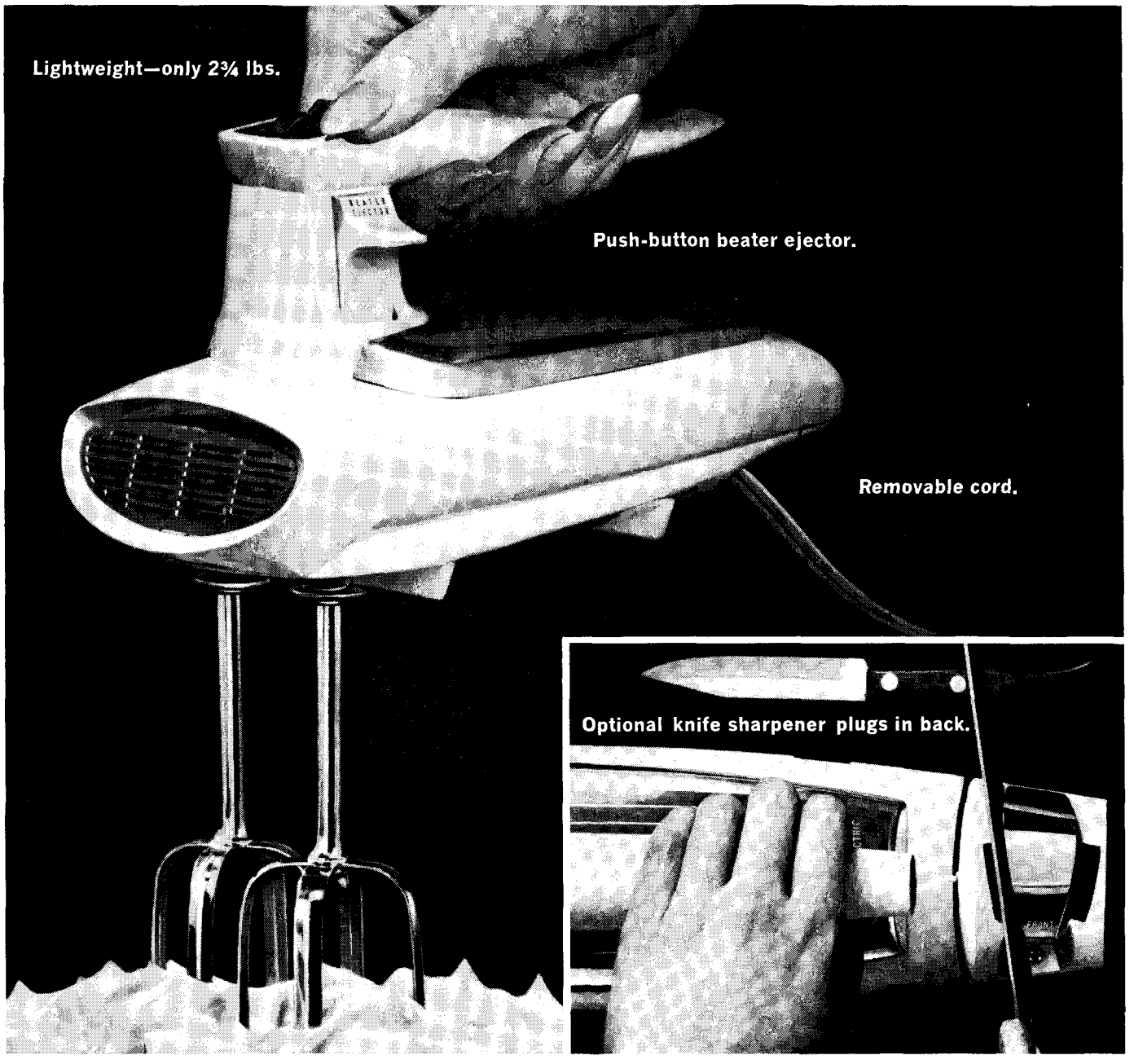
Congress has a big job to do—and an important one. But first *Congress* must decide to do it. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It beats:
Heavy batters, light batters, thick batters, thin batters.
It whips:
Fluffy frostings, meringues, chiffon fillings, potatoes, cream.
It mixes:
Milk shakes, malteds, frozen juices, egg nogs, gravies.
General Electric's Portable Mixer. Sharpens knives, too!



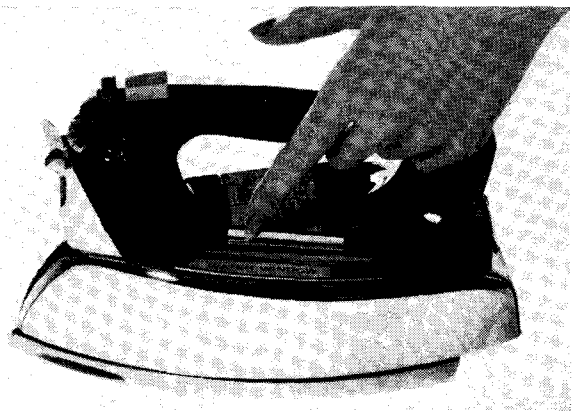




3 more General Electric Appliances that do more for you

G-E High-Dome Skillet immerses for cleaning!

G-E Peek-A-Brew® Coffee Maker counts the cups!

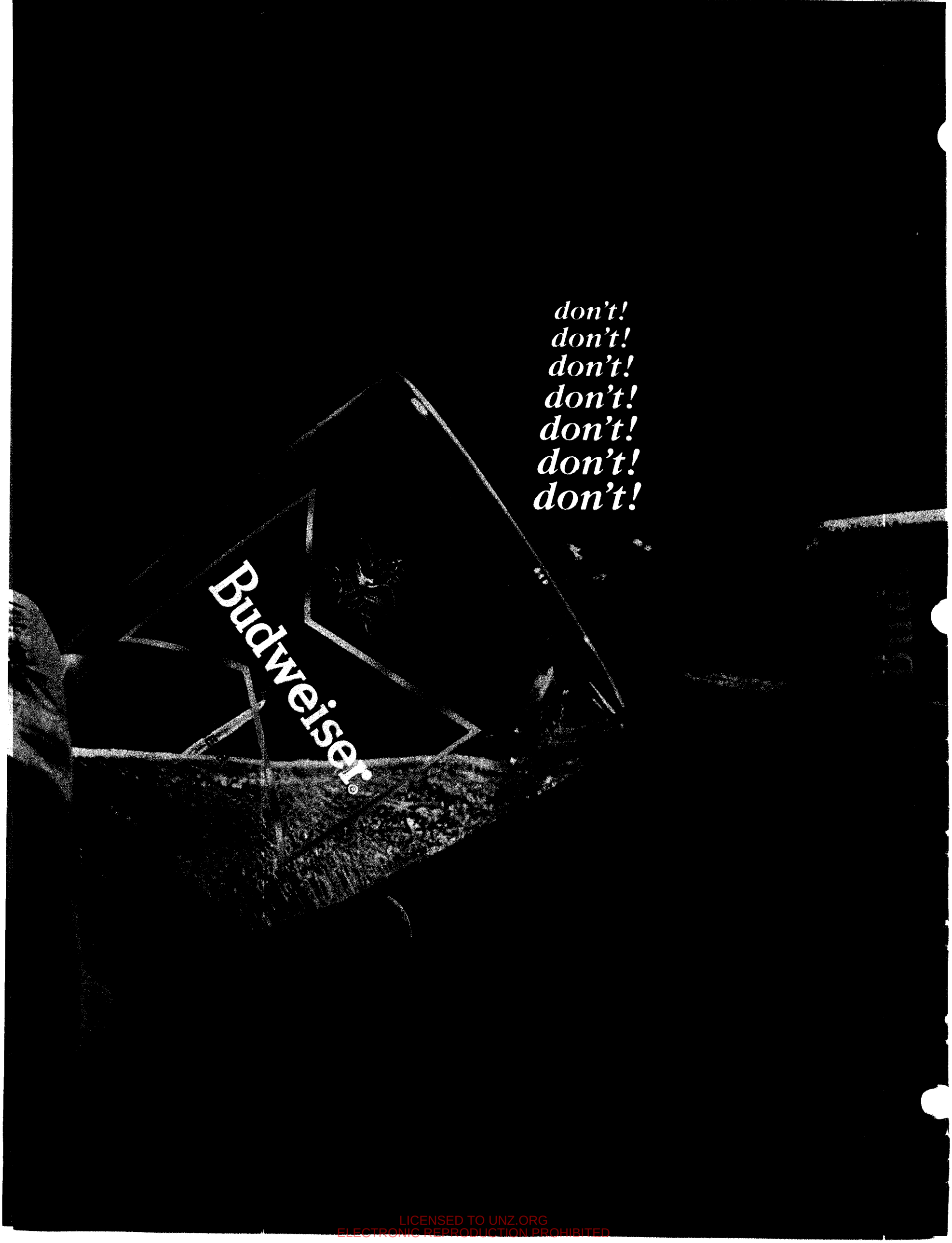


G-E Spray, Steam & Dry Iron has a "Water Window"!

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, PORTABLE APPLIANCE DEPARTMENT, BRIDGEPORT 2, CONN.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

...don't pour it down the side?

(We'd rather you wouldn't)

Of course, a lot of people *do* pour beer down the side of the glass. They say it keeps the head down.

It sure does. And we think that's a shame.

Maybe it sounds silly, but we spend more dollars on just the bubbles than any other brewery in America. Instead of pumping them in mechanically, we let Budweiser create its own bubbles with our exclusive Beechwood Ageing and natural carbonation. It takes a lot longer to do it this way. But it's worth it.

When those bubbles get together at the top of your glass you've got a better head, a cleaner taste, a smoother, more drinkable beer. Budweiser even smells better (really...just take a sniff next time you pour).

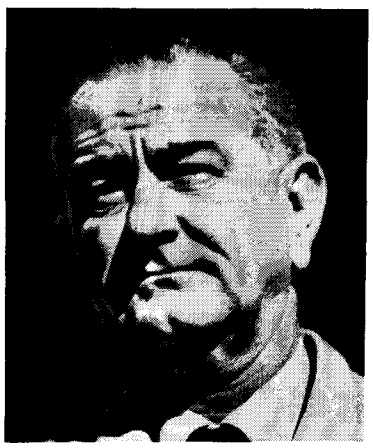
So let that Budweiser fall right down the center of your glass. Let it splash around and froth and foam. We went to a whale of a lot of trouble brewing the finest beer on earth, and we'd hate to think you'd missed even one little bubble.

that Bud®... that's beer!

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Texas Mafia moves in



Johnson: he brought his team.

WASHINGTON: The inevitable has happened. Around any President there are concentric rings, from a ring on the periphery with sporadic and occasional contact with the President, to an inner ring of men who see and deal with the President every day, even every hour. Inevitably, the Johnson men have now replaced the Kennedy men in this innermost White House circle.

The change is important, simply because the White House sets the style of any Administration, but it is not surprising. When John Kennedy moved into the White House, he brought with him men who, for the most part, came from Massachusetts, were Irish Catholics and had worked for him for a long time. They were all passionately loyal to John F. Kennedy.

When Lyndon Johnson moved into the White House, he brought with him a smaller group of men who, for the most part, come from Texas, are Protestants and have worked for him for a long time. They are all passionately loyal to Lyndon B. Johnson. It is not surprising that these Johnson men, rather than Kennedy's Irish Mafia or the Kennedy Intellectuals, are the men with whom Johnson works most closely. What *is* rather surprising is that the change has not so far altered the real White House power structure as much as might have been expected. The surviving Kennedy men still retain at least as much real power as the new Texas Mafia.

The Texas Mafia consists of Bill (not William) Moyers, Jack (not John) Valenti, Walter Jenkins, Horace Busby, Cliff Carter, and George Reedy (the only non-Texan in the lot). All these men are able in their way. Moyers especially has impressed Washington by his ability to play in the big leagues at the tender age of 29. But they all share two characteristics, which help to explain why Lyndon Johnson, in the days after President Kennedy's murder, kept repeating like a metronome to the Kennedy men: "I need you more than he did."

First, the experience of the Johnson men has been essentially parochial. Moyers, who served as Sargent Shriver's deputy on the Peace Corps, is the only one with any firsthand experience of foreign affairs at all. Valenti, a shrewd and likable man, was a Texas public-relations man before he married Johnson's secretary. Carter, the politician of the lot, knows Texas politics well but national politics very sketchily. The Washington experience of Jenkins and Reedy has been largely on Capitol Hill, as Johnson staff men.

Second, with the possible exception of Horace Busby, an able publicist-businessman who has always worked for Johnson on an off-and-on basis, the Texas Mafians are identified in Johnson's mind as "staff," rather than "advisers." The distinction is a subtle but important one. "Lyndon thinks of people in two absolutely separate compartments," says one who knows the President well. "A staff man is there to do as he's told, at any hour of the day or night. An adviser is a man Johnson listens to—he hardly ever asks advice from a staff man."

This curious distinction helps to explain why Johnson still needs the Kennedy men. He needs them to deal with both Nikita Khrushchev and, say, Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago. He needs the Kennedy Intellectuals to deal with the Khrushchevs of this world, and the Irish Mafia to deal with the Daleys. Lesser members of the Irish Mafia, like Timothy Reardon, Dave Powers and Ralph Dungan, have left the White House or soon will. But the two key professionals, Kenneth O'Donnell and Lawrence O'Brien, are still in the White House, working for Johnson.

From their years with Kennedy, O'Donnell and O'Brien know the national political scene as a Cliff Carter could not possibly know it—especially in the big industrial states which Johnson must win in November. This invaluable knowledge will be available to Johnson in the coming campaign—on one condition.

Johnson tends to treat a staff man as Mark Antony treated Lepidus—"a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands." He cannot treat O'Donnell and O'Brien in this way. By all the signs the President, who has remarkable extrasensory perception, realized this from the start. It is a good bet that O'Brien and O'Donnell will rather soon move out of the White House and thus entirely out of the staff category, to take over key campaign jobs.

With the departure of Theodore Sorensen and Arthur Schlesinger, McGeorge Bundy is the last of the major Kennedy Intellectuals in the White House. His case is an interesting one but difficult to assess accurately. Lyndon Johnson badly needs *a* McGeorge Bundy. He needs at his side a man with a sophisticated approach to the complex problems of foreign policy which are flooding in upon him. Moyers may one day fill this role, but not yet. In the meantime there is some question how long this particular Bundy can continue to fill it.

Bundy is a briskly self-confident intellectual, with the somewhat pedagogical manner his Harvard academic background implies—he is the sort of man whose sentences always parse. It is hard to imagine two men more different temperamentally than the ebullient Johnson and the rather chillily brilliant Bundy. It has been suggested that their meetings must be a bit like the "Imaginary Interviews" in the defunct *Vanity Fair* magazine, in which couples like Mahatma Gandhi and the female nightclub owner, Texas Guinan, were pictured in intimate converse.

Rumors of Bundy's impending departure were largely stilled by a recent weekend at the L.B.J. ranch, at which Bundy was billed conspicuously as the honored guest. The betting now is that Bundy will stay the course at least through the elections. The betting is probably right, so long as the President places Bundy in the "adviser" rather than the "staff" category. Bundy, like O'Donnell and O'Brien, is no errand boy.

It also seems a fair bet that only one major Kennedy man—press secretary Pierre Salinger, for whom Johnson has conceived a certain fatherly affection and who is thus already an honorary Texan—will last in the White House much beyond November 3. After that, if Johnson is elected, the White House style is likely to be, from top to bottom, a decidedly Texan style.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yell "help" and watch how fast your mild-mannered Continental Insurance agent turns into Superman.

Ordinarily, he's just a quiet guy in a dark suit who comes around once in a while to talk insurance.

Shy. Retiring. Not one of your pushy types.

But suddenly, emergency strikes.

Burglars in your bedroom. Garage fire bubbling the paint on your new Cadillac. Hurricane Zena heading straight for your chicken farm.

You call for help.

In a flash, he becomes the Man of Steel and flies to your side. To protect your rights, and fight your battles, and give you counsel as long as you need it.

Your Continental agent acts as your champion for one very good reason. You're his bread and butter.

He figures the more he helps you, the more *kinds* of insurance you'll buy from him.

And we figure the more we help him help you, the more of your insurance he'll place with us. (He has his choice of many companies, you know.)

That's why we handle his clients' claims intelligently, fairly, and with a minimum of red tape and delay. (This little gimmick is the thing that helped us get so big.)

If you think you might need the services of a Superman some day, get to know your mild-mannered Continental agent now.

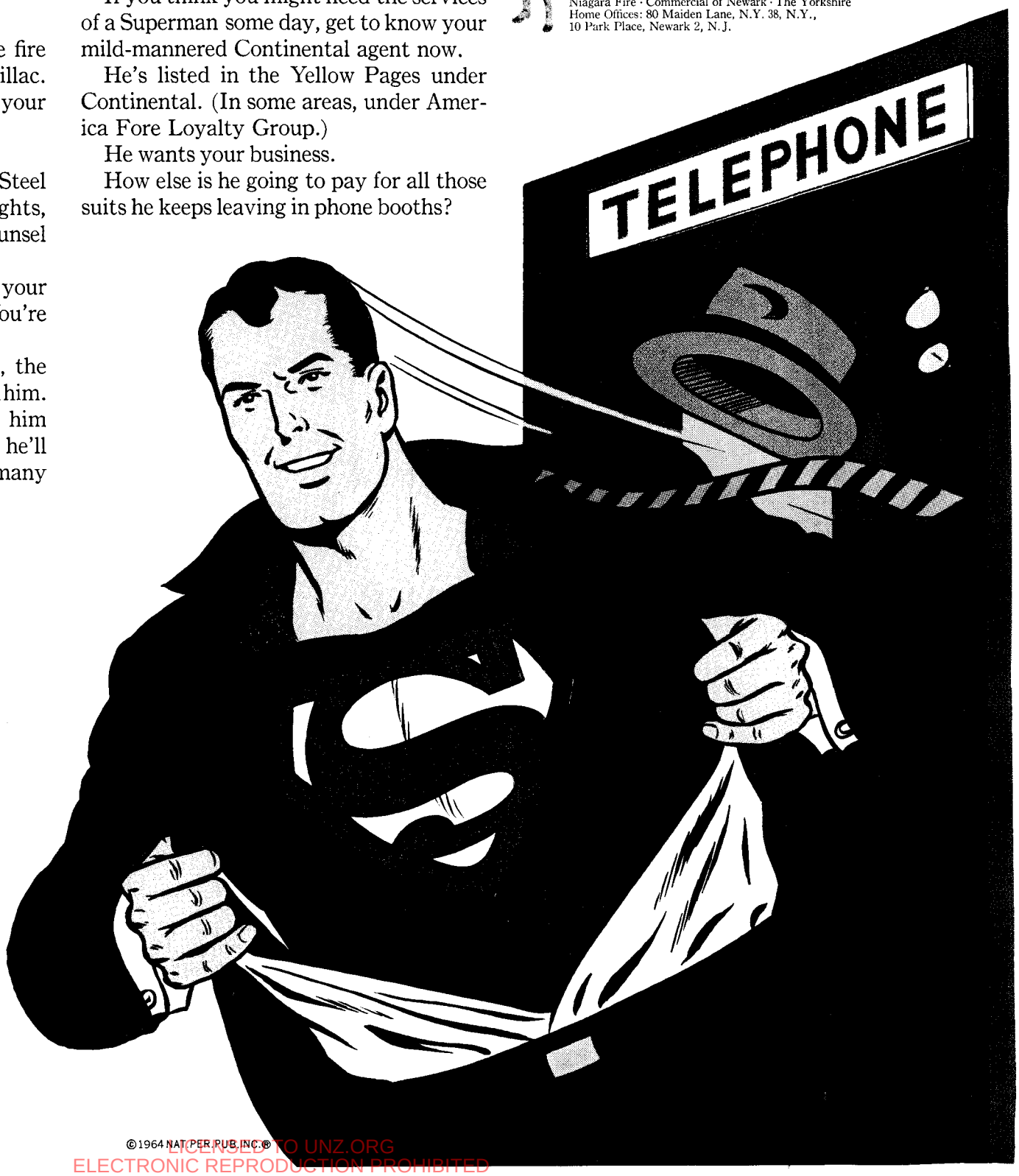
He's listed in the Yellow Pages under Continental. (In some areas, under America Fore Loyalty Group.)

He wants your business.

How else is he going to pay for all those suits he keeps leaving in phone booths?

The Continental Insurance Companies

The Continental Insurance Co. · Firemen's of Newark
Seaboard Fire and Marine · National-Ben Franklin
Fidelity-Phenix · Fidelity and Casualty · Milwaukee Insurance
Niagara Fire · Commercial of Newark · The Yorkshire
Home Offices: 80 Maiden Lane, N.Y. 38, N.Y.,
10 Park Place, Newark 2, N.J.



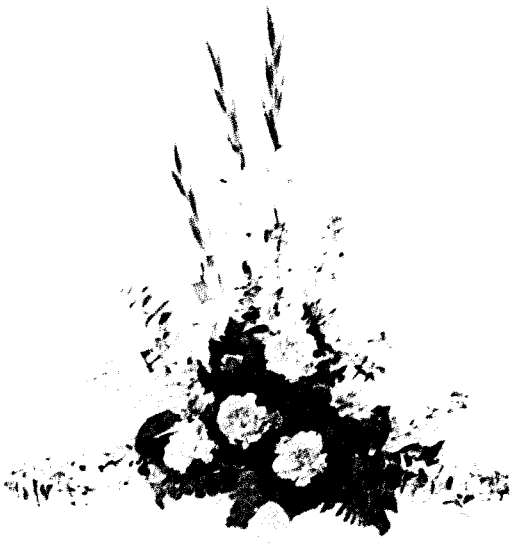
©1964 NAT. PER. PUB. INC.®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"...he says it's the thought that counts.

So we can send either Easter lilies or that H-2 you like...

**"...yep, that's the name.
Yep, that's the address.
Yep, C-1. That's all?
Doggone...sure is
the easiest present
I ever sent!"**



"...was stumped for a gift for their Golden Anniversary, then I remembered your catalog. H-13 looks perfect...

OPEN THE FTD SELECTION GUIDE AND PICK A BRIGHT BOUQUET

Then phone or visit your FTD florist and send it on its way, anywhere in the U.S.A. or Canada. You'll find 26 beautiful floral creations pictured and priced in the guide And they'll look even prettier when they arrive! It's like having a flower garden that blooms all year. Get a copy of the Selection Guide from your FTD florist. It's free.

FLOWERS BY WIRE: SO EASY, SO THOUGHTFUL, SO BEAUTIFULLY RECEIVED

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY · FTD · INTERFLORA · WORLDWIDE

Only FTD member florists display this emblem. Your guarantee of quality and delivery or your money back.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COMMUNIST THREAT TO LATIN AMERICA—III

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Ben Franklin

A CRISIS FOR CAPITALISM

Long years of exploitation paved the way for Communism. Now a new breed of businessmen, devoted to progress as well as to profits, is taking command. But it may already be too late.

By RICHARD ARMSTRONG / Photographs by LARRY FRIED

There will be a coming-out party at the Jockey Club next week," said the society editor of a Bogotá newspaper. "Eight hundred have been invited. She's a lovely girl and she will wear a Dior gown." The society editor sighed. "I've already gotten eight letters of protest. A lot of people think such parties are immoral when there's so much poverty and hunger in Colombia."

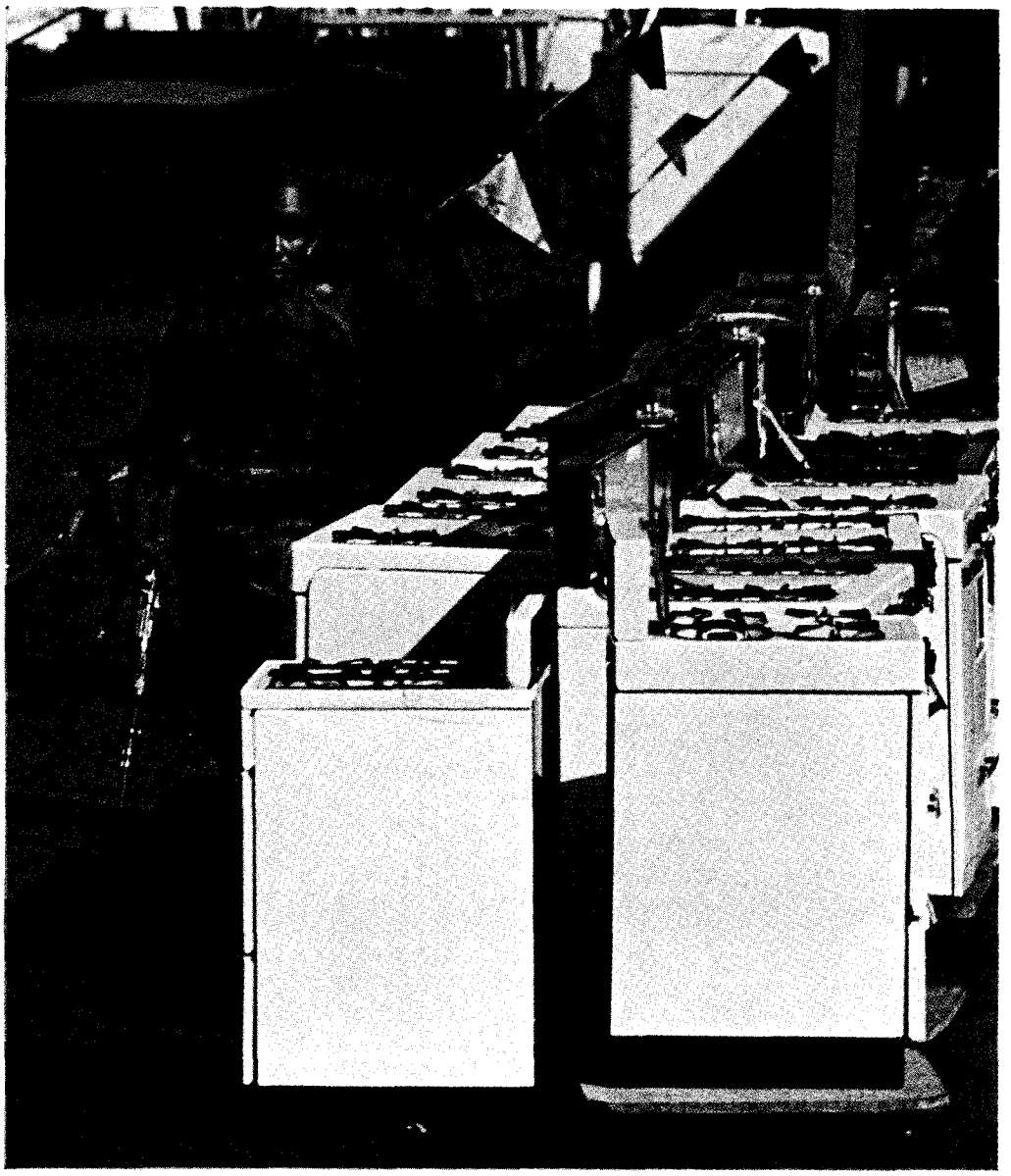
At his office across town, a wistful smile crossed the face of a leading Colombian industrialist. "The oligarchy? No, the oligarchy doesn't run Colombia anymore. I wish it did. Colombia would be run a lot better than it is."

It was eight A.M. "They call me an oligarch. Well, I'm here at the office every day by this time, earning a living. Not the political shysters. A politician with an import license for 100 new automobiles doesn't have to work. All he has to do is bring in the cars. No problems. He can make more money in a month than I can make in a year. Maybe I should go into politics myself? Well, the workers in the *barrios* wouldn't vote for me, a man who wears a coat and tie. They want somebody who speaks their language, whether he's a crook or not.

"I'm supposed to have all my money stored in Swiss banks," he went on. "Well, I don't, but I could name a dozen politicians who do, and who get elected by preaching revolution."

The industrialist spoke for a beleaguered breed, the Latin-American capitalist. He is not honored in his own country, and neither is his natural ally, Wall Street. The entire free-enterprise system, including U.S. private investments of more than eight billion dollars, is a primary target in the current Communist offensive in Latin America. Nationalism and home-grown socialism are much stronger forces than Communism, and virtually every Latin government is at work increasing the scope of the "public sector" in business.

Private enterprise still generates 80 percent of the wealth in Latin America, and U.S. companies alone account for a tenth of all production, a third of all exports and a fifth of all taxes. Yet private enterprise was barely mentioned in the charter of the Alliance for Progress—where the emphasis is heavily on state planning and government-to-government loans. In corporate offices, whether the view out the window be Guanabara Bay or New York harbor, the mood is distinctly bearish. U.S. investment has virtually ceased, and Latin Americans have been sending scared money abroad at the rate of $800 million a year. In a widely quoted speech, President John T. Connor of Merck and Company, which operates pharmaceutical plants from Mexico to Argentina, declared that "in the midst of the current chaos in Latin America, the U.S. corporation is about as much at home as a bishop in a poker game."



In Caracas a Venezuelan trooper guards the Sears, Roebuck store against bombing raids by terrorists.

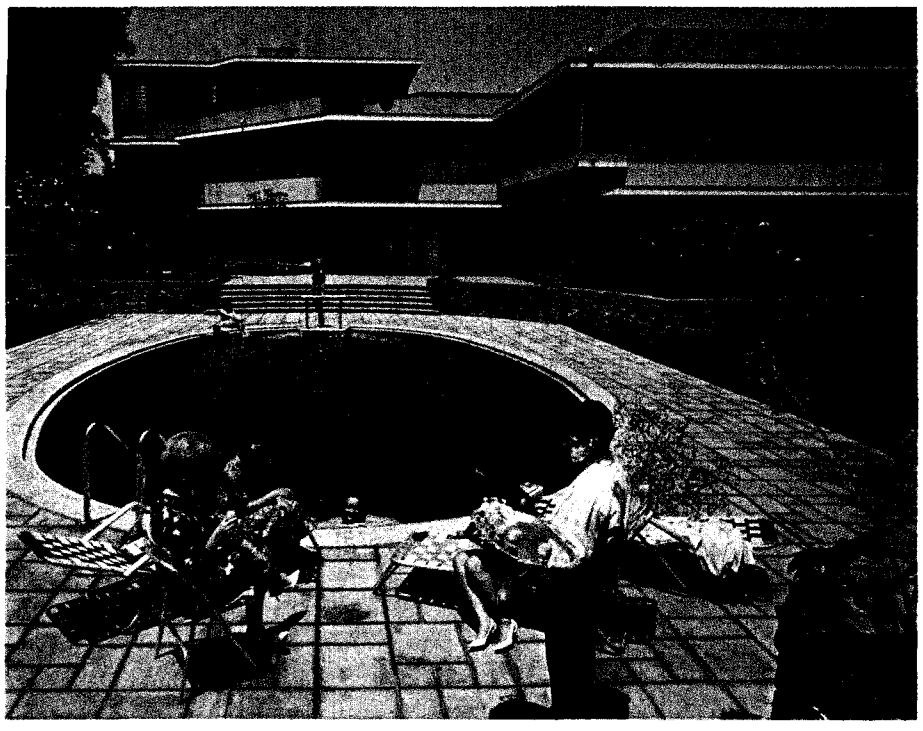
Name a country in Latin America, and an American businessman will tell you why he is concerned. In Argentina, President Arturo Illia canceled oil-drilling contracts under which American companies have invested at least $150 million in Argentina in the last five years. In Chile, both the Christian Democrats (who polled 23 percent of the vote in the last election) and the Communist-Socialist coalition called F.R.A.P. (28 percent) promise to nationalize the U.S. copper mines, worth $700 million, if their candidate wins the presidency next year.

In Colombia, where merchants were obliged to raise prices regularly in order to keep pace with the dropping value of the local peso, Sears, Roebuck found itself hauled into court on a charge of "speculating"—even though Sears pioneered high-volume, low-markup merchandising in Colombia and consistently undersells competitors. "The Sears people were disgusted," said another American businessman in Colombia. "They had a million-dollar expansion program awaiting approval in the States when this silly thing happened." In Brazil a state governor has expropriated a U.S.-owned telephone system and an electric-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fortunes are eroding, but rich families still possess great political power and most land.

Surrounded by pretty women, rich Peruvian José de Lavalle relaxes at home near Lima



Beside pool of her Lima home, Mrs. Anita Sturla de Sanchez V. (left) entertains guests.

Planter Luís Vegas and fiancée Olga Marazzani share lunch at Lima's Waikiki Club.

Latin America

power company; a federal court canceled a concession held by the Hanna Mining Co. on a tract of land containing four billion tons of high-grade iron ore; and the minister of health accused U.S. drug companies of sneaking $30 million in profits out of the country illegally.

At the New York headquarters of the International Basic Economy Corp., a $100 million firm created by the Rockefeller brothers not so much to make great profits as to bring the best techniques of enlightened capitalism to Latin America, an executive interrupted an optimistic briefing to answer the telephone. "Would you excuse me for a minute?" he asked and hurried from the room. That morning in Venezuela, as I.B.E.C.'s newest supermarket was about to open for the day, Communist terrorists had stormed the place, tied up the men, stripped 16 women employees down to their underwear, set a fire and fled.

Summing up for the bears, an economist from a New York bank, a specialist on Latin America, says in a dry, unemotional voice, "A man from Mars would have to conclude that, short of taking bulldozers and pushing all the factories into the ocean, the Latin Americans have done just about all they can do to discourage development."

What has happened is a spiral. As economic conditions gradually worsened, beginning with a sharp fall during the mid-1950's of the commodity prices on which Latin America depends, the far left had great success in spreading the idea that private enterprise and American "imperialism" were to blame. As political harassment of free enterprise grew, its performance indeed slowed and capital began to flee, giving more weight to the leftist argument. The truly wrenching turn of the spiral, of course, was Cuba.

To the Latin politician, the overriding point of the first successful Communist, anti-American revolution was clear. The time had come for a tactical shift further to the left. To a Wall Street man, the Castro revolution was an equally epochal event, a sort of American Suez, shattering preconceptions and financial reputations.

In Castro's total take of about a billion dollars' worth of U.S. property, these were just some of the losers: the American and Foreign Power Co., $136 million in utilities; the Cuban-American Sugar Co., more than $100 million in land, mills and port facilities; the American Sugar Refining Co., more than $75 million in land and mills; Standard Oil of New Jersey, installations worth $75 million.

What became clear after Cuba was a factor more basic than Castroism. Private enterprise in Latin America has not progressed nearly so fast as the aspirations of the people, and thus is terribly vulnerable to the pressures of the modern world. Latin-American leftists, in fact, insist that the stage of their countries along the Marxist ladder of progression is not "capitalist" at all but "feudal." Ever since the Spanish came in search of gold, leftists say, free enterprisers have devoted their energies to extraction of wealth rather than to building it up.

Much of the building, as well as the extracting, was done by Americans. The American role, according to a New York broker who specializes in Latin America, "is the story of great men, of heroes. They went into the jungles, turning something savage into something productive for man." He went on to talk about men like Henry Meiggs, who fled the California gold rush to escape his creditors, built railways up the mountains of Chile and Peru that still stand as engineering marvels, and who died dead broke once again. And of Meigg's nephew, Minor Cooper Keith, who laid railroads through the Costa Rican jungles at a cost of 4,000 lives, and spun the 800,000 acres of swampland he received as part payment into the fantastic empire that became United Fruit. Or the Irish immigrant who landed in Peru during the guano boom of the mid-1800's, flourished as a ship's chandler and created the firm that still bears his name, W. R. Grace & Co.

Latin Americans of the left choose to remember the darker side of American involvement—the years of occupation by U.S. Marines, or the wild days of the 1920's, when New York bankers pressed two billion dollars in high-interest loans into the hands of Latin politicians. In one Peruvian bond issue, a New York banking house paid a "commission" of $415,000 to the son of dictator Augusto Leguía for his role in talking his father into accepting issues totaling $90 million. After the crash, several countries faced annual interest charges that were higher than the national budget. Most of the two billion dollars had simply disappeared

Boom to boom to boom

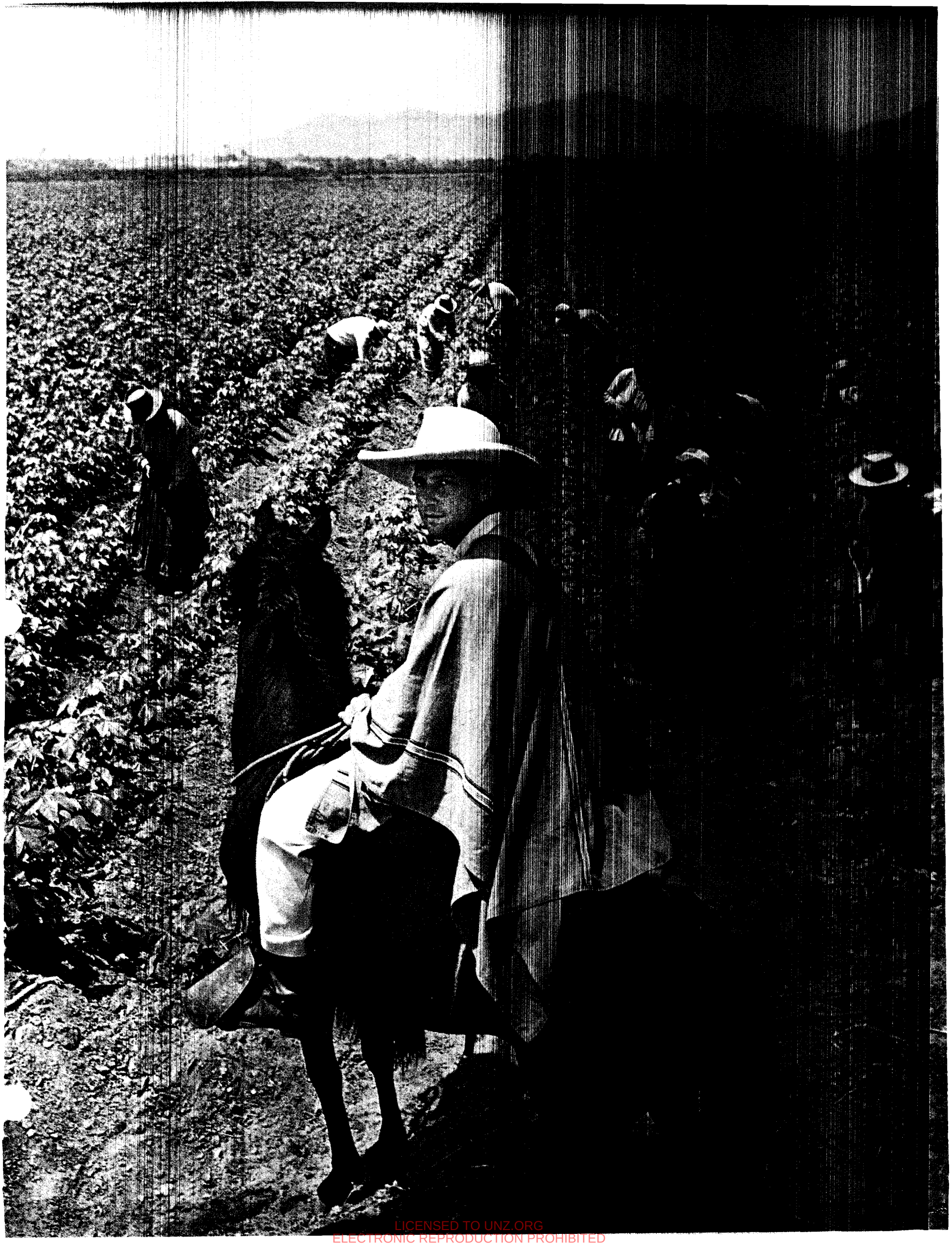
The economy that these capitalists, heroic or otherwise, helped to build remained "colonial" long after political independence had come. Half of the eight-billion-dollar U.S. investment in Latin America today is in mining, mainly copper, and in petroleum—both of which are efficiently extracted and shipped abroad. "To Latin-American nationalists," says a copper-company official regretfully, "taking something out of the ground is like stealing money from a chest. It's gone forever."

The Latin-American economy has traditionally skittered from one boom to the next—first gold and silver, then guano and sugar and rubber, then copper and coffee and petroleum. But, though haphazardly built, this structure has developed over the years a certain resilience of its own. Part of the reason is that the capitalists who run it are a far from closed or static class.

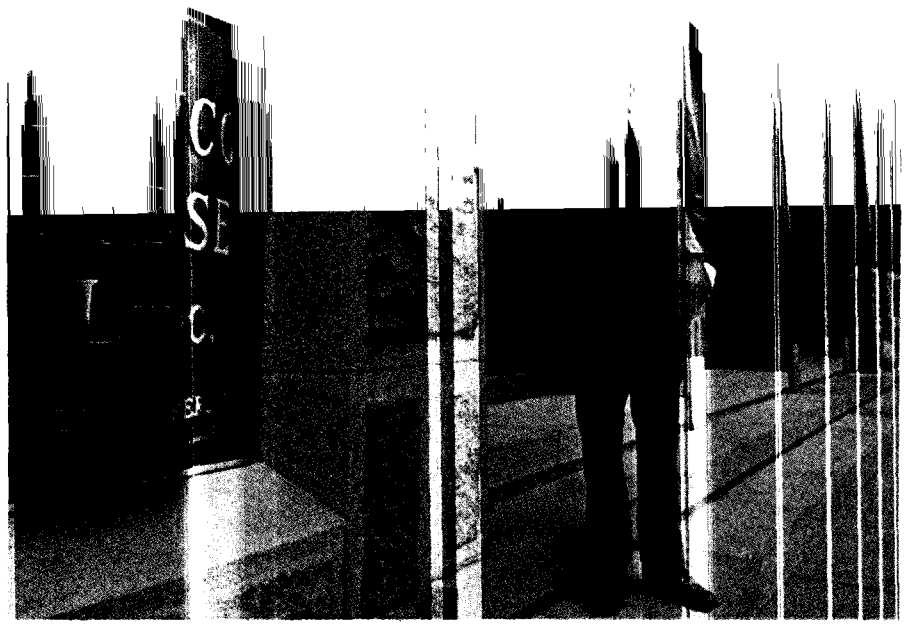
Old fortunes are constantly eroding. In most countries the original oligarchy, which was based on Spanish and Portuguese land grants, is rather hard up these days. In the Brazilian Northeast, for example, handsome porticoes are crumbling about aristocratic ears, only five of the twenty big sugar plantations in the Recife area showed a profit last year, and many of the owners, heirs to Portuguese titles they do not use, mortgage their crops, squeeze their tenants mercilessly

Overseeing cotton cultivation, Luís Vegas ▶ rides through fertile fields of his estancia.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Multimillionaire Augusto Wiese emigrated from Germany to found Peruvian empire.

Peruvian Pedro de Osma stands with 9th-century statue of ancestor and namesake.

Latin America

The entrenched landowners are often not so rich

and flee to Rio to forget their troubles.

One eroder of fortunes is the high consumption habits of the wealthy—the cities are graced by the cupolaed palaces of older generations, the suburbs by the dazzling split levels of the new. Another factor was explained by a Venezuelan banker: "The rich are breeding at the same ferocious rate as the poor. They love big families." Since custom, and in many countries law, dictates an even distribution of estates among the heirs, riches can spread quite thin. This process may be seen most dramatically in Argentina, where land is still the chief wealth and where the vast pampas are checkerboarded with thousands of prosperous farms in a pattern strikingly similar to the U.S. Midwest. "As late as 1930 I could have named you the great families without a moment's hesitation," said a Buenos Aires editor. "The breakup of the big *estancias* has changed all that beyond recognition." The same process works less visibly in stocks and bonds.

Oligarchs in the full glory of wealth and ancient lineage can of course still be found. The so-called "14 families" of El Salvador, intricately intermarried, dominate that country's economic life, though the winds of reform are blowing from a progressive government. Even fewer and even richer families still adroitly run Panama's economy and its politics as well. Still virtually intact are the "40 families" of Peru.

Among the most illustrious of the clans are the Prados, who own cotton and sugar plantations, a bank, one whole Lima residential district called Por Venir, two insurance companies, an oil refinery, a newspaper, a television and radio network, and a virtual monopoly on all the cement produced in Peru. The most prominent Prado, Manuel, was president of Peru until 1962, and one of his principal coups while in office shocked all upper-class Lima. After 40 years of an arranged first marriage, he shepherded an annulment through the Vatican and wed the sweetheart of his youth, Clorinda Malaga, who had waited all those years and who brought a dowry of about $15 million acquired from vanadium and molybdenum mines. "They are like honeymooners still," a society dame in Lima reports forgivingly. "They've built a house in Rinconada, off in the foothills of the Andes. Stucco and natural wood. He said, 'I'll bring my carved balconies,' and she said, 'I'll bring the bronze clappers for the doors.'"

Another sterling Peruvian oligarch is Pedro de Osma, a plump and genial bachelor who spends a good part of his time in Europe and very little of it at the grubby business of making money. "Pedro is the product of several lines," a friend explains. The de Osmas themselves date back to the 10th century in northern Spain, where a town still bears their name. Pedro's paternal grandmother was a Pardo, a family that has given Peru two presidents and that now owns a heavy interest in Goodrich of Peru, as well as cotton plantations on the coast, jute plantations in the jungle, several office buildings, a newspaper chain, an insurance firm, a fishmeal concern and an import-export business.

The passion of Pedro de Osma's life is the world's finest collection of art and artifacts from the Spanish colonial period. He collects nothing modern or Incan, for to Pedro civilization peaked during the days of the viceroys. The softly glowing piles of gold and silver trinkets cram his Lima mansion and spill over into his several country homes. "It is a hobby that only a bachelor who owns a few mines could afford," he explains modestly. "It is a place to have golden dreams."

Yet even in Peru, one of the richest men of all is not a de Osma or a Pardo but a German immigrant named Augusto Wiese, whose mother took in washing. As a child, Wiese went to work in a hardware store for a fellow German named Wagner, started a telephone-order service, bought out the boss on credit when Wagner got homesick for Germany, prospered and branched into real estate, manufacturing and finance. He presently is erecting a 26-story Banco Wiese, which soon will be the tallest office building on the west coast of South America, and his fortune is estimated at well over $25 million. And it is the Wieses who are typical of the Latin-American big rich these days. Their fortunes are new and enormous, based on commerce and industry rather than land. A surprising number of them are from immigrant families and acquired wealth through shrewdness, luck and a willingness to work harder than the old established Latin gentry.

The richest man in Brazil is Francisco Matarazzo, son of an Italian immigrant who got his start boiling down pigs for lard in his home in São Paulo. Matarazzo controls a complex of 300 firms, concentrated in food, textiles and chemicals but spreading so wide that Brazilians refer to it simply as "the Empire." He is worth an estimated $75 million. The next biggest fortune is probably the one acquired by the late Israel Klabin, an immigrant from Latvia who started as a pushcart peddler, selling cigarettes and costume jewelry, and collecting rags, and built a pulp and paper combine that produces 90 percent of the newsprint used in Brazil.

Eight arms bring money

In Mexico, several big fortunes are in the hands of Spanish loyalists, who arrived as political exiles and have since seen their starting capital pyramid gratifyingly in Mexico's industrial boom. Latin America's largest manufacturing concern, Siam di Tella of Argentina—cars, appliances, industrial products—is run by an Argentinian of British descent and owned by the heirs of the Italian immigrant who founded the company. Argentinians of Dutch, German and French descent own Latin America's biggest trading firm, Bunge and Born, which has sales of $1.5 billion a year and is known locally as *el Pulpo*—"the Octopus."

Like the newly rich anywhere, these millionaires have tended to ape the standards of the older aristocracy. They have a particular fondness for ranches and plantations; President Jorge Born of Argentina's Bunge and Born, for instance, raises blooded Herefords. Intermarriage between new-rich and old-respectable is common. When a Wiese finally married into the de Osma family in Peru, one result was the sale of the Gran Hotel Bolívar, Lima's finest. "It was quite all right for a Wiese to be an innkeeper," a Lima socialite explains, "but not a Wiese *de Osma*." In the field of conspicuous consumption, a specialty of Latin America's oldest families, one new name that stands out is that of playboy-diplomat Porfirio Rubirosa, who got his start by marrying a daughter of dictator Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. Another is playboy-industrialist Francisco (Baby) Pignatari, whose mother was a Matarazzo. Baby had spent most of his youth running his very own rolling mill in São Paulo but burst into the headlines when, to herald the end of a round-the-world fling with actress Linda Christian, he sent a brass band and a corps of pickets to her Rio hotel with the blunt message: "Linda go home."

Most of Latin America's industrial millionaires keep up excellent relations with powerful politicians, an arrangement of mutual benefit. Any list of Latin America's richest men would have to include a half dozen dictators past and present. Money changes hands for an import license, a government contract or title to a stretch of wilderness through which a highway will soon be built.

A Brazilian editor explains: "Politics is the only field in which a poor boy can get to the top quickly. At least four out of five of the new fortunes are probably being made that way." This editor had just decided to quit his job, return to his home state and go into politics himself.

This new blood, immigrant and political, has added both skill and zest to the capitalist structure. "They are natural-born free enterprisers," says an American executive in Venezuela. "They can close a complex deal very quickly and very shrewdly. If you're not careful, you can come out without your pants." They can function in smooth partnership with American capital when they choose to. Often they choose to attack it instead.

"As pressure for social reform grows," explains an official of the United Nations Economic Commission for Latin America, "there is a tendency to say, 'Well, if we have to do something, let's nationalize the American companies.' These anti-American capitalists own a number of important newspapers with which to advance their views." Some have merely selfish motives, others are fanatic right-wing nationalists who were pro-Fascist during the war, and a few have embraced the extreme left despite their wealth. In Brazil the Communist-Socialist coalition that elected Gov. Miguel Arraes in the northeastern state of Pernambuco was bankrolled by São Paulo industrialist José Ermirio de Morais, who won a senate seat on the ticket. Later he received a concession to build a match factory.

Despite all its effervescence, free enterprise in Latin America is not very free.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as the newcomers who began their careers as hardware clerks, pushcart peddlers or pig boilers.

It has spun elaborate cartels behind high tariff walls. In Chile, for example, a dozen financial and industrial groups with interlocking directorates control companies accounting for more than 70 percent of all domestic corporate investment. Government red tape spins further webs. Brazil has built, according to investment banker Eric Lamb of Rio, "an exchange structure which, though ingenious in the extreme as to special doors in the external financial wall surrounding the country, is so intricate that it literally cannot be understood by anyone living on the outside."

One purpose of all this, of course, is to limit the competition of American capital. The American companies under heaviest attack are those in fields thought of as "colonialist" by Latin Americans—land ownership, utilities and, in particular, mining. "The petroleum is *ours*" makes an always popular cry. Latin Americans think with an understandable shudder of Bolivia—an estimated $200 billion worth of minerals has been extracted from its mountains since the Spanish conquest, and it now stands a mostly barren hulk, the poorest country in South America. "A surprising number of Chileans," says an official of a U.S. copper company, "believes that once we get the copper to Perth Amboy [New Jersey], we refine out untold quantities of gold."

The American companies are able to keep on doing business because they are superbly efficient, pay several times the going wage rate, and supply a huge, steady source of foreign earnings, without which several Latin-American governments would probably collapse. "The rape of Venezuela," says a Caracas politician, "is not that we are shipping oil abroad—but that until recently the one billion dollars in oil revenues collected by the government annually was in great part stolen or wasted when it could have completely transformed this country."

"I honestly believe," says a copper-company official, "that the Chilean government is making more out of the copper industry now than if they took it over, paid any sort of compensation and tried to run it themselves."

In Chile, copper accounts for more than 70 percent of all exports. The industry is dominated by two big American companies, Anaconda and Kennecott, whose tax bill averages about two thirds of profits and covers 14 percent of the Chilean budget. High in the Andes, the companies rip whole mountains down, freight and refine the ore and ship it abroad. They pay their workers better than two dollars an hour, about six times Chile's average industrial wage. Fringe benefits begin with free delivery of babies, go on through free education, free housing, a gold watch after 30 years' service, pensions and, finally, a free funeral.

A subtle form of bribery

Latin nationalists have little use for this cozy arrangement. They are likely to look at the high wages and comfortable life of the copper workers as a subtle form of bribery—though no Latin politician has publicly advocated that this standard of living be cut. "But why not manufacture copper tubing and copper wire here instead of shipping raw copper abroad?" argues a Chilean economist. "Even if the Chileans are capable of doing it," answers a copper-company official, "the argument assumes that they are the only nationalists in the world. About eighty-five percent of the copper mined in Chile goes to Europe, and a good percentage of the rest to Japan. These countries depend for their very life on buying raw materials and selling their manufactured goods abroad. They simply would not let copper tubing and wire come into the country."

The basic argument is one painful for Latin Americans to accept: That with a world oversupply of most minerals just now, markets are as important as mines.

The cold economic facts are so obvious in Venezuela that even the Communists do not advocate expropriation of the oil industry right now—"though it is, of course, our eventual goal," said Venezuela's top Communist, Gustavo Machado, who is now in jail. If every oil valve in Venezuela were closed down tight, the same companies that dominate production there—Standard Oil of New Jersey, Shell and Gulf—could open valves wider in the Middle East and soon make up all the losses from Venezuela.

The American companies work hard to still any criticisms and keep their image bright. "Our average wage is better than that of most companies in the U.S.," says Harry Jarvis, president of Creole Petroleum, the Jersey Standard subsidiary that is Venezuela's leading producer. At a time two years ago when American money was leaving Venezuela, Creole President Jarvis talked his board of directors into sending $10 million in, to be used to help small Venezuelan business firms with good ideas get started. Since then the Creole Investment Corp. has put up capital for more than 20 promising ventures, including a starch plant, a fiberboard factory, a ranch, a brick kiln and a passion-fruit plantation. "There was nothing altruistic about it," says Jarvis. "But we are delighted, of course, at how well it has been received."

When an extractive company's image gets tarnished these days, trouble is bound to follow. In Peru the International Petroleum Co., another subsidiary of Jersey Standard, was disliked by just about everybody, because it claimed outright ownership of Peru's major oilfield and for years was virtually exempt from taxes—terms granted by corrupt dictator Augusto Leguía in 1922. Peru's new president, Fernando Belaúnde Terry, has told the company to pay a tax rate of 60 percent, plus an indemnity of $50 million, or get expropriated.

A number of companies have found it profitable to avoid conflicts and do business in a new way. United Fruit, which once made and unmade Central American governments, has sold off 50,000 acres of banana lands and would like to sell the other 318,000, preferring now to buy its fruit from local producers, whom it backs with financing and technical help. W. R. Grace & Co., content for almost a century with the profits from its plantations, shipping and trade along the west coast of South America, has branched energetically into chemicals, mostly in other parts of the world. The American and Foreign Power Co., which owned utilities worth an estimated $440 million, has arranged to sell more than half of them to Latin-American governments and is investing the proceeds in such enterprises as an aluminum plant in Mexico, a

Astride a dappled pony, a young Peruvian aristocrat shoulders his polo mallet and prepares to practice the sport of millionaires as played at Lima's Country Club de Villa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When Yankee investors began high-volume, low-markup marketing, Latins fell into line.

Latin America

petro-chemical complex in Argentina. "We are not going out of the utilities business," says Executive Vice President Henry W. Balgooyen, "but the current trend in many countries is toward government ownership, and we stand ready to discuss terms of sale."

If instinctively suspicious of old-line "colonialist" companies, Latin Americans are hungry for the shiny consumer goods of the modern world—especially when presented through the American technique of a low markup, a fixed price and the soothing sound of canned music floating down handsome aisles. In Latin America a merchandising revolution has been set off mostly by two firms, Sears, Roebuck and the Rockefellers' I.B.E.C.

At sunrise most any morning in Buenos Aires, the lines of customers begin to form outside the six Minimax supermarkets built by I.B.E.C. in the past two years. When the doors open, the customers crowd in to buy famed Argentine beef for 15 cents a pound and milk for eight cents a quart, about half what they sell for at the old-style grocery store just around the corner.

Each store in Buenos Aires serves more than 70,000 customers a week and works three shifts a day to keep the shelves refilled. I.B.E.C.'s supermarket chain in Venezuela opened five new stores last year, for a total of 20, and prospers on a one percent profit on sales. I.B.E.C. has branched out into the dairy business in Venezuela, a hybrid-seed business in Brazil, poultry farms in three countries and low-cost house construction in Chile and Peru. It manages mutual investment funds in four countries with combined assets of more than $30 million. "The funds," according to I.B.E.C. chairman Robert Purcell, "provide a means for the small people, the growing middle class, to invest in the industrial development of their country."

Sears, Roebuck has consistently turned a profit on its Latin-American operation, and after 16 years its chain of stores come to more than 60 in eight countries with annual sales of more than $100 million. Sears executives exude an evangelistic dedication to the transforming effects of low markup and honest value.

In his office in Bogotá, a large but rather spare set of quarters for an executive of his rank, the Sears manager in Colombia, Norman Surbaugh, talked about some of the changes brought by Sears. "When we came here in 1952, every shirt in Colombia was sold by neck size alone. I'm a rangy man, and those shirts came up to my elbow. A simple thing like that, sleeve length on shirts, took us quite a while to put across. Now everybody does it.

"We employ 1,158 Colombians and only eight North Americans, and we pay considerably more than the going wage, which is so low in many retail establishments that we simply wouldn't think of hiring at that rate." Sears salesgirls start at $60 a month, plus fringe benefits that

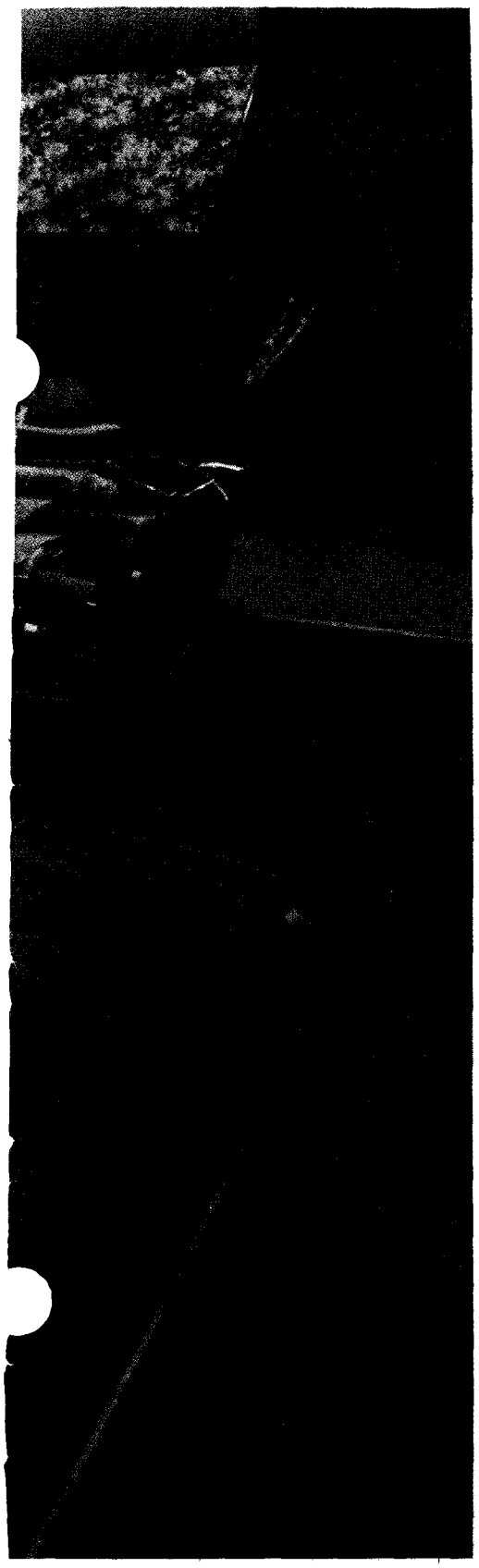
A sales clerk offers a Caracas shopper brightly colored carpets in a Sears, Roebuck store. Latins have welcomed one-price stores where haggling over prices is unnecessary.

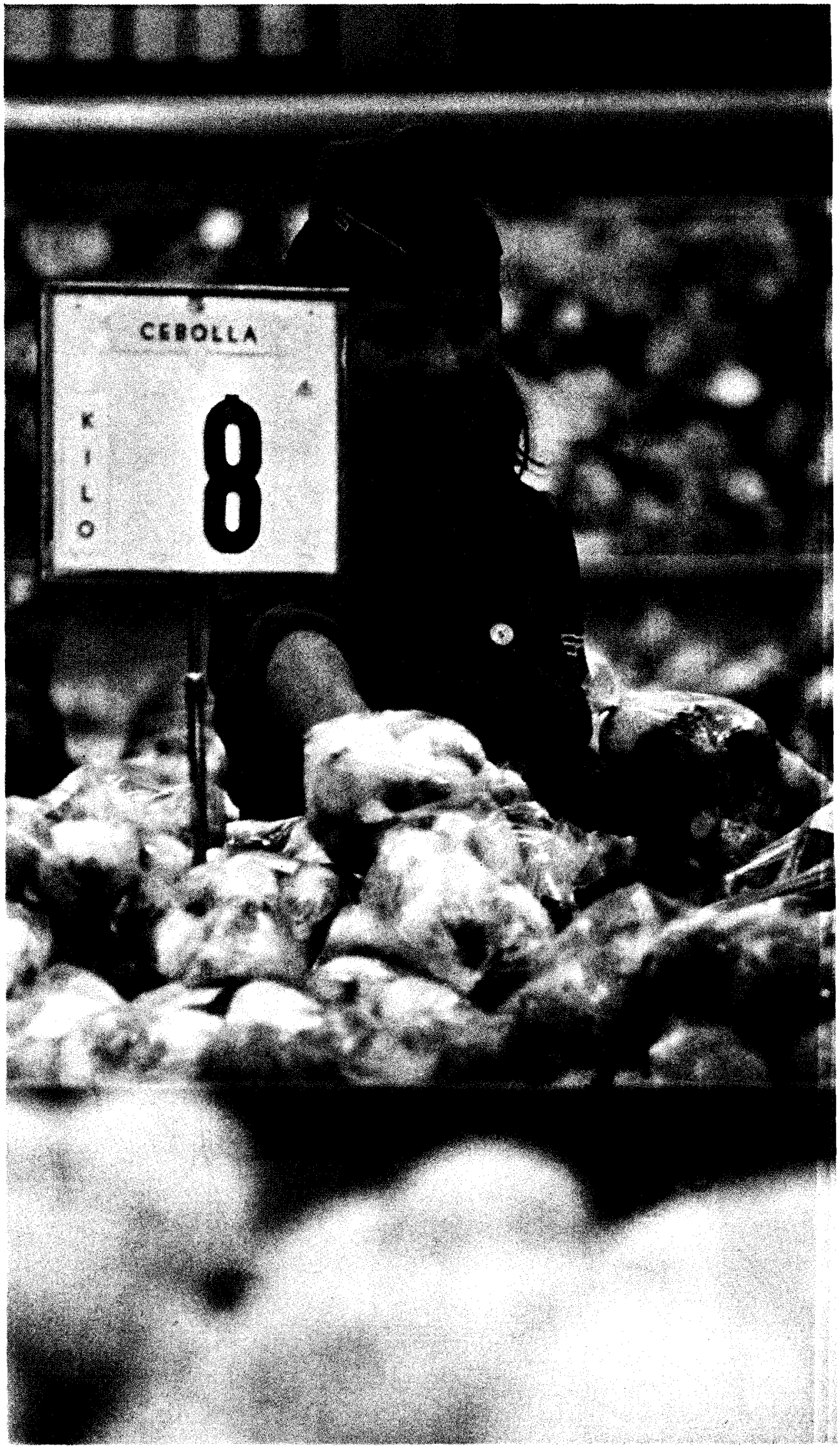
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

include a profit-sharing plan. "When we came here, people said we would never succeed with a one-price shop. We found that Colombians were delighted that they didn't have to haggle.

"We buy from 1,399 factories, and the vast majority of them didn't exist when we came here. If we hadn't come, most of them still wouldn't exist and there wouldn't be any mass production and distribution system in Colombia."

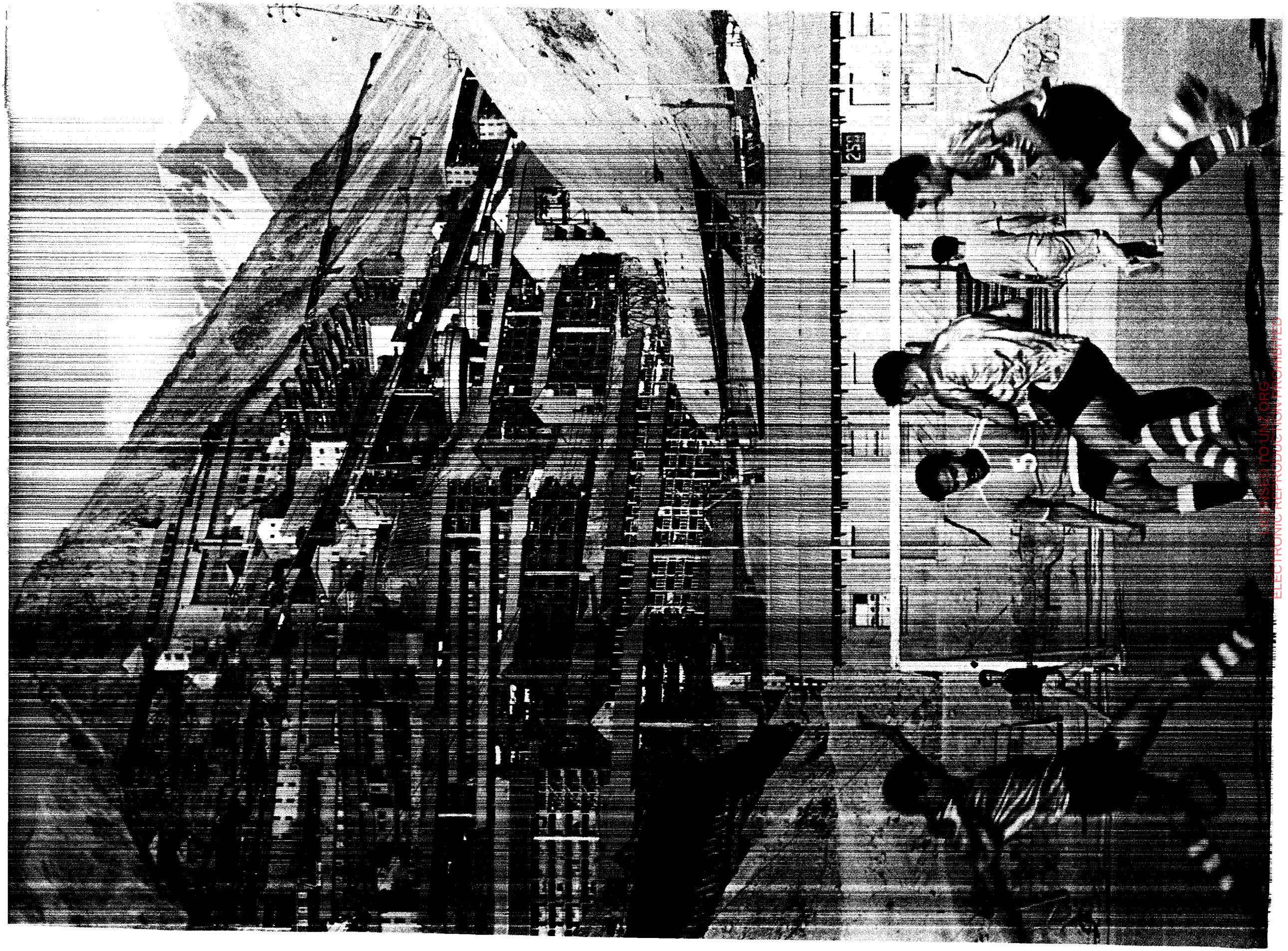
Despite occasional harassment—the "speculating" charges against Sears in Colombia, terrorist raids on both I.B.E.C. and Sears in Venezuela—both companies are still investment-minded. At the 11 Sears stores in Venezuela, soldiers stand guard around the clock, but sales were up 30 percent over last year and the company is going ahead with plans to build another store and two new factories. Latin-American retailers, who at first resented the firms, have paid them the compliment of copying their methods.





A clerk stacks onions in a new Rockefeller-run supermarket in Buenos Aires, where Yankee methods halved grocery costs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Without taxes paid by American companies, some Latin governments would probably collapse.

Latin America

Every Latin government proclaims its welcome to investment in manufacturing. In fact, by hardening the tariff wall against American goods, the governments are trying to compel it. "These countries are determined that the products will be made there, not imported," says a Manhattan banker. "It may not be good economics—low production volume and high costs—but it's a fact of life. If American companies are faced with a choice of opening a plant down south or losing a traditional market, a good many of them will open the plant." Manufacturing has accounted for more than half of all new U.S. investment in Latin America recently—about $100 million annually.

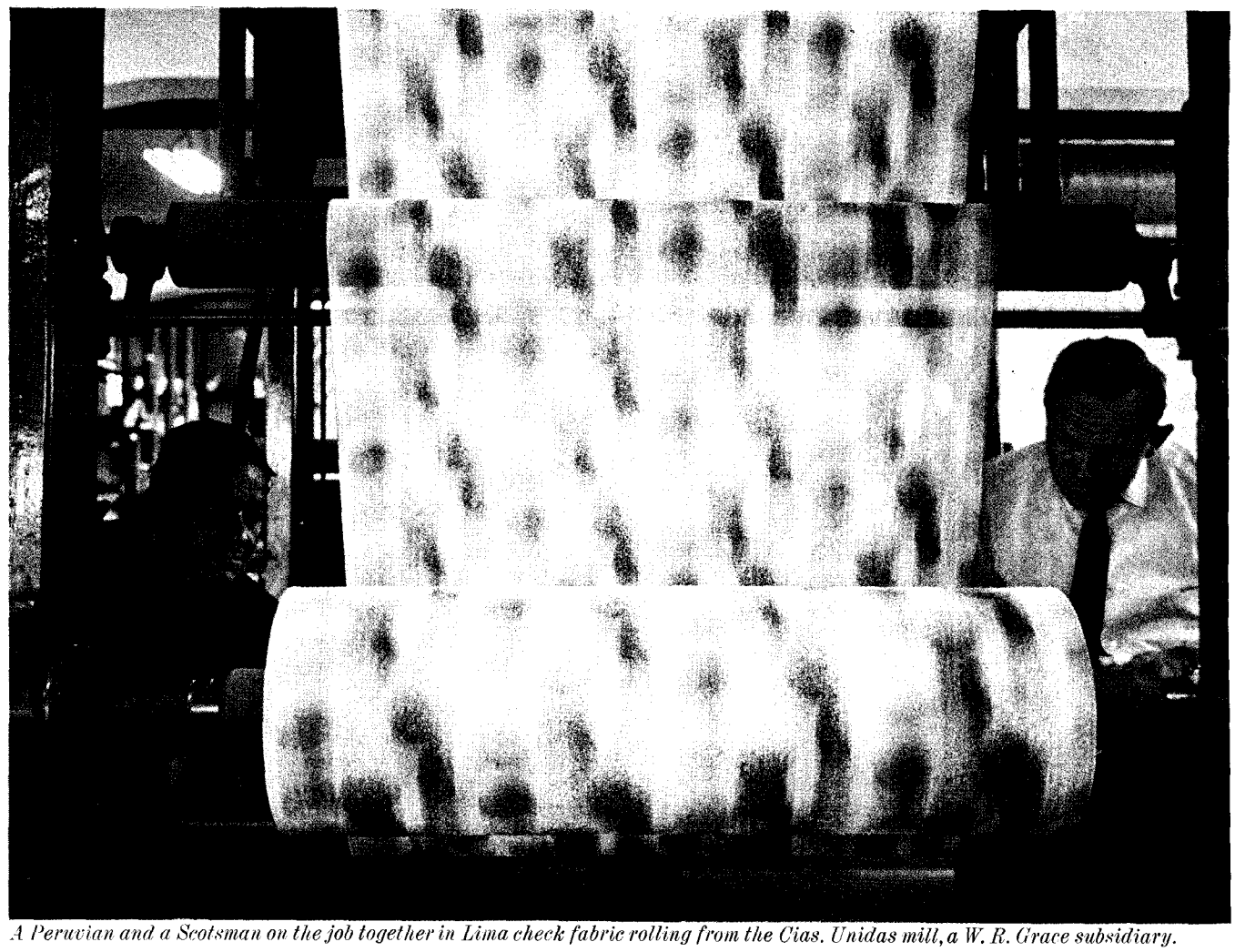
Eager for markets but fearful of unfair treatment, more and more American firms are turning to the joint venture, whereby an American firm takes in local partners. "Ideally," says an American investment adviser in Colombia, "the American firm gets not only local capital but know-how, people with the right contacts who can find their way around in a maze of labor laws and import regulations, infinitely complex subjects."

Through the joint venture and an early start, U.S. industrialist Edgar Kaiser has emerged in a commanding position in the automobile business in South America's two biggest countries. Kaiser Argentina, owned 29 percent by the U.S.'s Kaiser Jeep Corporation and the rest by thousands of Argentine stockholders, produced more than a third of the cars and trucks made in the country last year. Demand far exceeds production, which has doubled since 1958 to 30,000 units a year, and the value of Kaiser Argentina stock keeps soaring comfortably ahead of the Argentine inflation. Willys-Overland of Brazil was built on the same principle, with Kaiser personally guaranteeing a $42 million loan to get construction going in 1954. Two years ago, with a great burst of national pride, Willys sent production-line models of the first all-Brazilian car from design to paint job, the Aero-Willys 2600, off to the international auto show in Paris. Today the firm produces more than one-third of all the cars made in Brazil. "This company," says a Rio editor, "is one of Brazil's prides and joys."

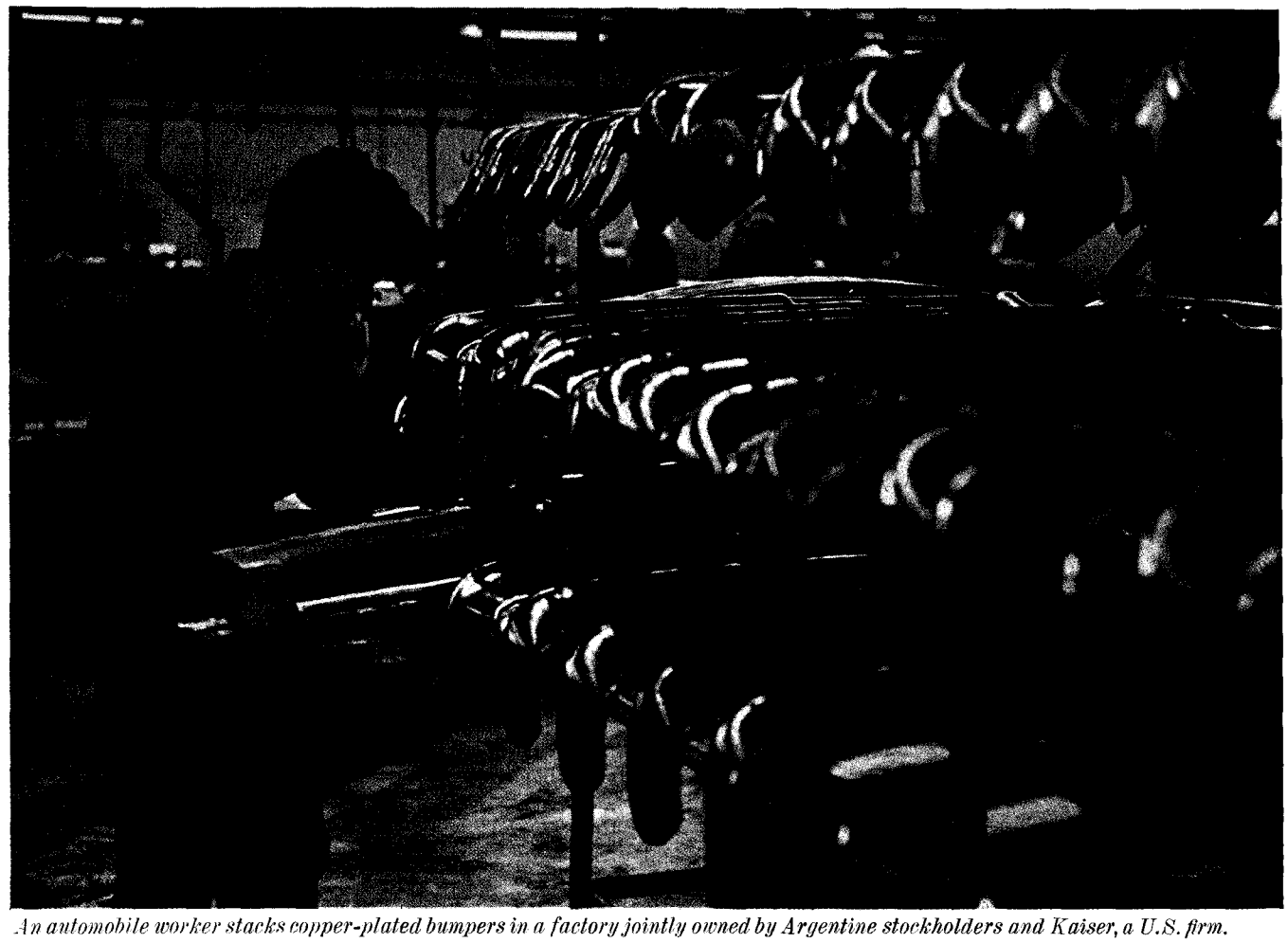
Rodman Rockefeller, one of Nelson's sons and a vice president of I.B.E.C., calls joint ownership "the most important single factor" in getting along in Latin America. "Does it improve the local climate? The evidence is overwhelming that it does." The companies that have tried it include both I.B.E.C. and Sears, Kimberly-Clark, B. F. Goodrich, the Celanese Corporation, Chrysler, Dow Chemical, Union Carbide and dozens of other major American firms.

But despite these hopeful signs, the bears speak in a loud, clear voice that is paid wide attention. Even the opportunities in manufacturing and the proven worth of the joint venture will not be

◀ *Chilean copper miners play soccer beneath mountainside community at El Teniente.*

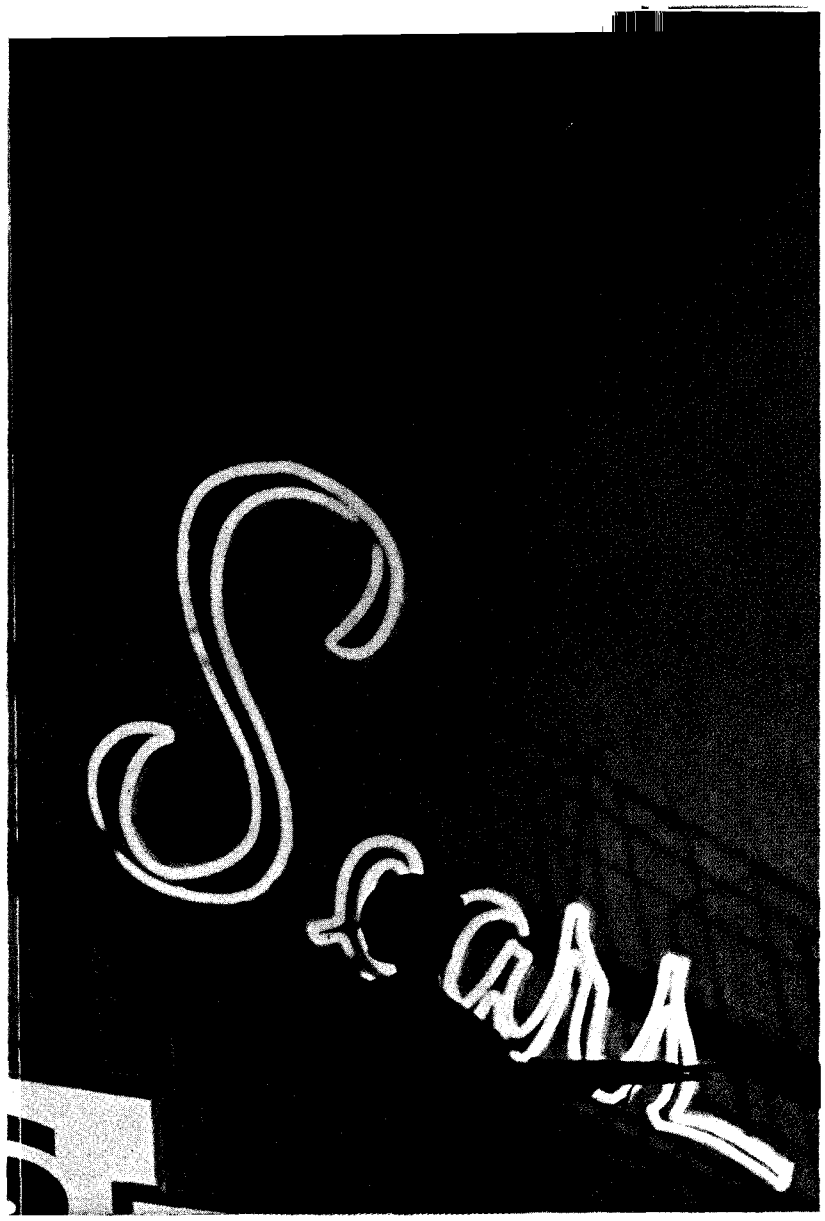


A Peruvian and a Scotsman on the job together in Lima check fabric rolling from the Cias. Unidas mill, a W. R. Grace subsidiary.



An automobile worker stacks copper-plated bumpers in a factory jointly owned by Argentine stockholders and Kaiser, a U.S. firm.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



On guard in Caracas, a soldier keeps watch at the Sears, Roebuck store. Last year fires set by terrorists destroyed Sears property worth $4.5 million.

Big success: joint U.S.-Latin ownership.

enough to start any massive wave of investment in Latin America. "Certainly the continuance of the Castro influence will be a major deterrent," said the Commerce Committee on the Alliance for Progress, a study group chaired by J. Peter Grace Jr. Castro, after all, did not distinguish between one kind of company and another when he began expropriating.

"My guess," says a Manhattan banker, "is that for the foreseeable future great areas of Latin America will be making the kind of news that makes a board of directors say, 'We don't even want to talk about it.'" What can American business do to improve the climate? "Very little beyond what it is doing now; business didn't create the political problems and it can't solve them."

Mounting a verbal crusade against Latin-American socialism, as the U.S. Congress did during the foreign-aid debate last fall, is probably self-defeating. Latin Americans regard this sort of thing as dictatorial interference with their affairs. "All it does is harden attitudes and increase hostility toward private enterprise," says an editor in Rio. "We have a state oil monopoly here," he adds. "It is called Petrobrás. It is not notably efficient, but an overwhelming majority of Brazilians want to keep it. Even a token loan to Petrobrás would have more effect, politically, than all the Alliance aid so far. I can see the newspapers blossoming with editorials about a new era of American-Brazilian understanding. This would eliminate in a stroke the Communists' most effective argument, which is that the United States is not interested in democracy or development at all, but only in the promotion of capitalism."

Prosperity through variety

"We must not try to force Latin-American countries simply to create a society in our image," said Chase Manhattan Bank President David Rockefeller recently. "Our own experience and that of Western Europe have demonstrated beyond doubt that the variety of policies and institutions under which economies can prosper in a free society is large."

The shape of those institutions and their success or failure will depend mostly on the Latin-American capitalists, who own and run 70 percent of the economy.

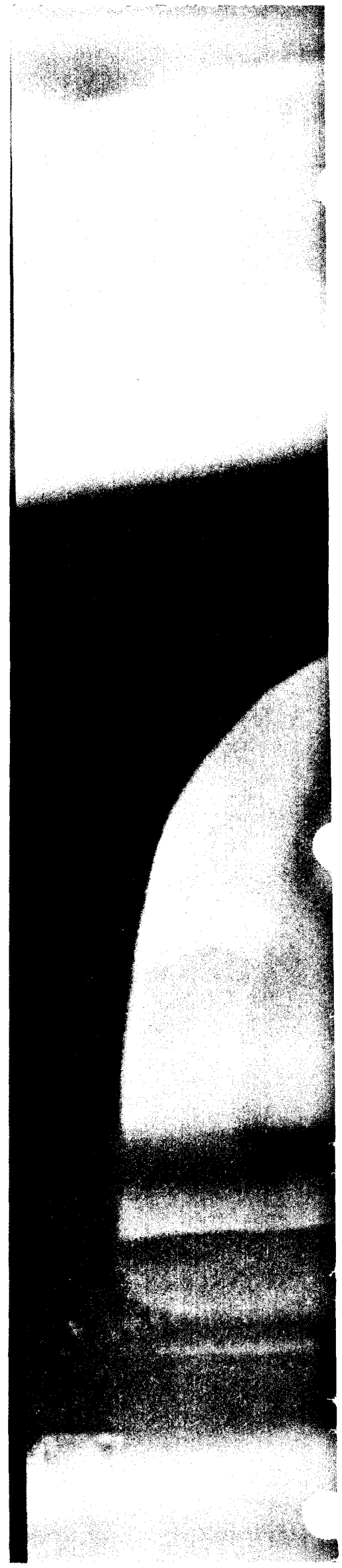
"The most important thing to be said about the oligarchy," according to a Manhattan banker, "is that Latin America at this stage cannot do without them. They are the only reservoir of talent and education that these countries have. Look at what happened to the Cuban economy when they all fled. At their best they have kept alive a tradition of excellence that few American families could equal." One family in this fine tradition are the Sampers of Colombia, descendants of an 18th-century civil servant of the Spanish crown. One blacksheep Samper is a member of the Communist Party; but one is president of Bavaria Brewery, Colombia's biggest private company; another is information chief for the U.N. in Geneva; another is founder of a medical clinic in Bogotá; another is minister of justice; another is director of an agricultural school run by the Organization of American States in Costa Rica; and another is rector of the University of the Andes.

What one oligarch can accomplish has been shown by Eugenio Mendoza, 56, Venezuela's leading industrialist. He has given Venezuela a children's hospital, a nursery, youth centers, scholarships and art galleries, and he is currently building 5,000 low-cost homes with the help of a U.S. loan. His business empire flourishes on a profit-sharing scheme that pays his workers almost half as much as they earn in salaries, and he is busy organizing an association of like-minded businessmen dedicated to changing the structure of a country in which "more than half the population do not manage to satisfy the minimum needs of a human being."

Mendoza is not unique in today's Latin America. A top Washington official met so many of this new breed of capitalist on a recent trip that he came back full of optimism. "There is a new generation, ready to go. You see them in country after country. All they are waiting for is for the old crowd, their parents' generation, to die off." This new breed does exist and is growing in importance. But a far different breed is still powerful.

There is the Peruvian planter who warns, "We must not tax the wealth-producing sectors. It is a dangerous and destructive plan." Or the Venezuelan playboy who explains, "All my really good paintings are already somewhere else." When he parks his Rolls-Royce at the baseball stadium, he signs a slip and contributes 50 cents to the Communist underground. He shrugs. "Otherwise they would wreck the car." Or a Brazilian broker, just back from a trip to the U.S., who asks, "Why do you worry so much about the Cubans and the Venezuelans? They're nothing but a bunch of niggers." He had had a first-class time in the States, the high point being the occasion when he had successfully bribed a traffic cop in the nation's capital. Or a Colombian industrialist, who says with acceptance but just a trace of nostalgia, "Before, an entire village could be swept into a canyon by a landslide, and it was a local problem. Now one man can die of hunger in an obscure town and it's a national scandal."

The question without answer just now is whether this latter breed of capitalist can change ancient attitudes in time—and how much time is left. "I do not believe in Cuba-style solutions," said an earnest young student in Rio. "But the rich men who are sending their money abroad—they are traitors to their country, are they not?" THE END



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At the Kaiser plant in Cordoba an Argentine assembly-line worker installs a body panel on a Renault Gordini, a French automobile that Kaiser also manufactures in Brazil.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ

YEAH! YEAH! YEAH!

MUSIC'S GOLD BUGS: THE BEATLES

They can't read music, their beat is corny and their voices are faint, but England's shaggy-maned exports manage to flip wigs on two continents.

Brian Sommerville is a balding 32-year-old Londoner whose jaw juts out like the southeast corner of England when he thinks he is about to say something important. At Kennedy International Airport in New York last February 7, Sommerville's jaw was projecting so far he was almost unable to open his mouth to speak. A thousand screaming teen-agers were trying to wriggle toward a thin white line of a nylon rope that had been stretched across the terminal building lobby. Three thousand more were screaming from behind bulging metal railings atop the roof, where they were the guests of New York disc jockeys, who had invited them to take the day off from school.

Next to Sommerville a New York *Journal-American* photographer was tugging angrily at his arm, shouting, "We bought an exclusive story and we can't even get a picture of them looking at us—what did we pay you money for?" At Sommerville's other arm a phalanx of British correspondents was complaining that the police wouldn't let them into the press room. There wasn't space left in the press room anyway, and one of the cops tried to throw out a Capitol Records executive who had arrived without an identification badge. Disc jockeys equipped with tape recorders were pointing cylindrical microphones at the mob. Flashbulbs exploded. From the back of the lobby came word that two girls had fainted. Hemmed in and harassed, Sommerville's jaw signaled a pronouncement. "This," he said in the intonations of a nation that has been accustomed to ruling the world, "has gotten entirely out of control." Sommerville is press officer of a rock-'n'-roll group known as the Beatles. Their plane had just landed.

Amid a fanfare of screeches, there emerged four young Britons in Edwardian four-button suits. One was short and thick-lipped. Another was handsome and peach-fuzzed. A third had a heavy face and the hint of buck-teeth. On the fourth, the remnants of adolescent pimples were noticeable. Their names were Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, John Lennon and George Harrison, but they were otherwise indistinguishable beneath their manes of moplike hair.

After they were ushered into the floodlit uproar of the press room, Brian Sommerville, acting as master of ceremonies, stepped to a microphone, again thrust out his jaw and addressed the reporters. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, gentlemen," he said, "will you please shut up!" The first question from the American press was, "Do you believe in lunacy?" "Yeah," answered one of the Beatles, "it's healthy." Another reporter asked, "Would you please sing something?" "No," replied another Beatle, "we need money first." Still another reporter asked, "Do you hope to take anything home with you?" "Yeah," a Beatle replied, "Rockefeller Center." At first, few of the reporters could remember which Beatle was which. But by the end of their two-week visit to America, each of them had become a distinct personality. Each of them, in fact, had become a star.

Ringo is the one that some observers have compared to Harpo Marx. He has bright blue eyes that remind one of a child looking through a window, although he sometimes deliberately crosses them as he sits dumbly at the drums playing his corny four-four beat. "I hate phonies," he says with the absolutism of somebody who thinks he can spot one a mile away. "I can't *stand* them." The most popular of the Beatles in America, he evokes paroxysms of teen-age shrieks everywhere by a mere turn of his head, a motion which sends his brown spaniel hair flying. When he flips his wig, the kids flip theirs. "*RIIINNGO! RIIINNGO!*" the kids call out. He acquired the nickname because he wears two rings on each hand. He wears different rings at different times, changing them like cuff links. "I like the gold ones," he says. "The fans send a lot of silver ones, too, but I send them back." Then he adds, "Do you know I have 2,761 rings?" His fame has brought Ringo other treasures, but he seems not to have forgotten what it was like to grow up amid the grimy rowhouse streets of Liverpool.

He was born Richard Starkey, the only son of a father who was a house painter and a mother who was a barmaid. He never finished school. He was kept out by pleurisy and more than a dozen stomach operations. Also, it seems, he never started growing. Asked how tall he is, he snaps back, "Two feet, nine inches!" Actually he is five-feet-seven. "When I feel my head starting to swell," says John Lennon, "I just look at Ringo and I know perfectly well we're not supermen." Without proper schooling, Ringo worked as an electrician's apprentice and at various odd jobs before turning to drumming.

"When I was sixteen, you know," he says, "I use to walk on the road with the rest of the lot and we'd have all our drape coats on and we'd have a few laughs with the rival gangs and then I got the drums and the bloke next door and I got a job and we started playing together and another bloke and me made a bass out of an old tea chest and this was about 1958, mind you, and we played together and then we started playing on dances and things, you know, and we took an interest in it and we stopped going out and hanging around corners every night."

These days still lie close behind him. When an American reporter asked him if he liked fish and chips, he answered, "Yes, I like fish and chips, but I like steak and chips better." One of his greatest moments was when the Beatles played before Princess Margaret and the Queen Mother at the Royal Command Performance in London last November. "It was the first time I ever felt British," he says. "You know, you never think about royalty. But the Queen Mother, she was a nice lady."

He sits with his drums behind the group as the other three perform, and he rarely sings, although that is what he would most like to do. Although, at 23, he is the oldest of the Beatles, he is at the bottom of what sociologists would call their pecking order. When he joined the group it already had a record contract, and the unspoken feeling in the quartet is that Ringo was hired by the other three. When they disagree on anything, Ringo

◀ *At Miami Beach press conference, John Lennon, Ringo Starr, Paul McCartney, George Harrison buy a fisheye camera.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New York policeman carts away faint girl fan who tried to win hearts of departing Beatles at Kennedy Airport. Four girls collapsed and thousands cheered at farewell taking.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"THE QUEEN MOTHER," SAYS DRUMMER RINGO STARR, "SHE'S A NICE LADY."

Although Richard Starkey, known as Ringo Starr, is the oldest member of the Beatles, he is at the bottom of their pecking order.

is the last to get his way. "You'd be nowhere," Paul McCartney says to him in the ultimate squelch, "if it weren't for the rest of us."

The fans call Paul the handsome one, and he knows it. The others in the group call Paul "The Star." He does most of the singing and most of the wiggling, trying to swing his hips after the fashion of Elvis Presley, one of his boyhood idols. In the British equivalent of high school, Paul was mostly in the upper ranks scholastically, unlike the other Beatles. "He was like, you know, a goody-goody in school," remembers one of Paul's boyhood friends. He also, as another former classmate remembers him, was a "tubby little kid" who avoided girlish rejections by avoiding girls.

He can afford to be much bolder now. At a cocktail party in the British embassy in Washington, a twice-divorced noblewoman put her arms around him, gazed longingly into his eyes and said, "Which one are you?" "Roger," he answered. "Roger what?" she said. "Roger McClusky the fifth," he answered, and slithered out of her grasp.

"Paul is the hardest one to get to know, although that doesn't mean he's the deepest," says a friend. When the 18-year-old English actress Jill Haworth had a private audience with Paul in Miami Beach, it lasted only a few minutes. "I just couldn't find anything to talk to him about," she later said. "It was just impossible to get started talking."

Paul, who plays bass guitar, wears the same tight pants that are part of the uniform of the Beatles, although he often distinguishes himself with a vest. "Paul," says one member of the troupe, "is the only one of the boys who's had it go to his head." Sometimes, talking with the other Beatles, he finds himself using accents much more high-toned than the working-class slang of Liverpool, where he grew up. When he does, John Lennon mockingly mimics him.

Paul and John have collaborated in writing more than 100 songs, including such hits as *I Want to Hold Your Hand* and *She Loves You*. "None of us really knows how to read or write music," says Paul. "The way we work it is like, we just whistle. John will whistle at me, and I'll whistle back at him."

John doesn't smile when he sings. "That's because," says Neil Aspinall, the 22-year-old road manager who grew up in Liverpool with the Beatles, "he's giving you his soul." He likes to wear sunglasses both indoors and out, as a sort of declaration of privacy. "John," says Brian Epstein, the 29-year-old personal manager who discovered the Beatles, "is the most intellectual of the boys." Though he has a habit of falling asleep at odd moments, he is also the most intense and has a temper that reddens his face at the slightest rub. At a cocktail party in the British embassy after the Beatles' Washington concert, John found himself besieged by dignitaries, their wives and girl friends, all of whom were thrusting autograph books at him with such official commands as, "Look, sign this for my daughter! Cawn't think why she likes you! Must be out of her mind." Finally John pushed away the pens. Forcing his way to the bar, he ordered a drink and said, "These people are worse than the fans. These people have no bloody manners. Now, the ambassador, I liked him; we talk the same language. But I wouldn't give a thank you for his friends." At that moment, a young embassy official approached John and said, "Come now and do your stuff." John glared back. "I'm not going back through that crowd—I want a drink," he said. "Oh, yes you are," the official said imperiously. Livid, John turned to Ringo and said, "I'm getting out of here!" With a smile, Ringo put an arm on John's shoulder and said calmly, "Oh, come on, let's go and do our stuff and get it over with." The "stuff" consisted of drawing names out of a box in a charity raffle.

John began with ideas of becoming a painter, spending two years at the Liverpool Art Institute. He also writes short stories and poems [see pages 40–42], a collection of which, combined with his sketches, is being published in London. One editor calls Lennon's literary efforts "British hip, a sort of conglomeration of funny Lewis Carroll jabberwocky with a slight tinge of William Burroughs's *Naked Lunch* and an almost Joycean word play."

When John first appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, a subtitle identifying him carried the parenthetical message, "Sorry, girls, he's married." His wife Cynthia is a quietly beautiful 21-year-old blonde whom he met at the Liverpool Art Institute and whom the newspapers now call, to the Lennons' disgust, "Mrs. Beatle." When the Beatles traveled from New York to Washington, she wore a black wig so she could get through the crowd. In Washington, she remained alone in her hotel room. In Miami Beach she sunbathed by herself. "Ever since the boys became famous," says Cynthia, "it's become more and more difficult for me to see John." They have an infant son, John, whom the newspapers call, again to their disgust, "Baby Beatle." When the Lennons have business visitors, Cynthia serves tea and recedes into the background. "Women," says John, "should be obscene and not heard."

John is the leader of the Beatles. "We *have* no leader," he might argue with some annoyance. "We're a *team*, y'know, pull together and all that." As a matter of fact, each Beatle has a veto on what the four of them do together. "But it's John who usually wins out," says one of their friends. "John is the hippest and the sharpest of the lot. They've all learned from him. Even their humor, the way they're always sending people up, they got that from John."

Just 22, George Harrison is the youngest of the Beatles. "He doesn't have the maturity of the others, so he tends to play it a little safe," says a member of the troupe. "It's as if he's the baby of the family." Being the baby of the family is a role to which George is accustomed. The son of a bus driver, he is the youngest of four children. "George was always the one who tried to please," says his sister, Mrs. Louise Caldwell, the pretty platinum-blond wife of an engineer who lives in the Midwest. "When the fire needed more coal, he would always say, 'Mummy, I'll do it, let me get the shovel.' Or when we'd be going to church, George would polish everyone's boots."

George plays lead guitar for the Beatles, often with a look of unconcern that seems to reflect a desire to be strumming elsewhere. "Well," he says, "the songs that Paul and John write, they're all right, but they're not the greatest."

His boyhood idols were guitarists Chet Atkins and Duane Eddy, although he recently discovered Andrés Segovia. He listens on the radio to other pop artists from the start of his day, which often begins when road manager Aspinall drags the boys out of bed at 10:30 to keep some 10 A.M. date. He keeps a transistor radio in his hand, even during conversations. He adjusts the volume according to his interest in what is being said.

"You have to be very careful of what you say to George," says disc jockey Murray (The K) Kaufman of New York's WINS, who glad-handed the Beatles when they stepped off the plane in New York and who was George's roommate when the Beatles traveled to Miami Beach. "You have to be sure that every word means what you want it to mean. He takes what you say very literally."

"George, as a matter of fact," says manager Brian Epstein, "is the only one

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RINGO SPOTTED A GIRL SINGER AND YANKED HER INTO AN ELEVATOR.

The Beatles

who asks questions. He's the only one who takes an active interest in the business aspect of the Beatles. He wants to know how I book them, how the discs are distributed, and everything that has to do with the financial workings."

George's ambition, he says, is to retire with "a whacking great pile of money." He recalls that in the early days of the group in Liverpool, "we got what would work out to two dollars a night apiece—and all the soda we could drink. We drank until that stuff came out our ears to make sure we got our money's worth."

Little more than six months ago one of his major desires was to own a racing car. He now owns a Jaguar. Although by no means the quietest of the Beatles, because none of them really is quiet, George remains the least prominent. At a press conference for fan magazines in New York's Plaza Hotel, a young woman asked, "Mr. Starr is known for his rings, Mr. McCartney, obviously for his looks, and Mr. Lennon for his wife. What about you, Mr. Harrison?" George swallowed a bite of a chicken sandwich, fluttered his long eyelashes in the same manner that Paul often does and answered, "As long as I get an equal share of the money, I'm willing to stay anonymous."

These are the Beatles, the four young men who brought with them to America a phenomenon known as Beatlemania. So far, Beatlemania has traveled over two continents. In Stockholm the arrival of the Beatles was greeted with teen-age riots. In Paris another congregation held screeching services at the airport and the Beatles' performances at the Olympia Theater were sold out for three weeks. In the Beatles' native Liverpool 60 youngsters collapsed from exposure after standing all night in a mile-long line of 12,000 waiting to buy tickets to the Beatles' performance. When a foreman shut off the radio in the middle of a Beatles record at a textile mill in Lancashire, 200 girls went out on strike.

While the Beatles toured the United States, three of their singles were in the top six and their albums ranked one and two in the record popularity charts. Beatle wigs were selling at three dollars apiece, high-school boys were combing their forelocks forward and hairdressers were advertising Beatle cuts for women. Beatle hats, T-shirts, cookies, eggcups, ice cream, dolls, beach shirts, turtleneck pullovers, nighties, socks and iridescent blue-and-green collarless suits were on the market, and a Beatle motor scooter for children and a Beatlemobile for adults were being readied for production. American bartenders were confounded by a sudden deluge of orders for Scotch and Coke, the Beatles' favorite drink. "I think everyone has gone daft," says John. Adds Ringo, "Anytime you spell beetle with an 'a' in it, we get the money." In 1964, Beatle-licensed products stand to gross $50 million in America alone. As for the Beatles, their total 1964 income is expected to reach $14 million.

It all began in Liverpool, a smog-aired, dockfront city that overlooks the Mersey River. When the Beatles first put their brows together eight years ago, there were an estimated 100 rock-'n'-roll groups in the city. Today Liverpool is the pop music capital of the British Isles, and what newspapers have come to call "The Mersey Sound" dominates the English hit parade. "Do you want to know what the Mersey sound is?" says one American critic. "It's 1956 American rock bouncing back at us."

In the beginning the group was called the Quarrymen Skiffle Group, then the Moondogs and then the Moonshiners. John, Paul and George were in the original group; Ringo Starr joined in 1962. Hired in 1959 for a job in Hamburg, Germany, the Beatles worked their way up to a wage of $25 a week, and became one of the main attractions along the Reeperbahn, the main street of the city's red-light district.

Swinging in Liverpool

"When they got back to Liverpool, that's when they really started to swing," says Neil Aspinall. It was then that Brian Epstein discovered them. A delicately mannered young man who once wanted to be a dress designer, Epstein at the time was in charge of the television-radio-records department of his father's department-store chain. When several customers began demanding Beatles records, Epstein signed them up, got them a test with Decca Records, which they flunked, and then brought them to Electric and Musical Industries Ltd.

"They were impressive—it was like striking oil," recalls an E.M.I. official. "I remember I gave them back their first tape and told them, 'If there's anything you don't like, let me know.' And George came right back and said, 'Well, I don't like your tie for a start.'"

In short order the Beatles had four hits and teen-age mobs began following the Beatles throughout England. It wasn't, however, until last October 13 that the Beatles became national heroes. On that night, they played London's Palladium and several thousand fans mobbed them They had to be rescued by police. "Well, there were no assassinations that day," recalls Brian Sommerville. "There were no wars, no invasions, no great crises of state, and the Beatles were the only good story the London dailies had, so they gave it a big display."

In the United States, Capitol Records, which has first rights to any E.M.I. release, originally turned down the Beatles' records. As the craze grew it not only issued them but poured $50,000 into a promotion campaign. "Sure there was a lot of hype," says Capitol vice president Voyle Gilmore. "But all the hype in the world isn't going to sell a bad product."

Nevertheless, that hype helped stir the interest of thousands of fans who greeted the Beatles at Kennedy Airport. Many thousands more waited for them at New York's Plaza Hotel. Outside the hotel, stacked up against barricades, the mob chanted, "*We want the Beatles! We want the Beatles!*" According to one maid, the Beatles found three girls hiding in their bathtub. Dozens of others climbed the fire exit to the 12th-floor wing in which the Beatle entourage had been ensconced. Still others, with the names and pocketbooks of prominent families, checked in at the hotel and tried to get to the Beatles via the elevators.

On the 12th floor the Beatles rested in their suite while the phones rang with requests for interviews and autographs. One call was from a man who wanted to produce Beatle ashtrays. Another was from a promoter in Hawaii who wanted to book the Beatles.

Telegrams came in by the handful, and boxes loaded with fan mail. "We get

Paul, George, Ringo and John rehearse for Ed Sullivan show in Miami Beach. In Florida, Beatles went yachting, swam in private pool and visited heavyweight champ Cassius Clay.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

12,000 letters a day," Ringo later said. "Yeah," added John. "We're going to answer every one of them." The road managers, meanwhile, were busy signing the Beatles' autographs for them, and the room-service waiters kept bringing up tables loaded with Scotch, ice and bottles of Coke. Murray the K also came in, bringing with him the Ronettes, an American recording group of three exotic looking girls. "We met the Beatles in Europe," one of them said, as if she were singing it.

As the Beatles' stay at the Plaza extended, so did the throngs. Each time the Beatles left the hotel, the mobs would break through police lines in a jumble of lost shoes, falling girls and Beatle sweat shirts. A deputy chief inspector of police accused the Beatles' press agents of bringing in teen-agers by the busload. The Beatles, meanwhile, spent their time watching TV, dining at the "21" Club, sightseeing from their car, twisting at the Peppermint Lounge, and flirting with bunnies in the Playboy Club.

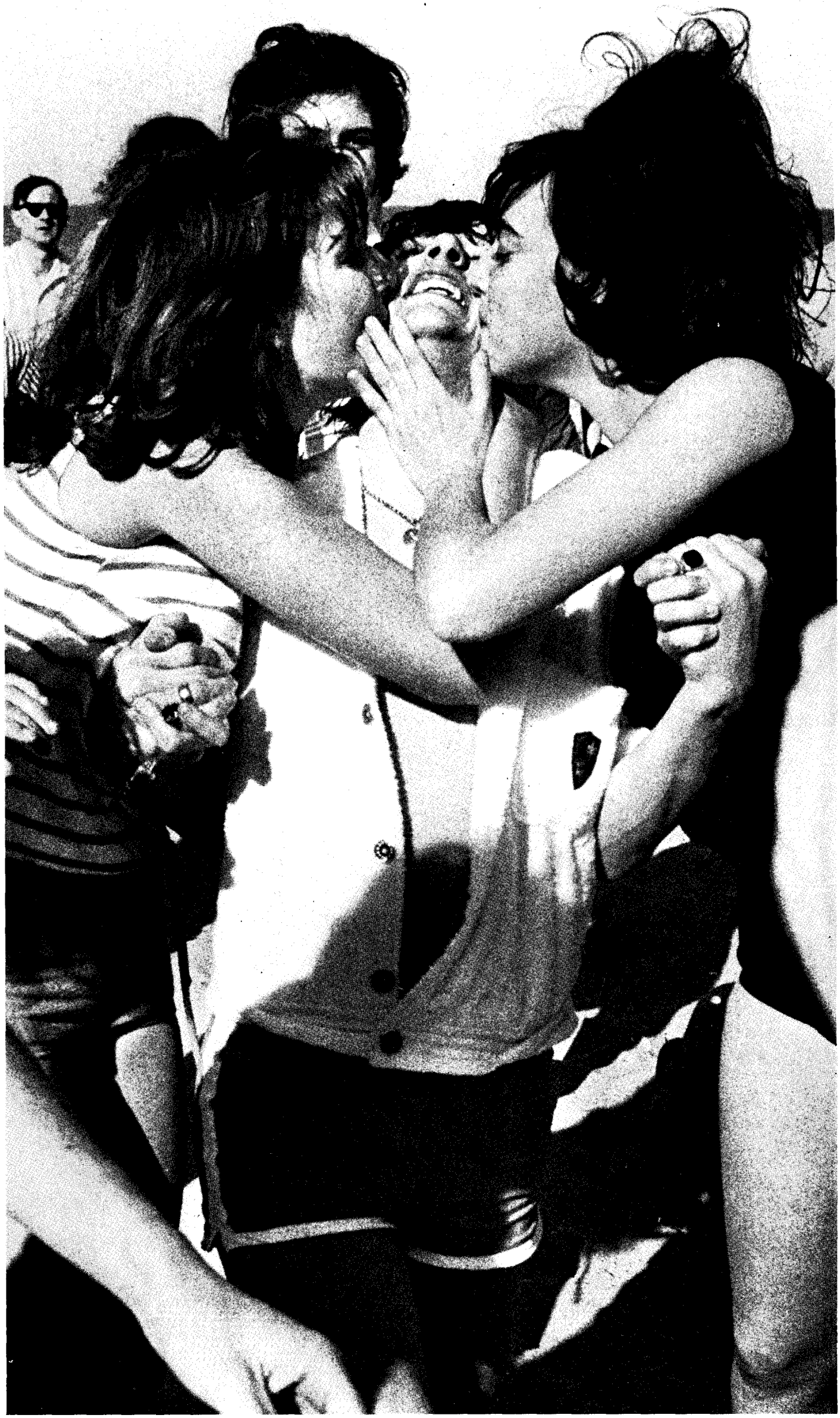
The remainder of the Beatles' tour of America was more of the same. In Washington, to which the Beatles traveled aboard a private railroad car called The King George, 2,000 teen-age fans mobbed the locked metal gates of Union Station. At their concert in the Coliseum that night the Beatles were showered with flashbulbs, hair rollers, caramels and jelly beans, in some instances a bagful at a time. "M'God!" Ringo said afterward. "They *hurt*. They felt just like hailstones."

When they flew to Miami, they were greeted at the airport by a chimpanzee, four bathing beauties, a four-mile-long traffic jam and 7,000 teen-agers, who shattered 23 windows and a plate-glass door. The flight-engineer of the plane wore a Beatle wig. As they were getting off, the wife of the president of National Airlines came aboard with two teen-age girls, but was blocked by Sommerville, who stormed, "*No, no, madam!* We cannot spend time giving autographs to employees' families." At the Deauville Hotel, they were hustled into an elevator. Along the way Ringo recognized a girl singer and pulled her into the elevator. Later a reporter asked Ringo who she was. "She's just a girl I know," he said. "What's her last name?" the reporter asked. "I don't know her *that* well," Ringo answered.

In Miami Beach the Beatles went yachting, swam in a private pool, posed for photographs on the beach while an elderly woman kept walking deliberately in front of the cameras, and then visited the training camp of Cassius Clay.

At one point, Sommerville, beaming with gratitude, decided to thank the police sergeant in charge of the Beatles' security detail by offering him a compliment. "Somebody told me," Sommerville said warmly, "that Miami Beach has the best police department that money can buy." Upstairs in Sommerville's room John was busy answering the telephone, with the calls again coming, one after the other, from as far away as Hawaii. "Hallooo," he said. "Brian Slummerfield here. . . . Yes luv. . . . Yes luv. . . . No luv. . . . G'by luv."

The Beatles flew back to England on February 21 to make their first movie. When they stopped off at Kennedy Airport to change planes for London, they again found several thousand teen-age fans screaming from the observation roof after waiting there for hours. Four girls collapsed. When it was all over, America could relax—at least, until the Beatles return this summer. THE END



Most popular of the Beatles in America, Ringo Starr holds informal court for group of demonstrative admirers on Florida sands.

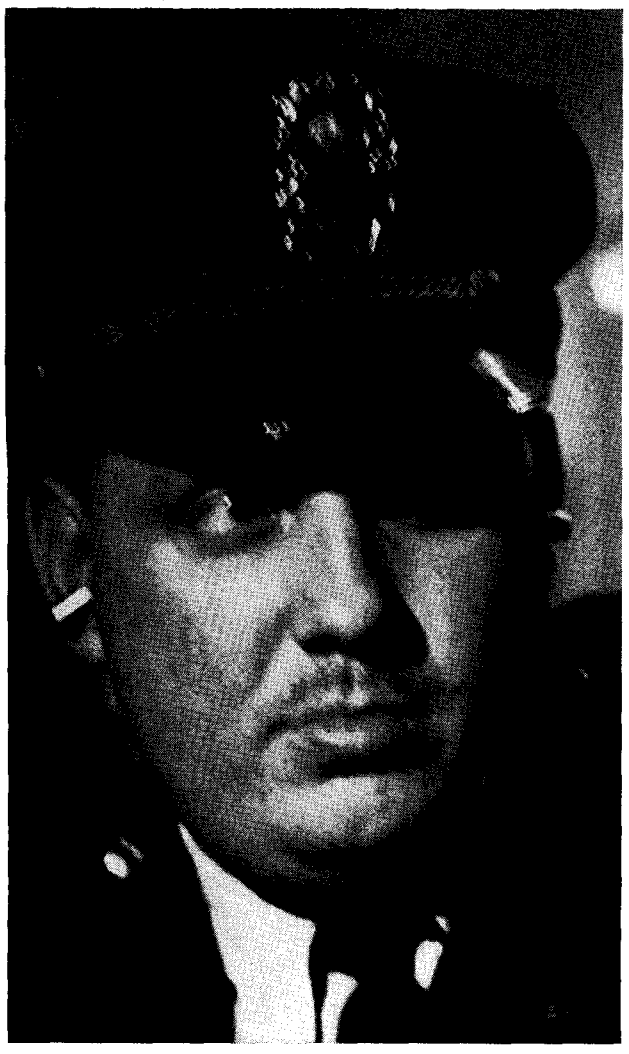
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUILDING THE BEATLE IMAGE

By Vance Packard

In New York store, mom and daughter don Beatle wigs.

At Beatle bash, Washington cop used bullet earplugs.



What causes an international craze like the current Beatlemania?

Press agentry can only swell a craze. To get one started you need to bring into fusion five vital ingredients. This is true whether the craze involves Davy Crockett, Liberace or Elvis Presley.

Only three years ago it is doubtful that any observer of pop culture would have picked the Beatles to inspire madness on both sides of the Atlantic. In 1961 the Beatles affected a beatnik look. They wore black T-shirts, black leather jackets, blue jeans and disheveled hair. In one picture taken of them that year they scowled at the camera as good beatniks should.

Then along came Brian Epstein, an aristocratic-looking young Englishman who ran a record shop and soon became their manager. First he made them scrub, comb their hair and get into civilized clothing. Then little by little, by a combination of hunch, luck and design, he began exploiting the five ingredients that will create a craze.

First, the Beatles needed a symbol that would make them stand out in people's minds, a symbol such as the coonskin cap that Walt Disney gave to his Davy Crockett creation. For a symbol it was decided to exploit their already overlong hair. The Beatles let it grow longer and bushier, combed it forward—and then had it immaculately trimmed. The result was not only eye-catching but evocative. Such hairdos were common in the Middle Ages and the new coiffure suggested the ancient roots of England.

A second ingredient necessary for a craze is to fill some important subconscious need of teen-agers. Youngsters see themselves as a subjugated people constantly exposed to arbitrary edicts from adult authorities. The entertainment world has developed many strategies to offer youngsters a sense of escape from adult domination. Television producers of children's shows sometimes make adult figures either stupid or villainous. The press agents for some teen stars publicize the stars' defiance of their parents. Teen-age crooners relate with amiable condescension their support of their parents.

Rock-'n'-roll music, of course, annoys most parents, which is one of the main reasons why millions of youngsters love it. But the Beatles couldn't possibly hope to outdo Elvis Presley in appalling parents. Instead of open opposition, the Beatles practice an amiable impudence and a generalized disrespect for just about everybody. They succeeded, happily, in getting themselves denounced in some pretty high adult places. The Lord Privy Seal indicated his annoyance. And Field Marshal Lord Montgomery growled that the Army would take care of those mop-top haircuts if the Beatles were ever conscripted.

But the Beatles—under Mr. Epstein's tutelage—also have put stress on filling other subconscious needs of teen-agers. As restyled, they are no longer roughnecks but rather lovable, almost cuddly, imps. With their collarless jackets and boyish grins, they have succeeded in bringing out the mothering instinct in many adolescent girls.

The subconscious need that they fill most expertly is in taking adolescent girls clear out of this world. The youngsters in the darkened audiences can let go all inhibitions in a quite primitive sense when the Beatles cut loose. They can retreat from rationality and individuality. Mob pathology takes over, and they are momentarily freed of all of civilization's restraints.

The Beatles have become peculiarly adept at giving girls this release. Their relaxed, confident manner, their wild appearance, their whooping and jumping, their electrified rock-'n'-roll pulsing out into the darkness makes the girls want to jump—and then scream. The more susceptible soon faint or develop twitching hysteria. (One reason why Russia's totalitarian leaders frown on rock-'n'-roll and jazz is that these forms offer people release from controlled behavior.)

A third ingredient needed to get a craze started—as Brian Epstein obviously knew—is an exciting sense of freshness. In an informal poll conducted through my offspring, who are at high school and college, I find that the fact that the Beatles are somehow "different"—something new in the musical world—made the deepest impression. Teen-agers feel they are helping create something new that is peculiarly their own. And as my 15-year-old expert (feminine) explained, "We were kind of at a lag with popular singers."

The delivery, if not the music, is refreshingly different with the Beatles. Surliness is out, exuberance is in. Sloppiness is out, cleanliness is in. Self-pity is out, whooping with joy is in. Pomposity is out, humor is in.

A fourth ingredient needed to keep a craze rolling once it shows signs of starting is a carrying device, such as a theme song. The carrying device of the Beatles is found in their name. It playfully suggests beatnik, but it also suggests "beat"—and the beat is the most conspicuous feature of the Beatles' music. It is laid on heavily with both drums and bass guitar. When the screaming starts, the beat still gets through.

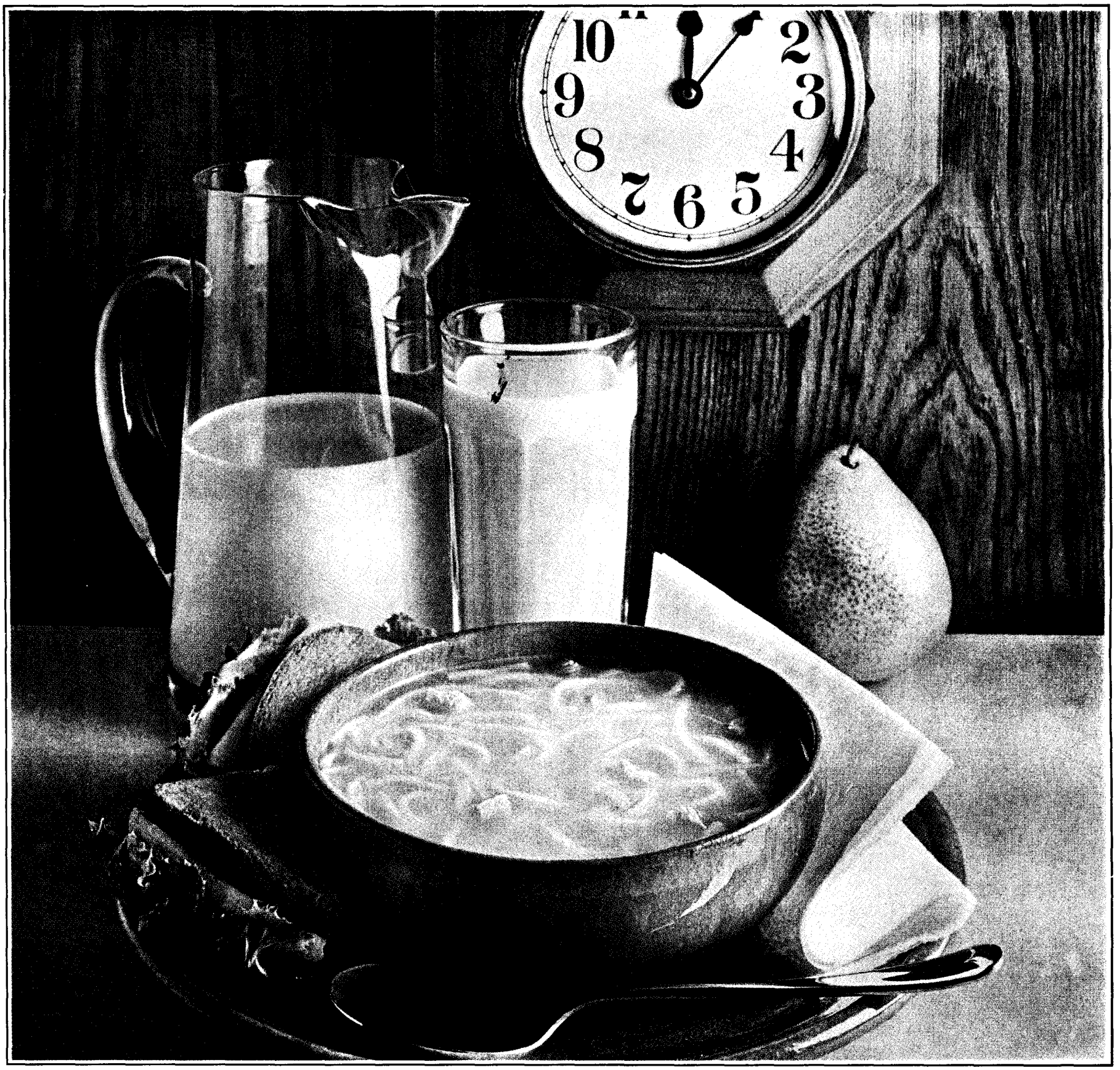
Finally, a craze can succeed only if it meets the mood of the times. England, after centuries of cherishing the subdued, proper form of life, is bursting out of its inhibitions. There has been a growth of open sexuality, plain speaking and living it up. The Beatles came along at just the right time to help the bursting-out process.

What is the future of the Beatle craze in America? At this point it is hard to say. But the Beatles are so dependent upon their visual appeal that there is a question whether they can sustain the craze in their American territory from across the Atlantic. Another problem is that they are not really offensive enough to grown-ups to inspire youngsters to cling to them.

Frankly, if I were in the business of manufacturing mophead Beatle wigs, I would worry. Crazes tend to die a horribly abrupt death. It was not so long ago, after all, that a good many unwary businessmen got caught with warehouses full of coonskin caps when the Crockett craze stopped almost without warning. THE END

For wild fiction by Beatle John Lennon, turn to page 40.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

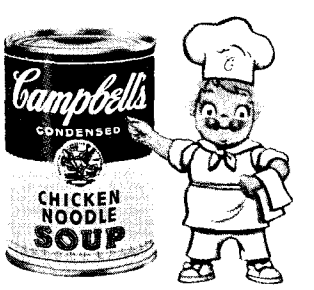


Sound suggestion for lunch between school bells

Campbell's Soup and a sandwich (M'm! M'm! Good!)

Just home for lunch when (look out!) they're off again? Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup can make their quick sandwich lunch a hot, wholesome meal. And children love it. Love that real chicken and those golden noodles and that sunny-tasting chicken broth. It heats in 4 minutes, disappears almost as fast. How's your supply?

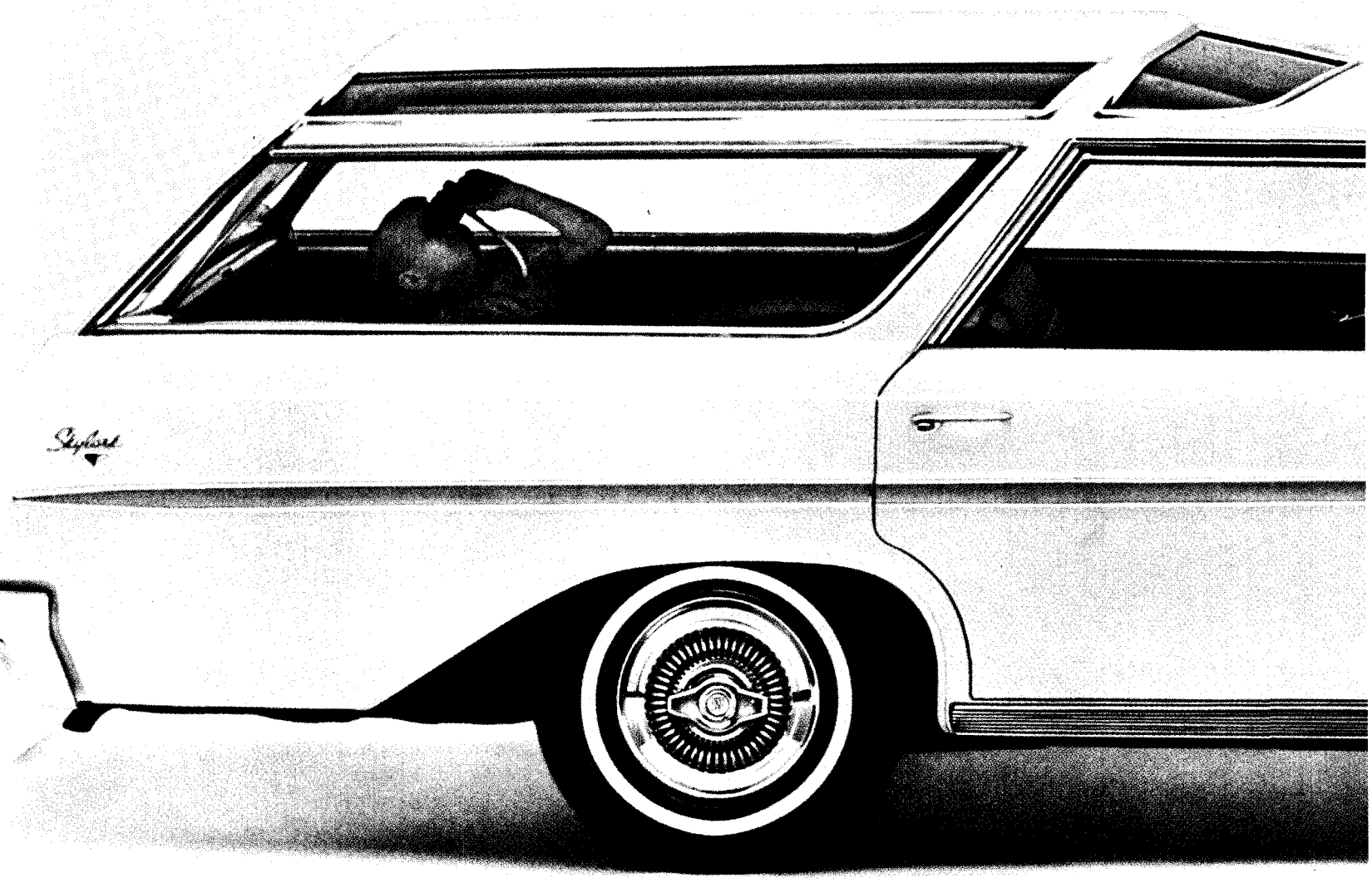
Soup this good just has to be *Campbell's*



More than 30 kinds

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

**This is the new Buick Skylark Sports Wagon.
It has a raised roof so you can sit tall,
and a new kind of shaded glass so you can look
up and out, and a forward-facing third seat.
Need we say new?**

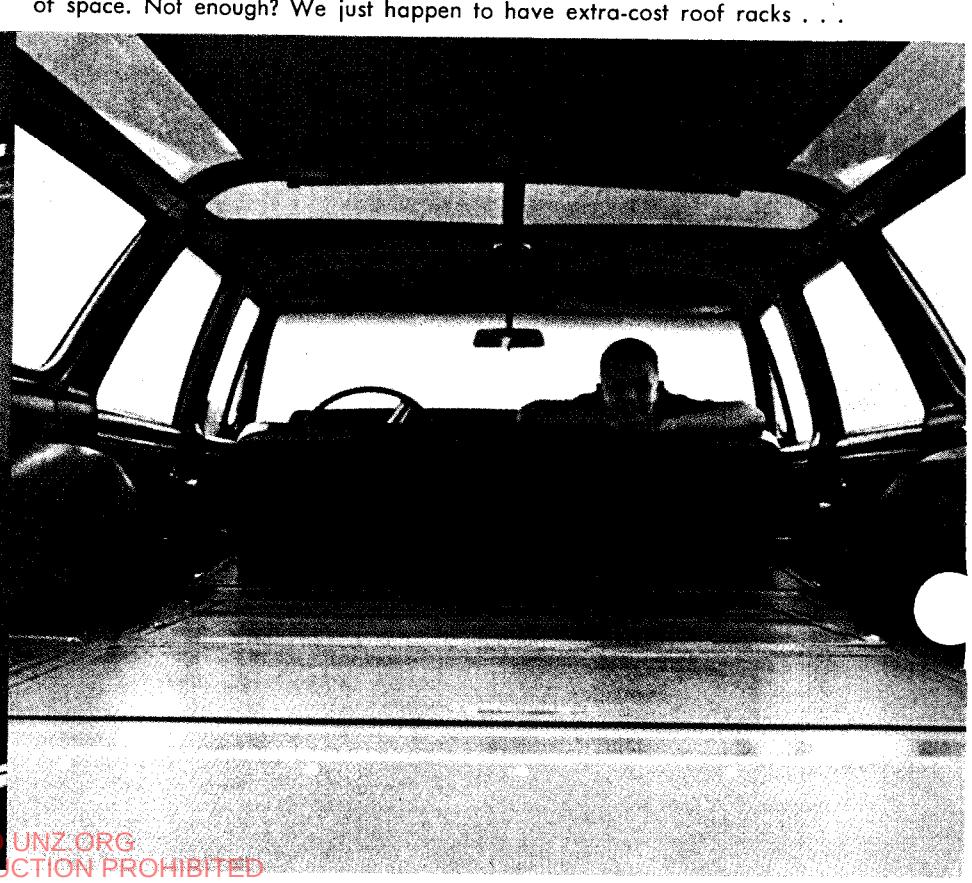


yes.

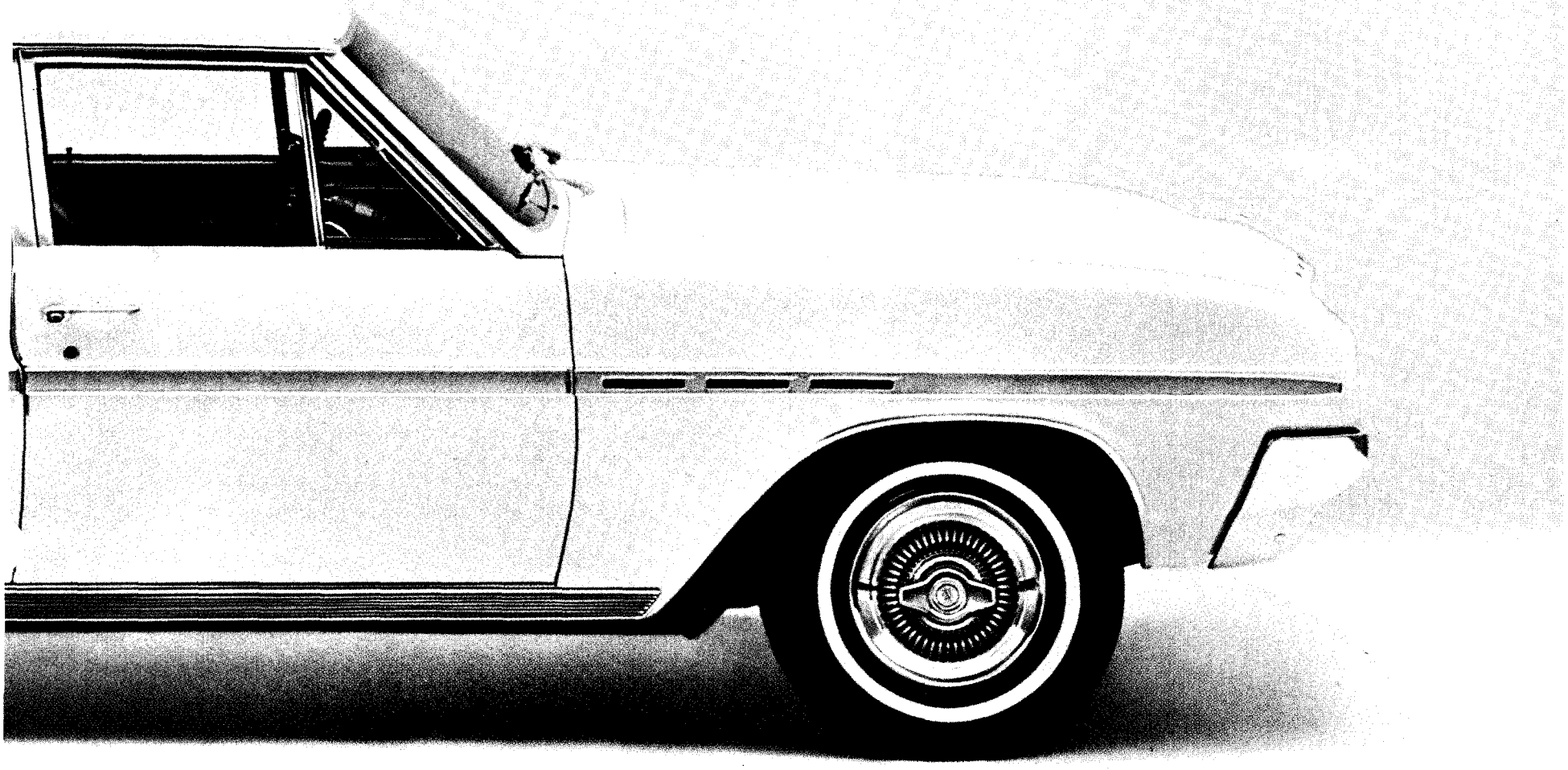
A raised roof, so you can sit tall. And plenty of legroom for one and all. And heat- and glare-absorbing glass, so you can look up and out. Obviously, this is one nine-passenger wagon that won't see six people fighting to sit up front.

yes.

A third seat that folds flat. You can take it with you, too; no hauling it out when you have a load to haul. With second and third seats down, you have 97.9 cubic feet of space. Not enough? We just happen to have extra-cost roof racks . . .



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



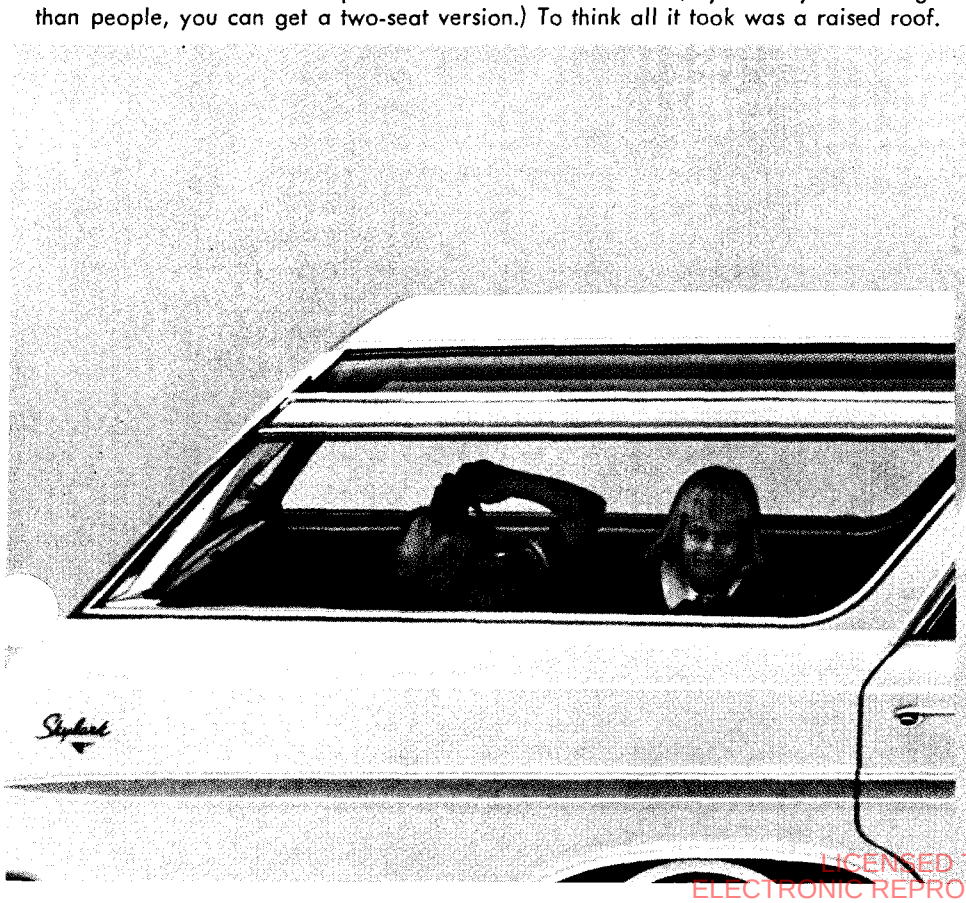
yes.

A forward-facing third seat, for safety and so the last people in don't feel left out. And there's still lots of loadspace left behind that third seat. (If you carry more cargo than people, you can get a two-seat version.) To think all it took was a raised roof.

no.

Not the tried and true Skylark name. The whole package rides on a 120″ wheelbase, spanked along by a 300-cu.-in. Wildcat V-8, and cradled by that famous Buick ride. See the Skylark Sports Wagon at your dealer's now. Above all, it's a Buick.

Buick Motor Division



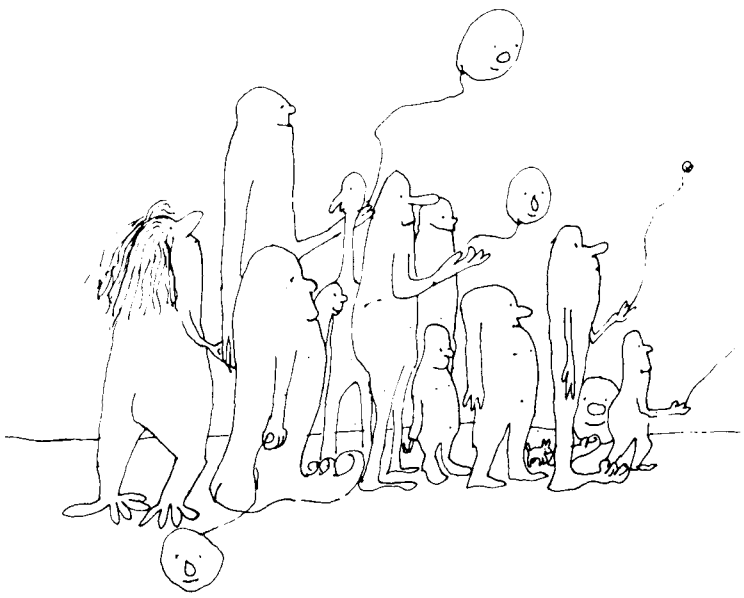
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Post Fiction: John Lennon writes: "ABOUT THE AWFUL. I was bored on the 9th of Octover 1940 when, I believe, the Nasties were still booming us. Anyway they didn't get me. I attended to varicous schools in Liddypol. And still didn't pass, much to my Aunties supplies. As a member of the most publified Beatles my and (P, G, and R's) records might seem funnier to some of you than this book, but as far as I'm conceived this correction of short writty is the most wonderfoul larf I've ever ready." The book from which these excerpts were taken will be published shortly by Simon and Schuster.

BEATALIC GRAPHOSPASMS

By JOHN LENNON

Original fiction and poetry by the brainiest Beatle of them all.



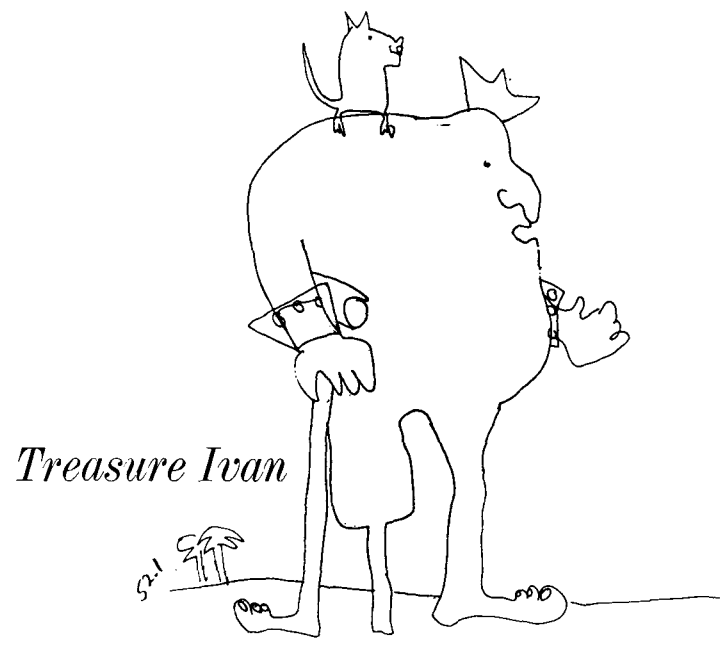
Randolf's party

It was Chrisbus time but Randolf was alone. Where were all his good pals. Bernie, Dave, Nicky, Alice, Beddy, Freba, Viggy, Nigel, Alfred, Clive, Stan, Frenk, Tom, Harry, George, Harold? Where were they on this day? Randolf looged saggly at his only Chrisbut cart from his dad who did not live there.

"I can't understan this being so aloneley on the one day of the year when one would surely spect a pal or two?" thought Rangolf. Hanyway he carried on putting ub the desicrations and muzzle toe. All of a surgeon there was amerry timble on the door. Who but who could be a knocking on my door? He opend it and there standing there who? but only his pals. Bernie, Dave, Nicky, Alice, Beddy, Freba, Viggy, Nigel, Alfred, Clive, Stan, Frenk, Tom, Harry, George, Harolb weren't they?

Come on in old pals buddys and mates. With a big griff on his face Randoff welcombed them. In they came jorking and labbing shoubing "Haddy Grimmble, Randoob," and other hearty, and then they all jumbed on him and did smite him with mighty blows about his head crying, "We never liked you all the years we've known you. You were never raelly one of us you know, soft head."

They killed him you know, at least he didn't *die* alone did he? Merry Chrustchove, Randolf old pal buddy.



Treasure Ivan

In a little seashore pub in Bristow, a ragged gathering of rags are drinking and makeing melly (before sailing to sea in serge of grate treashy on a sudden Isle far across the ocean).

"Belay there me 'earty scabs," says Large John Saliver entering. Pegging along towards some old saviours whom have soled the several seas.

"Where be the Parable you normally 'ave on your shoulder, Large John?" Asks Blind Jew looking up.

"Never ye mind" reponds Large John "And anyways where be your white stick?"

"'Ow the 'ell should I know when oi can't see?"

All of a suddy Small Jack Hawkins creep in unobtrugell with a siddy grip on his head.

"Ha ha aa aar Jack lad" says Large John in a typical mariner marino.

Soon they were heady fir the harboar with Cpt Smellit and Squire Trelorgy. That morgan they sailed with a hearty breeze behind.

Large John began to look upon Jack as a son or something, for he was ever putting his arm about him and saying "Ha Haaaaar," especially with a Parable on his shouldy. One day, however, Small Jack Hawkins was just happening in a barret of abbeys when he overheated Large John and several other saviours planting to botany against the Captain.

"Lung Ho" cry a voice from the pidgeon tow on high, "Lung Ho and alls well!" Yes and it were true—a little Ivan, cyril carpet agaist the horivan with palmist trees and cockynuts.

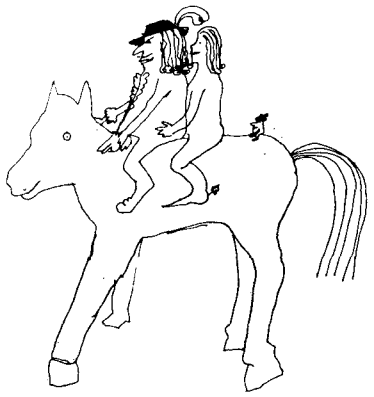
"I wouldn't be suprised if there was not a beardy old man hobbing from rock to rock." Thought Disreali Hands who'd seen the film, and there was.

The first lungboot ashore contained Large John Saliver Small Jack and some others what were numerous and sweaty to behold. Anyway they landed on the Ivan and an owld loon jumps out calling himself Sten Gunn and he's been living all over the treasure for years because cruel old Captaive Flint has put the Black Pot on him and you know what happens with a black pot.

So after a bit of stockade and that they sail home to Bristow where they're all arrested for development and Jack Hawkins turns round to be a thirty two year old midget and Large John Saliver has to pay for a new woody leg because they run from fireplace on the Ivan. Sten Gunn turns round to be a young man in the prime of minister and Tom the faithful cat returns to Newcastle.

© 1964 by John Lennon

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Deaf Ted, Danoota (and me)

Thorg hilly grove and burly ive,
Big daleys grass and tree
We clobber ever gallup
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

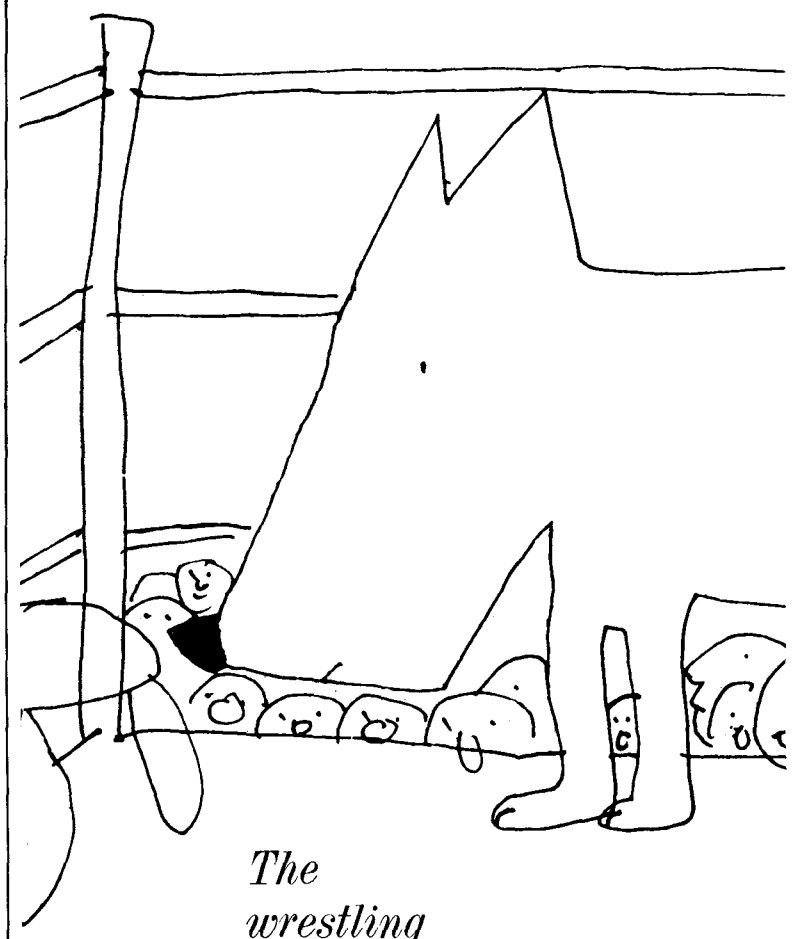
Never shall we partly stray,
Fast stirrup all we three
Fight the battle mighty sword
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

With faithful frog beside us,
Big mighty club and we
The battle scab and frisky tyke
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

We fight the baddy baddies,
For colour, race and cree
For Negro, Jew and Bernie
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

Thorg Billy grows and Burnley ten,
And Aston Villa three
We clobber ever gallup
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.

So if you hear a wonderous sight,
Am blutter or at sea,
Remember whom the mighty say
Deaf Ted, Danoota, and me.
(sometimes we bring our friend, Malcolm.)



The wrestling dog

One upon a tom in a far off distant land far across the sea miles away from anyway over the hills as the crow barks, 39 peoble lived miles away from anywhere on a little island on a distant land.

When harvest time came along all the people celebrated with a mighty feast and dancing and that. It was Perry's (for Perry was the Loud Mayor) job to provide (and Perry's great pleasure I might add) a new and exciting (and it usually was) thrill and spectacular performer (sometimes a dwarf was used), this year Perry had surpassed himselve by getting a Wrestling Dog! But who would fight this wondrous beast? I wouldn't for a kick.

I sat belonely

I sat belonely down a tree,
humbled fat and small.
A little lady sing to me
I couldn't see at all.

I'm looking up and at the sky,
to find such wondrous voice.
Puzzly puzzle, wonder why,
I hear but have no choice.

"Speak up, come forth, you ravel me,"
I potty menthol shout.
"I know you hiddy by this tree,"
But still she won't come out.

Such softly singing lulled me sleep,
an hour or two or so
I wakeny slow and took a peep
and still no lady show.

Then suddy on a little twig
I thought I see a sight,
A tiny little tiny pig,
that sing with all its might.

"I thought you were a lady."
I giggle,—well I may,
To my suprise the lady,
got up—and flew away.

On safairy with whide hunter

In the jumble . . . the mighty jumble . . . Whide Hunter sleeps tonight.

At the foot of the bed, Otumba kept wogs for poisonous snacks such as the deadly cobbler and apply python.

Little did he nose that the next day in the early owls of the morecombe, a true story would actually happen.

Otumba awoke him with a cup of teeth, and they lit up toward the jumble.

"Aint dat Elepoon Pill?" said Wipe Hudnose, "wearing his new Basuti?"

"Could be the Flying Docker on a case."

"No, he's walking," said Otumbad in Swahily which is not arf from here as the crow barks. All too soon they reached a cleaner in the jumble and set up cramp.

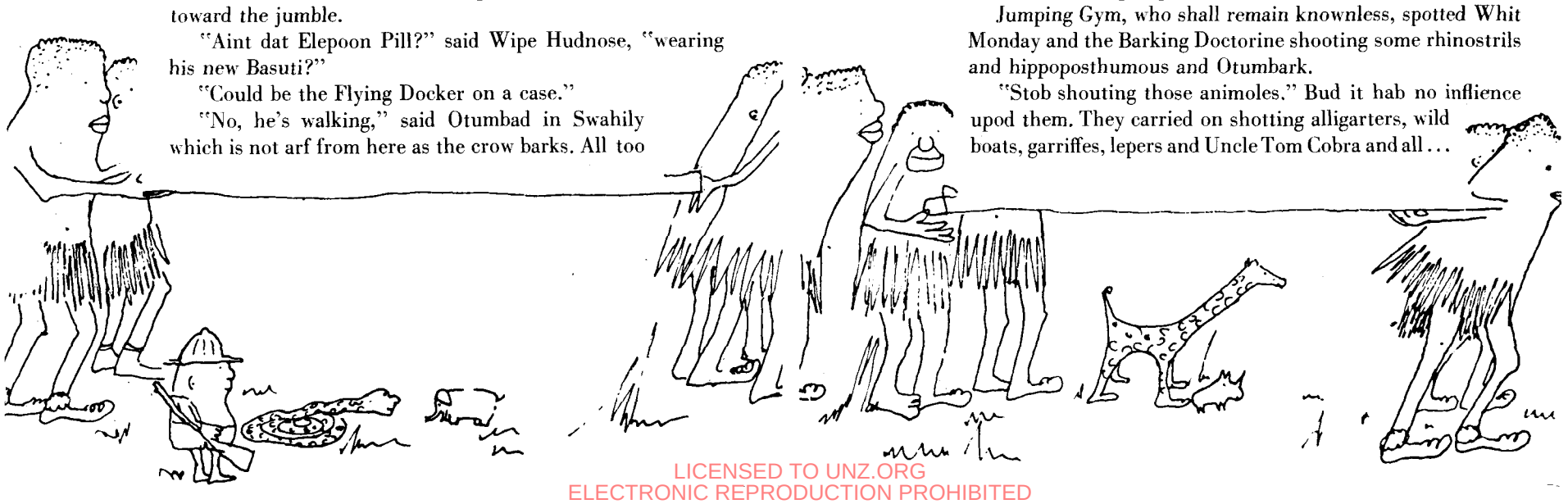
Jumble Jim, whom shall remain nameless, was slowly but slowly asking his way through the underplants, (underware he was being watched by Whide Hungry.)

"Beat the bus, Otumba," commanded Wheat Hoover.

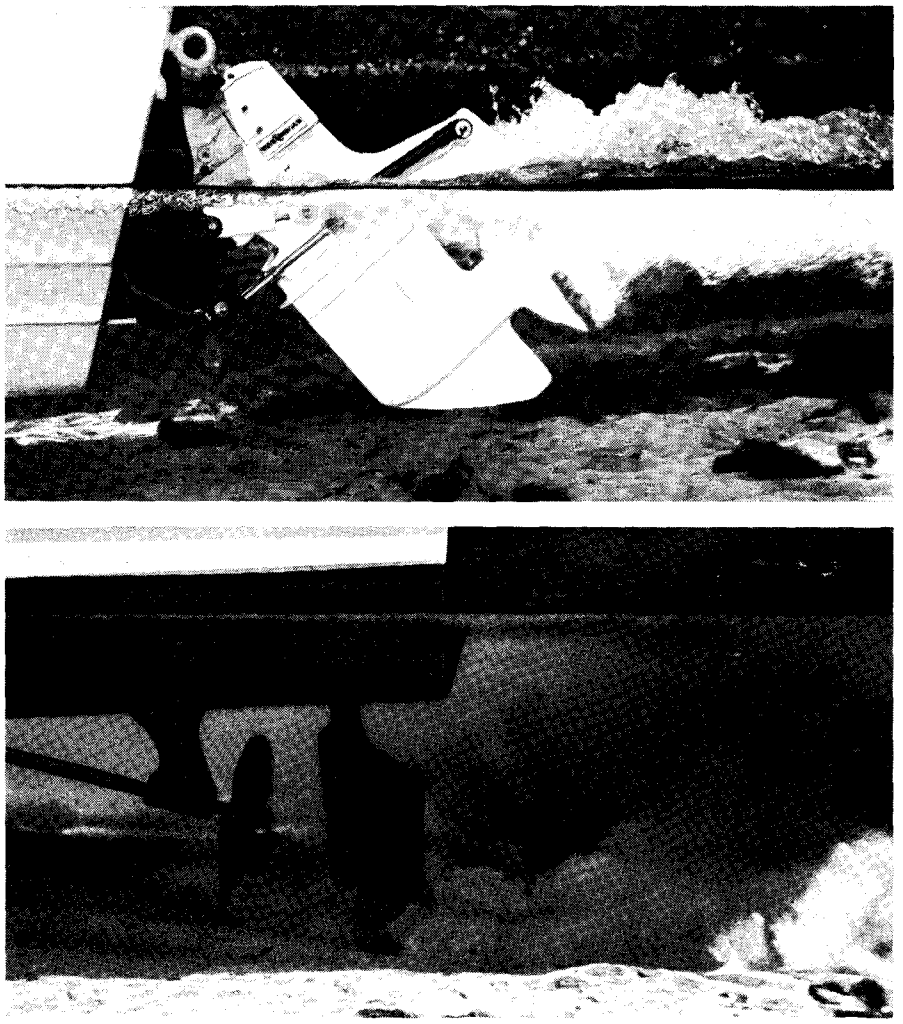
"No! but mable next week it will be my turn to beat the bus now standing at platforbe nine."

Jumping Gym, who shall remain knownless, spotted Whit Monday and the Barking Doctorine shooting some rhinostrils and hippoposthumous and Otumbark.

"Stob shouting those animoles." Bud it hab no inflience upod them. They carried on shotting alligarters, wild boats, garriffes, lepers and Uncle Tom Cobra and all . . .



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPHED UNDERWATER AT FLORIDA'S SILVER SPRINGS

Shallow water takes the strut out of ordinary inboards

MerCruisers have no fixed struts, rudders or shafts on the bottom of the boat. Power tilt lifts the stern drive to the proper angle for shallow-water running.

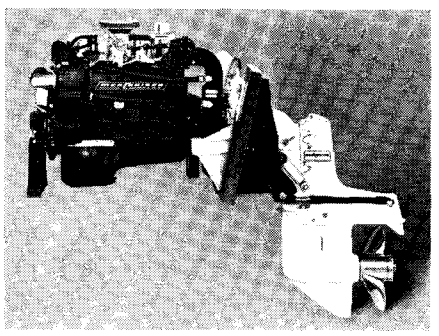
MerCruisers run through shallows as easily as open water . . . beach under power. There are no rigid struts, fixed drive shafts or rudders to damage. If you plan to run through water you know is "thin," just switch the power tilt to the "up" position. The control is on the dashboard. The stern drive unit rises to the desired angle and you zip right through without digging sand or mud with your prop.

Of course, if you should accidentally hit a sandbar or other submerged obstacles, the stern drive unit kicks up like an outboard. Hydraulic shock absorbers cushion the impact. A Safety-Tilt switch cuts the ignition to prevent the engine from over-revving . . . restores the power again when the prop re-enters the water.

Boats powered by MerCruiser Stern Drive Power Packages give you the prestige of an inboard, the power range and fuel economy of 4-cycle engines, combined with the maneuverability, portability, propulsion efficiency and impact protection of an outboard.

More than 165 different manufacturers are building boats powered by MerCruiser . . . giving you a far wider boat and power choice than ordinary inboards or other stern drives.

See your MerCruiser dealer. Ask him to show you the boats *you* can own . . . equipped with MerCruiser Stern Drive Power . . . 110 to 310 hp and Mercury outboards 3.9 to 100 hp.



MERCRUISER 120: 120 hp, 4-cylinder in-line engine and MerCruiser I Stern Drive. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Shearproof propeller drive with live-rubber safety clutch. Exclusive Jet-Prop exhaust. Dual water pumps. Weedless water intake. Available with power tilt, power shift and power steering.

MERCRUISER

110, 120, 140, 150, 190, 225 and 310 hp gasoline
60 and 100 hp diesel

STERN DRIVE POWER PACKAGES

©1964, Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Toronto. Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

Sad Michael

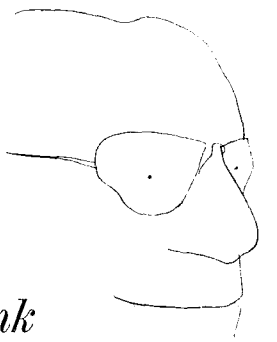
There was no reason for Michael to be sad that morning, (the little wretch); everyone liked him, (the scab). He'd hardly had a days night that day. His wife Bernice, who was well controlled, had wrabbed his lunch but he was still sad. It was strange for a man whom have everything and a wife to boot. At 4 o'clock when his fire was burking bridely a Poleaseman had clubbed in to parse the time around. "Goodeven Michael," the Poleaseman speeg, but Michael did not answer for he was debb and duff and could not speeg.

"How's the wive, Michael?" spoge the Poleaseman.

"Shuttup about that!"

"I thought you were debb and duff and could not speeg," said the Poleaseman.

"Now what am I going to do with all my debb and duff books?" said Michael, realising straight away that here was a problem to be reckoned with.



Unhappy Frank

Frank looked at the table hardly daring to look at the table.

"I hate that table," he said. "Bloody owld table in my house." Then he looked at the clock. "Damn that clock in my house," said Frank, for it was his house you know. After a little bit his eye came across his very mother's chair. "Don't like that chair one bit," he showbedy. "Just look at that garbet all filby and durby. How am I supposed to look affaffter all this garby ruddish. Wart am I but a slave tow look upon with deesekfrebit all the peegle larfing and buzing me in front of all the worled. How can I but garry on? How? Hab I no live of my own to do but wart I must ever jub gleenig and looking areftor theese damn owld house of my own?" Frank went over to his dubb old mother, whomn was stikl liffing with him. "What are you larfing at, you dubb owld boot?"

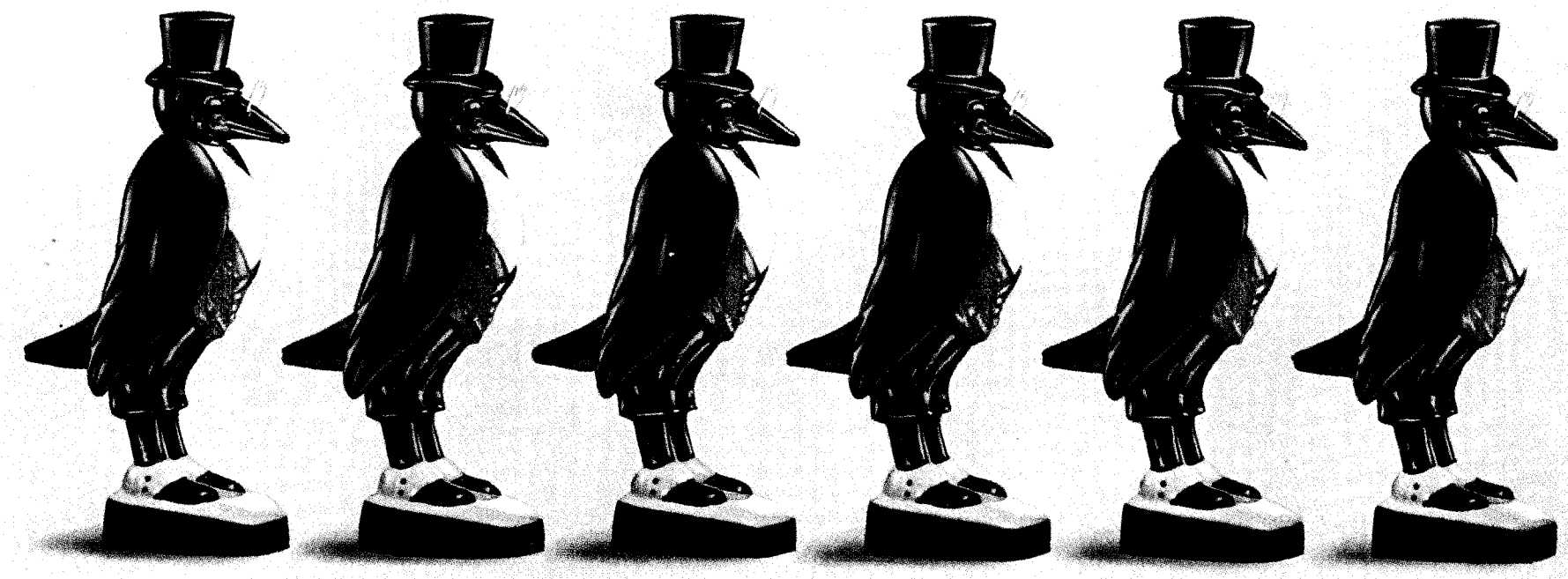
"Havn' I nuff treble without you kakking in the korber?" With that Frank stub up and kicked her plainly on the head. "Take that for larfing you budd oled griff.... I hate that boot," he said smiling quirkley to themselves.

"I'm going to sell this daft shed and you to aswell, also Mummy."

So he sold it all and left the country and settled down in another country which he did not like half as much as his dear old home in England with his dear old quaint old luvly mother what he (Frank) lost due to a bad harvest. Which judd go to show what happens.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't just watch the birds...



go buy...

For your own good drinking pleasure buy, buy this birdie. Old Crow has character. Tastes mellow, tastes important, tastes very very smooth. Any wonder more people buy Old Crow than any other bourbon?

OLD CROW

the greatest name in bourbon

DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY THE FAMOUS OLD CROW DISTILLERY CO., FRANKFORT, KY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To these mountain men combat was a lark— and violence and vengeance a way of life.

The Captain's Boar Hunt

By David Ely

At first there were four of them—Muffet, Loftus, Yardley and Burr—hard, lean men from Tennessee who could ignore the discipline of Army life because their own was stronger. Reared as hunters and woodsmen, they required no instruction to become infantrymen; nor did they need to be chivied into a fighting mood—the first enemy shell that landed near them was their indoctrination. They moved through gray battle days with a tireless rhythm as steady as the ancient Cumberland names they bore, and fought across the fields of France so savagely that the rest of Company B was made uncomfortable.

They sensed this discomfort and privately relished the knowledge that they were its cause. Each day of fighting seemed somehow to set them further apart from the rest, as if they were subject not to the Army but instead to something more powerful within themselves. To this war they had brought their own hard contempt for fate—a bitter inheritance, like the worn-out soil their ancestors had clung to out of a desperate pride—and in this war they had found a justification for all they had ever learned: that nature was sterile and men fought. Thus the only loyalty they honored was to one another; all else they ignored. If one of the ordinary soldiers had ever whispered his superstitious dread of the inhuman power which had snatched them up, they would have spat in derision.

Once when the company had fallen out beside a shell-gouged road, the lieutenant sauntered over to the mountain men and, with a genial smile, remarked, "Seems like you fellows are in a hell of a hurry to end the war." They regarded him with cold eyes. "What fer?" asked Loftus. Then they looked at each other, and from somewhere within their tight little square, there rose a mirthless snicker. Undaunted, the young lieutenant squatted down and watched them clean their rifles. Each stock bore several scratches. He had not noticed these before and asked what they were for. "Them thar?" Yardley grinned open a row of yellow teeth. "Why, them's jest worm tracks." Again there was a hollow snicker, and Loftus echoed, "Worm tracks." Muffet spoke through a tongue-sized tobacco wad, "These here on mah rifle, sir, them's mah birthdays, 'case ah fergit how old ah is." Once more the snicker; and the lieutenant, a proper young man from Ohio, retreated with dignity. "I think those men are notching their kills on their rifles, sir," he told the captain later. The captain, who tempered his fear of death with brandy from the medical stores, gazed at him silently. "It's like animals, sir," the lieutenant said. Uncertainly, he added, "Isn't that what we're fighting the war against?" The captain swore beneath his breath. "How many notches are there, Scott?" he asked. The lieutenant looked baffled. "Why, sir, there must be at least thirty altogether. Seven or eight apiece." The captain nodded his head and then, on impulse, he limped over to the four Tennesseans and wordlessly handed them the brandy flask.

At first there were four of them. But on the day before Christmas, 1944, Joe Muffet was shot through the head by a German sniper. The others crouched at his side, gaping at the brains and blood, their outrage reflecting the dead man's grayed expression. Then a medical corpsman appeared, red-faced and puffing weary competence. "OK, you guys," he began, stooping toward the corpse; but fierce fingers plucked a handful of his shirt, and he found his face suddenly two inches from a tobacco-stained bush of bristles. "Don't tech him," a harsh voice whispered. "Jest ye watch him till we git back." The corpsman was no fool. He stayed where the fingers dropped him, and within two hours the three mountain men came back to snarl him away. They buried Joe Muffet themselves on some secret hilltop (there was no man around who cared to suggest a different arrangement) and that night they were observed notching their rifle stocks with the jackknives they kept razor-sharp by honing them, so the story went, on Iron Crosses.

The three men drew even closer than before. In the last wild days of the war, they ranged off on private patrols deeper into Germany, it was said, than any other American soldiers had gone, and when the captain remarked politely that he would appreciate being informed of the results of their war, they quietly emptied the pockets of their field jackets on his bedroll. Their loot consisted of bits of cloth ripped from German uniforms—rank markings, mostly those of officers above company grade. The captain estimated that there were a good two dozen of these. When he glanced up from the pile of cloth, the men had gone. The captain, with his usual good sense, quickly burned the trophies.

Later he spoke to the first sergeant, a sad and dutiful career man. "Sergeant," he said soberly, "the day this is all over, I hope to Hannah they have the rare good judgment to fly these hillbillies home. Straight home." The first sergeant nodded his heavy gray head. "I know what you mean, sir. They ain't soldiers and they ain't civilians, but I'll be damned if I can figure out just what they are."

"All I know," the captain said, "is that they ought to be sent home."

Soon after the war's end, the company began to disintegrate in the first round of rotations and discharges. Some of the old-timers departed, including the captain, but the war in Asia was not over, and so those who remained in Germany

Post Fiction *Last year David Ely published two highly successful novels, "Trot" and "Seconds." The latter, which Eric Ambler called "the most original novel I have read in a long time," has been bought by Kirk Douglas and is scheduled to be made into a movie this summer. Ely is now in seclusion on an island off the New England coast, hard at work on a new novel.*

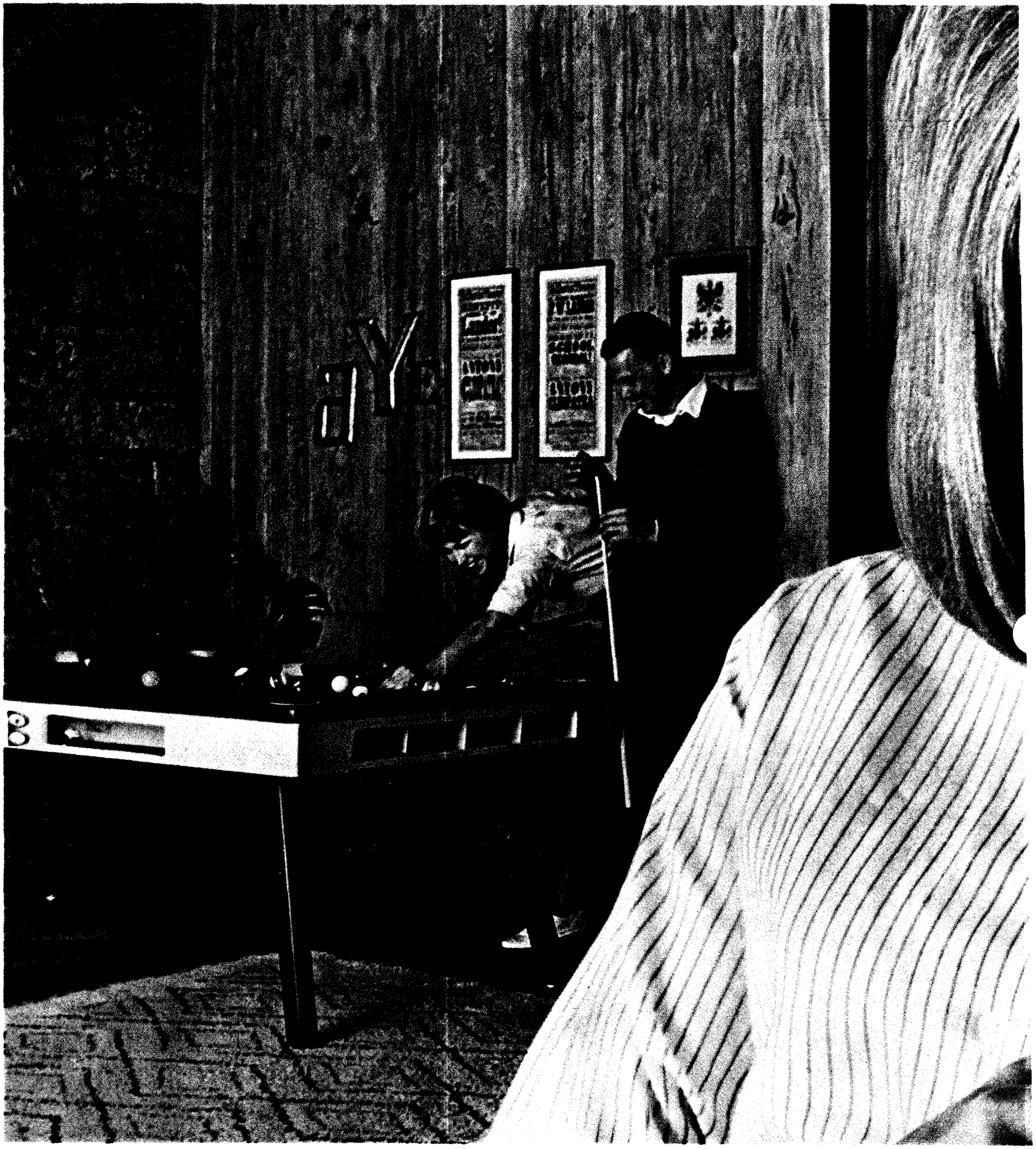
ILLUSTRATION BY LEO AND DIANE DILLON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Leo and Diane Dillon

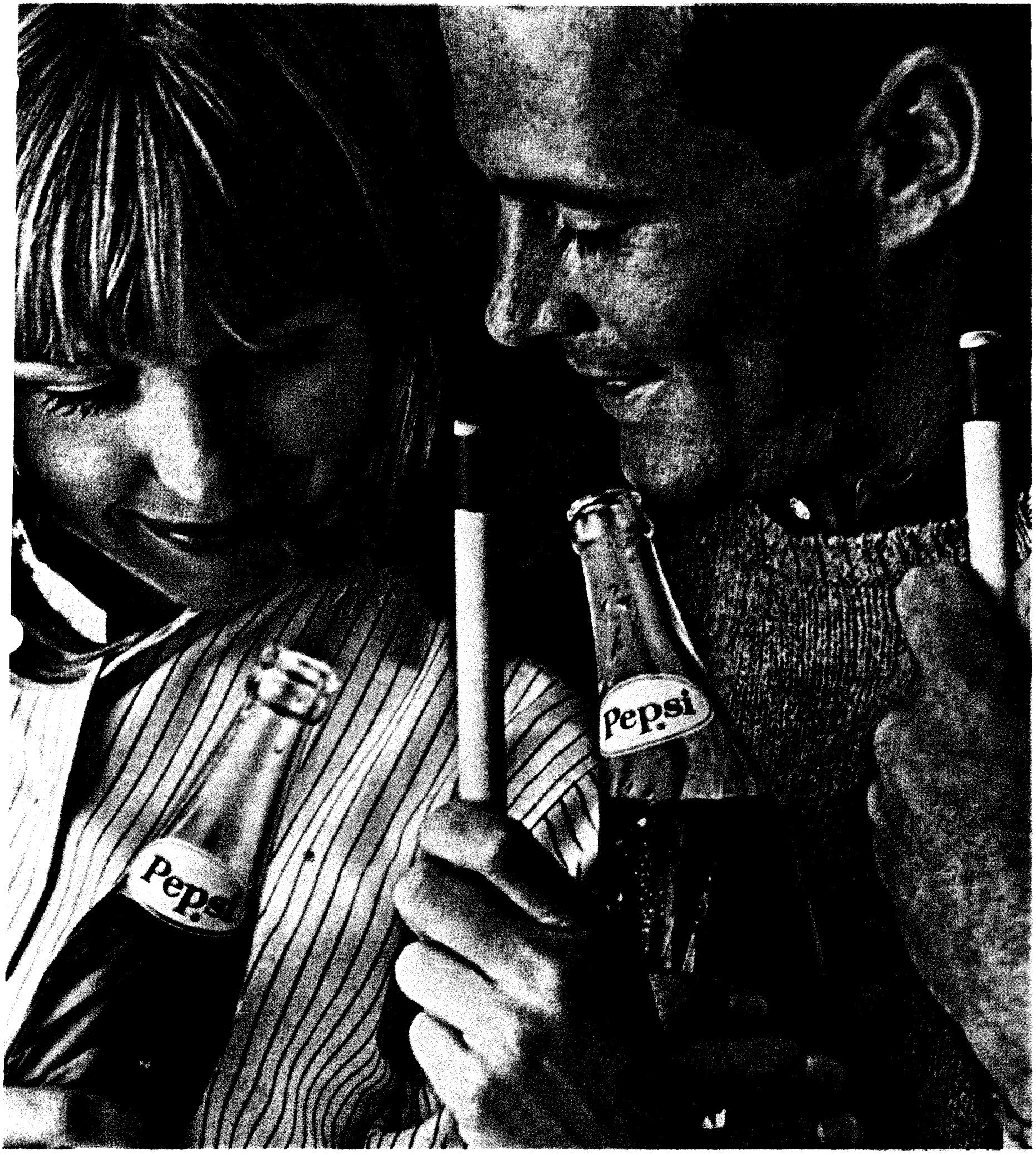
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1964, PEPSI-COLA COMPANY



now it's Pepsi-for those who think young

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

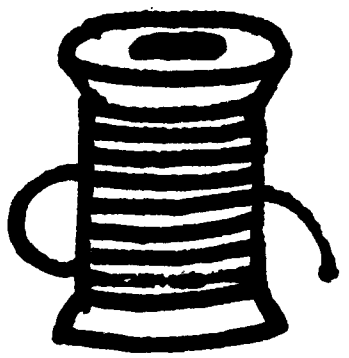


Leisure time's the think-young time across the land. Wherever you find the fun, you'll find Pepsi right at home! Its sparkling-light taste is so inviting, so clean. And ice-cold Pepsi-Cola drenches your thirst, refreshes you like no other. So think young . . . say "Pepsi, please!"

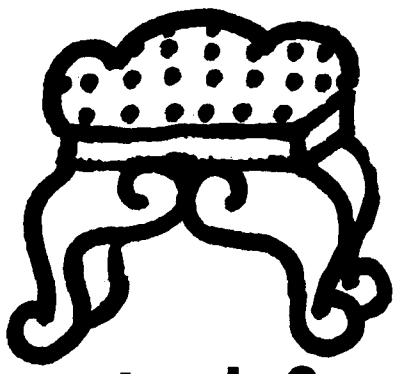
PEPSI-COLA

VISIT THE PEPSI-COLA WORLD'S FAIR EXHIBIT—WALT DISNEY'S "IT'S A SMALL WORLD," A SALUTE TO UNICEF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



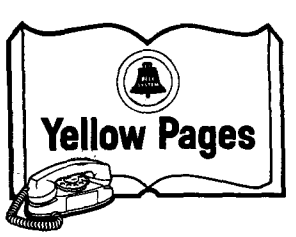
spools?



stools?

jewels?

Let your fingers do the walking



Boar Hunt

felt no overpowering urge to leave. The Russian Zone was nearby, yet in those days no one worried about that. Discipline was loose and danger gone, and for men who knew how to make the best of the humble pleasures a beaten Germany could provide, life that summer was not harsh. Even the men from Tennessee seemed to enjoy it.

In mid-July the new company commander appeared. Captain Fitch was a short, plump young man with a rosy complexion which would grow fiery red under stress. He was, first and last, a martinet. He rigidly enforced the rule against fraternization and then set about enforcing every other rule he could find in the mass of special orders that floated down from higher headquarters and were ignored by virtually everyone else.

Soon the men of Company B were the wonder and the pity of the Bavarian occupation. Captain Fitch drilled them, he inspected them, he routed them out of their bunks at unheard-of hours for forced marches with full field packs, and he was quick to restrict them to their barracks for the slightest violations of neatness, promptness or military courtesy.

This fanatic strictness was borne patiently by the men, who were anxious to avoid any trouble that might prolong their service. They referred to the captain as "old tomato face," among other less complimentary epithets, but moodily accepted him as one of the unpredictable visitations of a capricious providence, akin to an epidemic or a holocaust.

If Captain Fitch hoped that his severity would win the admiration of his fellow officers and particularly his superiors, he was mistaken. At the Officers' Club he was shunned as though he were leprous. The other officers were amused by him but they were also afraid that some dyspeptic general might hear of his reputation and order them all to adopt his stern methods. For themselves, they preferred to drink and play cards, and above all to hunt wild boar, the sport of gentlemen. Soon the wall above the bar at the Officers' Club was studded with boar heads, with curved tusks glittering above the bottles where their slayers could proudly survey them, until with the rounds of drinks bought in celebration, the hunters became as glassy-eyed as their prey.

Captain Fitch remained an outsider. No one invited him to join a boar hunt. No one stood him a drink at the bar. Whenever he cornered some colleague to begin an earnest discussion of some military problem set forth in one of the Army's beige-jacketed manuals, he felt the unvoiced hostility. So, as time passed, he spent less time at the club and more at the barracks, to the discomfort of his harried troops.

The three Tennesseans had no great difficulty under the regime of Captain Fitch. Although they did not care for drill and were gigged frequently in personal inspections, they did not seem to mind the rest of it. Forced marches they accepted; rifle practice at the range they enjoyed, and the obstacle course to them was simple exercise. Captain Fitch looked on them contemptuously as unsoldierly barbarians, but he had heard the stories of their wartime exploits, and in spite of himself was touched with envy and admiration. On one further score the mountain men attracted his notice. They, too, hunted boar on the weekends, and although they did not bring back the heads, they had acquired a handsome collection of tusks, including several larger than any on display at the Officers' Club.

One day in early August the Tennessean named Lee Loftus asked to see the captain. In his hand he held a letter, written on a piece of ruled school paper.

"Mah wife, she's sick," he said shortly. "Ah gotta git on home."

Captain Fitch paused on the verge of a reprimand for the omission of the customary "sir." Frowning, he accepted the piece of paper for examination. On it, a childish hand had printed the words, "Im sick com bakk Lottie."

"Are you requesting emergency leave, Loftus?"

"Reckon so."

"Reckon so, *sir!*" snapped the captain automatically. Then, to cover his embarrassment, he spoke more frostily than he had intended. "See here, Loftus, we can't proceed on the basis of this note. It simply says she's sick. It doesn't say how seriously ——"

"Lottie wouldn't write less'n she was real bad sick." The soldier's voice had lost its nasal quality; Loftus spoke softly, but it was far from a pleading softness.

Captain Fitch stirred uneasily beneath the man's steady gaze. He noticed that the eye whites were yellowing. "In any case," he said, looking away, "the Red Cross must handle this. We'll inform the local representative to cable for an investigation and then, assuming there's the proper authorization over there ——"

But Loftus had done an about-face, without saluting, and had walked stiffly out. Captain Fitch leaped up in a rage, but some preservative instinct forbade him to have the man called back at once. He waited for an hour and then dispatched the first sergeant, who returned to report that Loftus was gone. "I think he may be headed up toward Frankfurt, sir, to hitch a plane ride," the first sergeant said, attempting a conciliatory smile. "These hillbillies ——" He got no further. The captain cut him off with a roar. "Then he's AWOL!" and struck the desk, his fury heightened by the sight of the first sergeant's placid features. "We've got to teach these yahoos they can't break the rules when it pleases them!" the captain shouted "I want him arrested! *Arrested!*"

It was several days before the story of what happened at Frankfort drifted back to Company B, and even then no one was quite sure what to believe. One version had it that Loftus had carved up three M.P.s with his jackknife; another, that he had tried to commandeer a transport plane at gunpoint, and a third, that it had finally taken ten men and tear gas to subdue him. In any event, he was a prisoner, but before matters could be sorted out, it seemed, word came from Tennessee: Lottie Loftus had died. The next day the stockade guards found the body of Lee Loftus swaying from a ceiling heating pipe, strung up there by his belt.

Company B waited for some reaction from Yardley and Burr. For hours the two mountain men sat on their bunks, studying their shoe tops in thoughtful absorption—Yardley showing the edges of his yellow teeth in an odd grimacing smile, and Burr solemnly cracking his knuckles each in turn. At length the first sergeant paid them a call.

"You men mustn't think the captain was in any way at fault," he summed it up nervously. "I'm afraid your buddy just went wild, that's all. Lost his head."

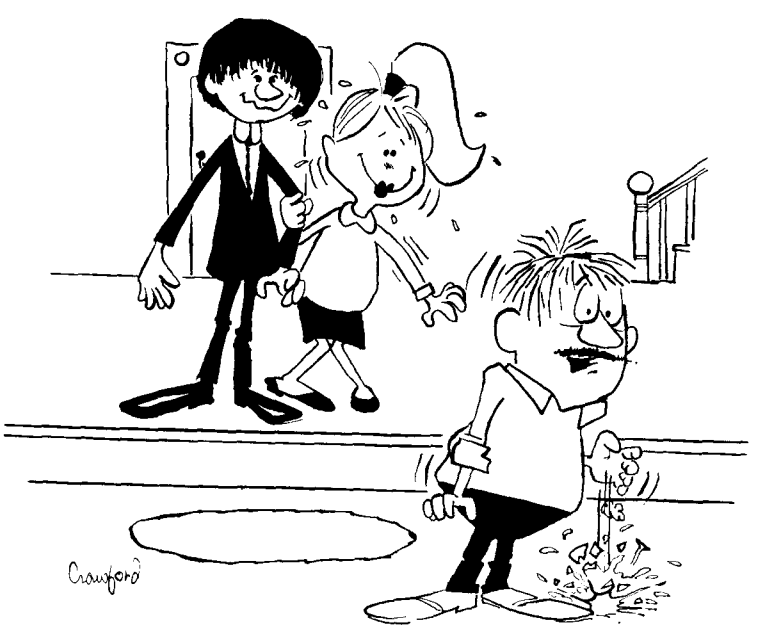
Yardley did not move. He still gazed at his shoes. "Reckon so," he said softly, and Burr, without ceasing to work his knuckles, nodded. Nor did they look up when the first sergeant moved away, treading as if he were in a minefield.

"Those hillbillies gonna blow, First?" someone outside inquired.

"What you talkin' about?" the first sergeant grumbled, brushing past the group gathered there.

That night, after he had completed drafting a request to be transferred to the Pacific, he switched on his radio in time to hear the first report of the Japanese surrender—and solemnly ripped what he had written to shreds.

The celebration of V-J Day at the Officers' Club was memorable. After the assemblage had been drinking for several hours, a fat-bellied major reeled to the game room and staggered back to the bar with a handful of darts and a lopsided grin. "Here's one for ol' Hirohito!" he yelled and let fly a dart at the colony of stuffed boar heads. His enthusiasm was so infectious that the air was soon a thistle field of darts, and the sullen German bartender took refuge beneath the bar. In the midst of the game the officer of the day wandered in, also drunk, and added to the fun by drawing his pistol and blazing away at the heads. By the time the smoke had cleared away, most of the trophies had toppled onto the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"A what followed you home and can you keep him?"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

trembling bartender; the rest looked more like dissipated walruses than boars.

"Gotta get more boars!" the major bellowed. Some of the younger officers still able to stand proposed an immediate hunt, en masse, but the idea found few adherents. "Who'll go for boar?" the major cried. "Who'll hunt the wild piggy-wigs?"

The O.D. holstered his empty weapon carelessly in his shirtfront. "Send Captain Fitch," he suggested. There was a roar of laughter.

"Fitch! Fitch!" All through the club the cry went up for Fitch, who was playing solitaire in the game room and sipping beer. In no time at all he was surrounded by sweating and unbuttoned officers, who gaily announced that he had been chosen to replenish the stock of heads.

"Don't be ridiculous!" He stood up with a blazing face, and his hands began to shake, although he was perhaps the only sober man in the place. The major leaned on the card table, exhaling bourbon fumes. "Whassa matter, Fitch—you scared of a l'il pig?" Fitch stared at the circle of smirking faces and heard a ripple of laughter. It was intolerable. He clutched his head as if it were threatening to explode, and the officers tottered back a step.

"'S OK, gents," the major declared, waving his hands, "if Fitch is scared of the piggies ——" He did not finish his sentence, but fell at last, crashing face first into the card table and splitting it neatly in two. The others weaved away unconcernedly, leaving Fitch in his desperate rage, staring at the fallen major. At length he, too, departed, so swollen with fury that he appeared to float through the doorway.

For a week Captain Fitch nursed his anger in the solitude of Company B's territory. His face was now perpetually aglow, and the first sergeant, prudently deciding to postpone all but routine matters, shelved his plan to suggest that Yardley and Burr receive an immediate transfer to a rotation center near Bremerhaven. One day the major stopped by. "I say, Fitch," he remarked, affecting a British casualness, "I seem to recall some unpleasantness up at the club the other night."

Fitch ground his teeth together. "Not at all, major," he said.

"Well, anyway," the major continued, "I hope we can consider the matter closed. No hard feelings, eh?" He smiled unconvincingly and wiggled a half salute. "See you around." After he had gone, Captain Fitch sat at the desk, slightly breathless, examining a pencil which had snapped between his fingers.

It was in the predawn darkness of the following morning that the first sergeant woke to hear the quick rattling coughs of an idling jeep outside. Being a dutiful man, and knowing he would not sleep if he did not investigate, he pulled his clothes on and went out to have a look. The jeep sat chuffing on the other side of a patch of close-trimmed greensward, black now under the tired light of morning stars. Three figures were beside it, loading bundles in.

The first sergeant scuffed his boots in gravel. "What's up there now?" One of the men hastened toward him. He recognized the short, squat figure even before he saw the twin bars of silver on the shoulders.

"Good morning, sir," the first sergeant said, buttoning his shirt.

Captain Fitch seemed ill at ease. "Oh, there, Sergeant," he mumbled, glancing around at the square of silent barracks as though he expected to see more men come tumbling out. "I'm taking a three-day pass." He paused. "The executive officer knows, of course."

"Very good, sir."

"As a matter of fact," Fitch went on, extracting each word slowly, "I thought I'd do a bit of hunting. Boar hunting."

"Good luck, sir."

"Thank you." Fitch turned away, then spoke with a casual air. "I'd just as soon you didn't say anything about this—the hunting, I mean—until we get back." The first sergeant inclined his head. Fitch drifted a few steps away. "As for the two men with me, I've taken care of the paperwork involved."

"Thank you, sir." The first sergeant's voice cracked suddenly, and he shuddered with a quick chill prescience. "Who are they, sir?" he asked, not wanting to hear a reply.

"Yardley and Burr."

The first sergeant nodded sagely to himself there in the morning darkness. The thought of trying to stop the expedition he dismissed from his mind. As he trudged slowly back to the barracks, with the jeep's hum fading in his ears, he began to wonder what his next commanding officer would be like.

They raced the jeep along the Autobahn in the last black moments before dawn, then turned onto a feeder road that twisted between regiments of trees which screened the early sun. By noon they were bumping over the cobbled street of a scrubbed village in a remote corner of the American zone.

Burr was the driver. Yardley sat with an M-1 rifle angled between his knees. Captain Fitch bounced sleepily in silence, fiddling with his carbine strap and not at all sure that the hunting trip had been a sensible idea.

"You're certain we'll get some boar?" he asked.

"We cain't miss," said Yardley.

"I'll thank you," the captain said irritably, "to address me as 'sir.' We're not civilians yet, Yardley."

In the doorway of the last cottage in the village a one-legged man leaned on crutches. As the jeep shot past, the captain thought he saw the figure raise one hand in a fist and shake it at them bitterly. His fingers tightened on the carbine; it occurred to him that he had never in his life fired a weapon at any living thing—the boars would be his first taste of combat. He smiled to himself and spoke more cheerfully.

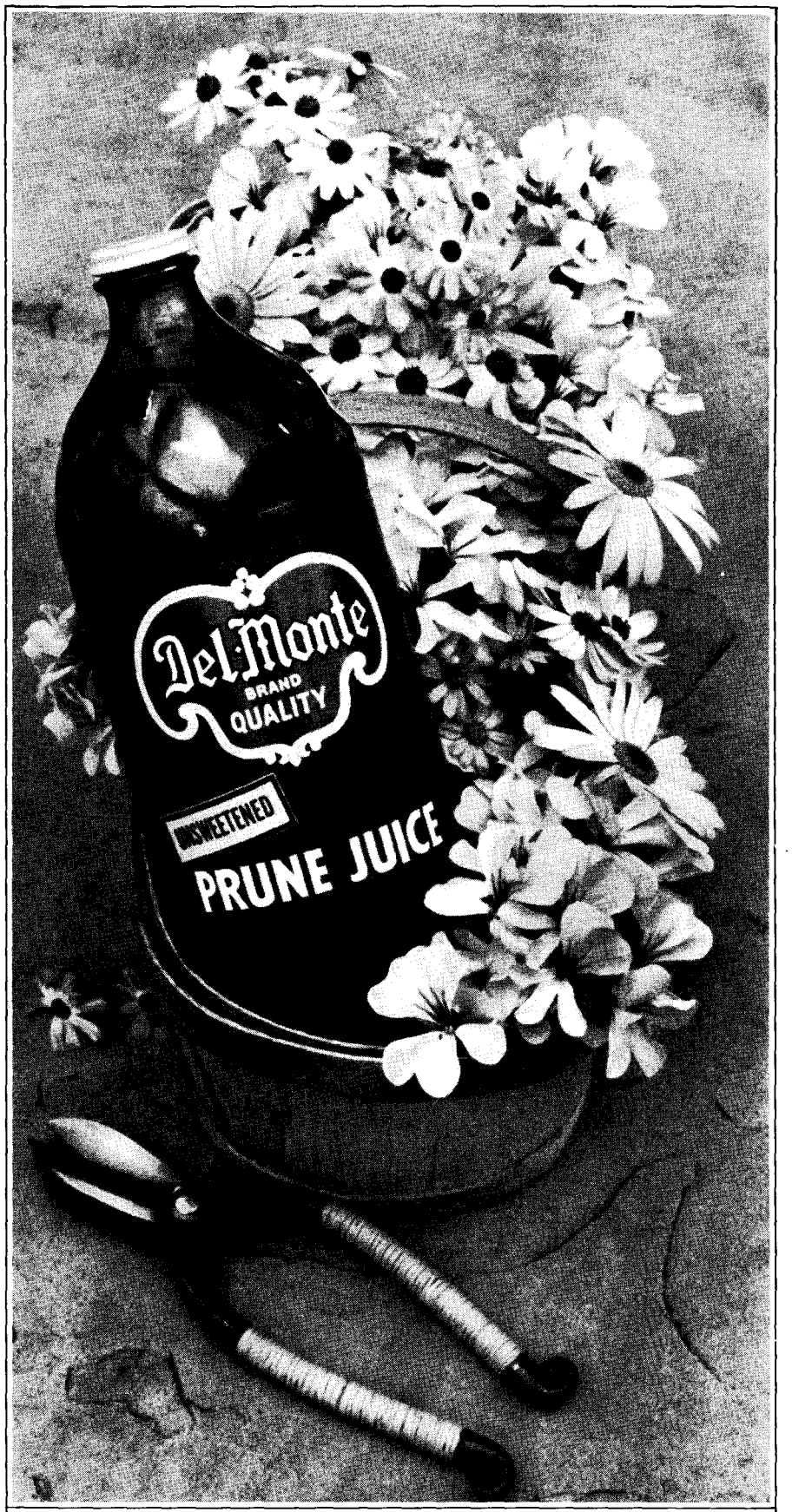
"I suppose you just flush them out and then let them have it, eh?"

"The boars, sir?" Yardley grinned straight ahead. "It ain't quite that easy, sir. Best thing is the way we does it. We sneak up on 'em and then ol' Burr here, he clops their ears off with his knife, so they cain't hear so good, see, sir? And then it ain't no trick a-tall to git 'em, sir."

Captain Fitch supposed that this was an evidence of good fellowship, and forced a chuckle.

"'N after that we generally slips a paper bag over their heads and hauls 'em in by the tail, sir."

Captain Fitch chuckled again. He decided to remember these bits; they would garnish his hunting stories when he returned to the club with his kills.



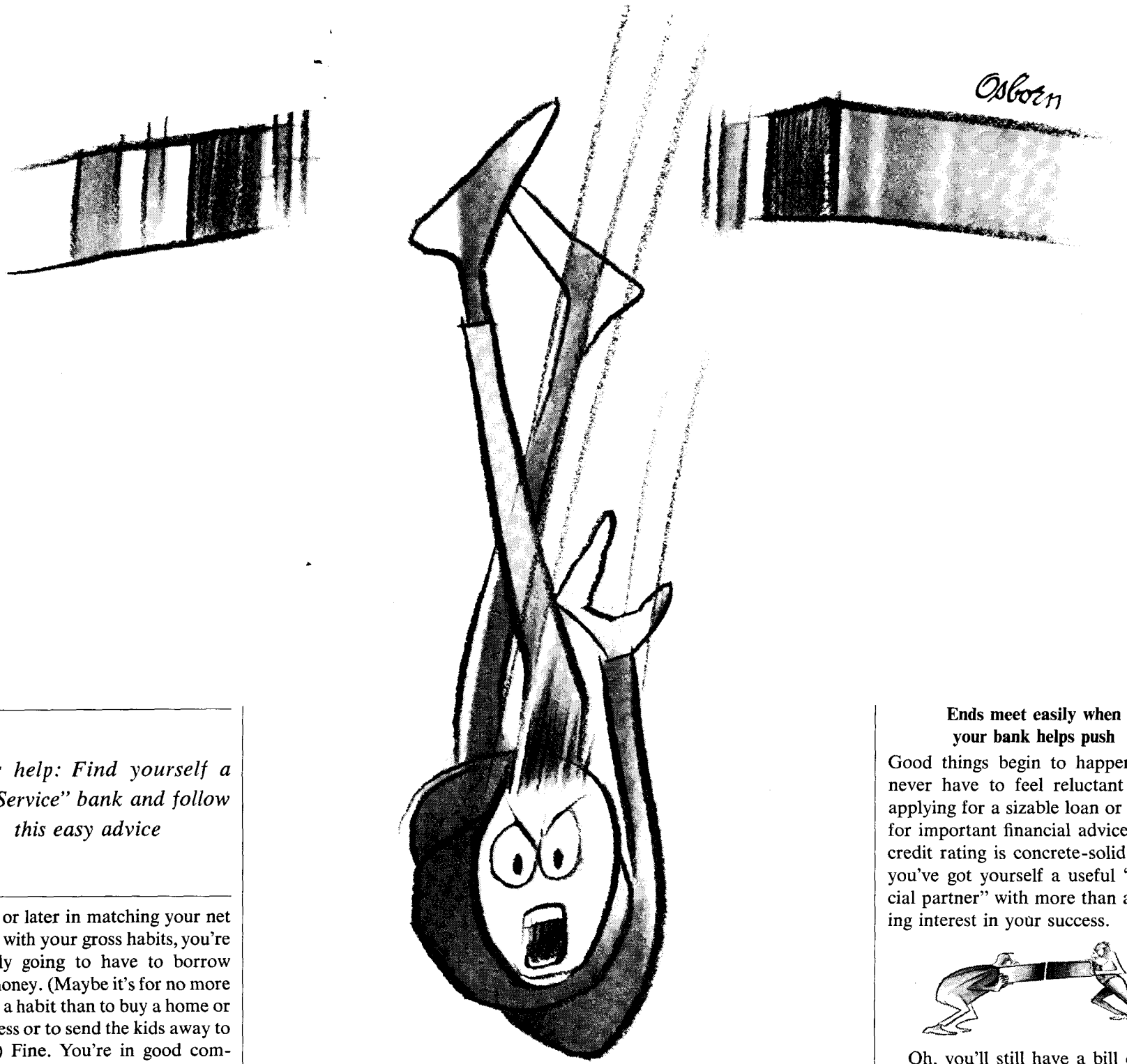
GOOD MORNING!

Good sipping! That's Del Monte Prune Juice with its bright, sparkling flavor. What a pleasure to drink prune juice that's light instead of syrupy, clear instead of cloudy, clean-tasting instead of cloying. Get a good start on your mornings with this refreshing juice. You'll find Del Monte® always uniformly rich in the flavor and natural keep-fitness of fresh-cooked prunes.

DEL MONTE
the prune juice with fruit juice appeal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

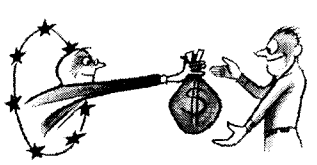
Just when you get both ends to meet, does somebody move the ends?



Here's help: Find yourself a "Full Service" bank and follow this easy advice

Sooner or later in matching your net income with your gross habits, you're probably going to have to borrow some money. (Maybe it's for no more "gross" a habit than to buy a home or a business or to send the kids away to school.) Fine. You're in good company. All but the wealthiest families have to borrow more in a lifetime than they're able to save.

Not to get personal, but who knows you well enough to lend you that kind of money without embarrassment *and* at a low rate of interest? A pertinent question. The answer is easy.



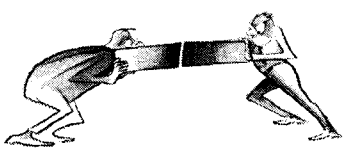
"Full Service" banks traditionally lend money at low interest rates—money for almost anything you can imagine. But since they'd prefer to lend it to regular customers, the trick is to convince them that you are. There is a simple 3-step plan that seldom fails if it's started early.

Do-it-yourself plan for staying solvent

1. If you haven't already, pick a nearby "Full Service" bank and give it *all* your banking business. This includes things you find around the house like checking accounts and savings accounts and suchlike.
2. Get to know one of the bankers by name. He, in turn, wants to know you and will gladly help determine how you stand financially. (Don't worry if you don't stand too tall at the moment—that's one of the things he's going to help you with.)
3. From time to time, take out one of the bank's easy low-cost loans instead of "borrowing" the money from your savings account. *Pay the loan back*—exactly as promised. (This act, repeated a few times, seldom fails to delight a banker.)

Ends meet easily when your bank helps push

Good things begin to happen. You never have to feel reluctant about applying for a sizable loan or asking for important financial advice. Your credit rating is concrete-solid. And, you've got yourself a useful "financial partner" with more than a passing interest in your success.



Oh, you'll still have a bill or two each month; everyone does. But you now have a good way to cope with the major family purchases. Your "ends" are a lot closer and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you've done something tangible for your family's financial future. Need we say, the race is to the swift?

FULL SERVICE BANK®

Your Full Service Commercial Bank

"Full Service" banks are financial "department stores" empowered by law to offer checking and savings accounts, loans, and every other banking service. There are thousands of these banks and one near you.

COPYRIGHT 1963 • FOUNDATION FOR COMMERCIAL BANKS • PHILA. 1, PA.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Boar Hunt

"Leastways, sir," Yardley went on, "that's the way ol' Loftus done it." There was a pause. The jeep gunned ahead. "You recollect Private Loftus, sir?"

"Of course I do." Captain Fitch cleared his throat in annoyance. "I suppose," he said brusquely, "you know the boar country pretty well, you two?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said Yardley. "We know it right good, sir. We're goin' to a place in the woods, sir, where you won't have to worry about no boars."

"Good hunting, I hope," the captain remarked, glad that the subject of Loftus had been dropped.

"Mighty good, sir. They's goin' to be a real fine hunt this time—yes, sir!"

It was late afternoon when Burr turned the jeep onto a dirt road that curved out of sight into the heart of a forest. They saw no one. The villages lay far behind, the sun was dropping and the birds were still. From a distance a woodsman's ax echoed among the giant trees, but as the jeep bounced onward, even that sound dwindled down behind them and then died. Soon the road narrowed into a mere trail, and then that vanished too. Still Burr guided the jeep forward, its wheels spitting pine needles and its frame trembling as though it were not sure of the path. Then they stopped.

"Reckon this is it," said Yardley.

"We walk from here?" the captain asked.

"Yessir. Till we make camp."

Straight overhead among the heavy tufted branches were quick patches of a crimson sunset sky, but in the forest it was already dark. Each man shouldered his pack and bedroll. Yardley carried the M-1, slung, and Burr, armed only with his knife, bore the captain's inflatable mattress. The captain walked behind them, conscious of the blurred emptiness of the woods and troubled by vague doubts.

"You certain this is boar country, Yardley?" he asked.

"Not right here, no sir."

"I mean, there seems to be no forage and no cover for them."

"That's right, sir. We got to hike on a ways to git to where we kin hunt."

When they stopped to camp, it was absolutely dark. Captain Fitch sat uneasily on his bedroll, listening to the quiet movements of the men. Every few minutes he flicked his lighter in a pretense of relighting his pipe, just for the reassurance that it gave. At last Yardley touched a match to a small neat bundle of branches, and they had a fire. The captain noticed that it was set in a little trench and that the needles had been carefully scraped away all around it. "I'm glad to see you're careful," he said.

In the uneven gleam of flames, Yardley's teeth seemed edged with red, and his eyes reflected tiny sparks. Even his voice was altered; it had a soft, smoky quality. "That's right, sir. We goin' to be right careful this hunt."

Now the captain realized that he did not like the tone of voice, the face, or the manner. Nothing was right, nothing at all, and for the first time he began to think seriously the unpleasant thoughts which had occurred to him before, but which he had dismissed as unrealistic fancies. He glanced over at Burr. The man was holding the carbine.

"Uh," the captain began; but the words remained in his throat. Yardley had the rifle, Burr the only other weapon. He himself was now unarmed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We may not see it in our time, Hittetterres, but some day people are going to get fed up with the high cost of dying!"

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itching—Relieves Pain

Only Preparation H Contains New Healing Substance That Now Makes it Possible to Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery.

A world-famous research institute has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. It relieves itching and pain *in minutes* and speeds up healing of the injured, inflamed tissues.

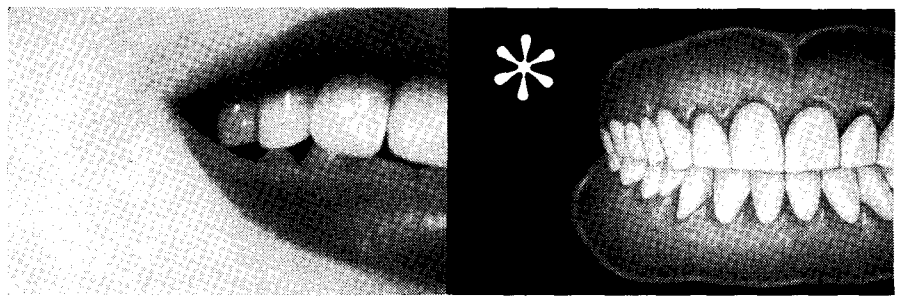
In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by a doctor's observations. And most amazing of all – this improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough, that sufferers were able to make such statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." And among these sufferers, were a wide variety of hemorrhoid conditions, some of 10 to 20 years' standing.

All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment or suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids without surgery, Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. It helps prevent infection which is a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use away from home). Any drug counter.

Restores Dentures' Natural 'Whiteness' And True Color



***New way restores natural "whiteness" to teeth—pinkness to gums**

KLEENITE with live oxygen outperforms other cleaners in two ways. It cleans denture surfaces *faster*. Enthusiastic users say that it removes *deeply embedded stains more completely*.

Faster cleaning power means removing in minutes food particles, dingy film and odor-causing bacteria—no all-night soaking—often no brushing at all.

Removing embedded stain means brighter pink in artificial gums—cleaner teeth look more like new—extra protection from denture breath. Dentists say KLEENITE with live oxygen is twice as effective as ordinary toothpaste—a striking advance over other leading denture cleaners. Get KLEENITE at all drug counters.

Pain, Burning AT SOLE OF FOOT?

Soft Foam Cushion Brings Fast Relief!

You never tried anything so wonderful as Dr. Scholl's BALL-O-FOOT Cushion for relieving pains, cramps, callouses, burning at sole of your foot! Made of soft Latex Foam. Loops over your toe. No adhesive. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's **BALL-O-FOOT Cushion**

MONEY...

In Your Spare Time

Spare-time income can help you meet expenses. Write for details about our subscription-selling plan. No obligation.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
202 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania 19105

The numbered edge on
Webster Carbon Paper

helps you plan a well-
balanced letter

with lots of room
for the signature

F.S.WEBSTER

11 Amherst Street, Cambridge 42, Massachusetts
NOW IN OUR 75th YEAR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FEEL FRESH FRESHER FRESHEST With Tampax

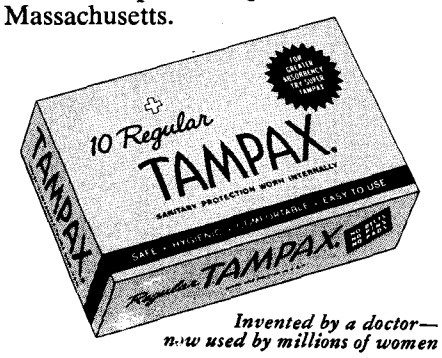
Tampax® internal sanitary protection takes the trials out of trying days.

You no longer have to worry about odor. Or chafing. Or telltale bulges. Tampax is out of sight, out of mind. No one can tell, no one can know. You feel *clean and fresh!* With no belts, pins, pads to bother you, you can wear what you wish, do what you like. No need to miss your regular tub or shower. You have freedom, complete comfort! You can't even feel you're wearing Tampax once it's in place.

NO BELTS NO PINS NO PADS NO ODOR

Tiny Tampax is easy to insert (thanks to its applicator), easy to dispose of. It comes in 3 absorbency-sizes: Junior, Regular and extra absorbent Super.

Try Tampax this very month. You'll like it. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

Boar Hunt

"We goin' to be right careful . . . *sir*," said Yardley. . . . "Ain't that right, Burr?" Burr spat into the fire. "But 'fore we start huntin'," Yardley said, "ah'm goin' to talk about a friend we had once, name of Loftus. *Good* friend. Why, that man Loftus, he'd be settin' at the fire with us this night, 'cept for one thing ——"

"What are you talking about!" the captain snapped.

"—— and that one thing was he got kilt, and when a man gets kilt, why that means somebody's done the killin'."

"I'm warning you, Yardley!" The captain stared at their faces. It was some kind of stupid hillbilly joke. Surely it was a joke.

"You think jest 'cause he strung hisself up with his own belt it was his doin'? We know different. You know different. You know it was you done it, same as if you shot him. You're the one made Lee Loftus die."

"I didn't!" The captain wet his lips. His throat was tight, and he pressed one hand hard against his chest, where his heart was racing. "Don't be a fool, Yardley! Do you realize who I am? I order you—order you!—to stop . . . stop at once!"

The mountain man's hands were locked on the rifle, which pointed across the flames. Above the rigid white fingers were the fire-lit grin and the staring eyes. The hard, accusing voice went on.

"Ol' Joe Muffet, he got kilt fair and square in the war, and we went out and got the man that done it, but Loftus, there warn't nothin' fair 'bout how he got kilt, and you think we ain't goin' to git the man that done that, too?"

"I didn't kill Loftus! You know I didn't kill him! I wasn't responsible!" the captain shouted. "Put down that weapon!" His voice broke.

"They's two ways to kill a man. One, you jest kill him, and th' other, you give him a chance. Loftus, he never got no chance, so ah figger maybe you don't deserve no chance neither."

"It's not fair!" the captain cried out. He coughed and gagged, and turned from side to side, looking around. But of course they were alone, and he was powerless.

"But we ain't dirt like you, so we're goin' to give you a chance."

"It's not fair," the captain said again. He tried to rise, but slipped forward on his hands and knees, almost to the fire. "It's not fair."

"We goin' to *make* it fair. We goin' to give you your chance. We ain't goin' to jest kill you. You git to use the guns."

The captain pulled himself into a crouch and pressed his head fiercely with his hands. So intense was his preoccupation with the idea of justice that he did not at first comprehend Yardley's last words. Then he raised his head. The two men had disappeared. Beside the fire lay both weapons, loaded. Justice!

But there were two of them—and they had their knives. Captain Fitch wriggled over to the rifle. Somewhere in the darkness there was movement. With a cry of despair, he stood up and swung the M-1 toward it. "Stop this! Come out! Come out at once!" He screamed and cursed. "I don't want the guns! I don't want anything!" He whirled in the direction of another sound, perhaps an echo of his voice.

The rifle roared in his hands and leaped backward, driving its heavy butt against his hipbone. He began to sob. He had not meant to shoot. Now he had started it and they would close in on him. He lay prone, put the rifle to his shoulder and fired rapidly into the darkness; not aiming, not even hoping, just squeezing off the rounds. When the clip sprang out, he rolled over to the carbine, loaded it, and quickly emptied it. As the last singing shot ricocheted away, he hurled the carbine clattering among the trees, and after it, the rifle.

"Empty!" he roared out at the top of his voice, standing stiff-legged with his arms spread wide. "See! See! Empty! You can't kill me now! It's not fair—it's still not fair!" Then he fell to the soft needles, sobbing until he began to vomit, and rolled over away from his mess to lie doubled-up staring into the darkness.

He lay there as they came up. They were angry with him and cursing, but he refused to move. "Kill me, then," he gasped. "Kill me." They gave him both knives and ordered him to stand and fight, but he flung the knives away. "I won't! You can't make me!" Curses did not move him, nor did kicks. He would not accept their justice. For hours, it seemed, he lay defiantly on his back, heaving with sobs and sickness, but vaguely conscious that he had won some kind of victory. They could not let him live, but neither would they murder him.

He could not quite hear all of their whispered words. "We done give him a chance . . ." It was the higher, sharper voice: Yardley's. More mumbling. Then, "Easy. We jest slip him over and they'll take care o' the rest. Ain't no risk fer us. You wanta be a deserter rest yore life?"

The captain muttered over and over again, "You can't just kill me." One of them leaned over him, spitting contempt. "You can't just kill me," the captain repeated.

A hard hand pulled him to his feet and shook him to the rhythm of soft words. "Mebbe *we* cain't, but someone else kin."

The breath was sour with death delayed and curdled. "Someone else—sir."

It could have been noon; the forest was sunk in itself so deeply that sunlight would never have found them. Even when they reached clearer ground, the branches of darkness hung over them and hid the sky. The captain stumbled, but behind him the hand that gripped his belt wrenched him upright and drove him on.

"Y'ever been in combat, sir? By God, no y'ain't, ah done fergot, sir. Ol' Loftus, he was a combat soldier an' he know'd what it was like. Me, mah idee is that a man who calls hisself a soldier oughta have a little combat duty 'fore he goes, sir. Else—why, else he ain't done soldierin', seems t'me, sir. Loftus done had it, sir. Don't reckon you're no different, sir."

Captain Fitch whimpered away from the cold voice near his ear. "I don't want combat. I won't fight—I won't. Not fair."

The voice laughed. "You done had yore chance, sir. Combat, hit don't care if a man fights or not. Hit comes anyhow."

Up ahead Burr stopped. Together the two men lifted the captain over something that raked his boots and scratched sharply through his trouser legs to the skin. He squealed once in fright, and then again when a match leaped to light six inches from his eyes.

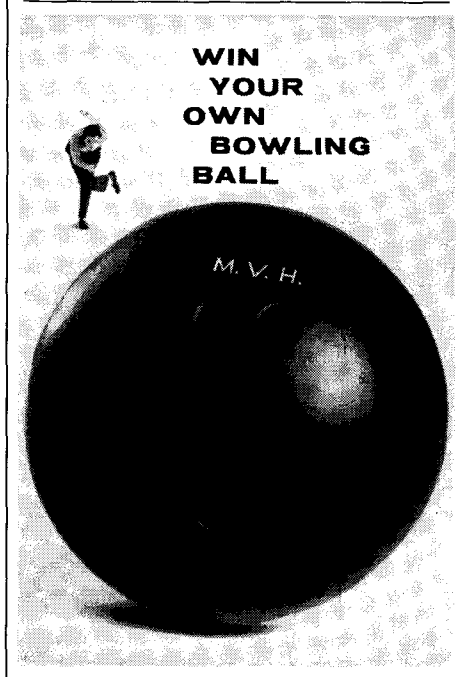
"Lordy, don't he look like a li'l ol' scairt pig, Burr? See them fat cheeks on him, see them fat pink cheeks? By God, he's a li'l ol' pink pig. But he ain't no boar, no sir. He's a tame pig, he is."

Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

Get Gifts for Kitty with TIDY CAT®

Seals on each bag of this trackless cat box filler good toward cat items. Send for FREE Premium Catalog.

HAPPY PET PRODUCTS, Dept. HP-16, Cassopolis, Mich.



You can easily earn within a single week one of these nationally advertised Bowling Balls, bored to fit your hand.

Just send us four 2-year *Saturday Evening Post* subscriptions at $10.95 each and we'll rush your bowling ball to you. All subscriptions must be sold to persons outside your own home at the full price. Both new and renewals count, but not your personal or personal gift subscriptions.

Write subscribers' names and addresses on plain paper and mail with your own name, address and full remittance. As soon as your order has been processed, we will send you the bowling ball. Be sure to specify weight desired.

This offer is good in the U.S. only, until April 30, 1964. Sorry, no bowling balls may be sold for cash.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
201 Independence Square
Philadelphia Pennsylvania 19105

98¢

SIROIL GUARANTEES
PSORIASIS RELIEF
OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Siroil works . . . *we guarantee it or money back.* Siroil stops the itching, removes embarrassing scales and crusts, and it's easy to use. Millions of bottles of Siroil have been sold. Get Siroil today at all drug stores.

SIROIL SATISFIES

Siroil Laboratories Inc. Dept. S-21 Santa Monica, Calif.
Please send me your new Free booklet on PSORIASIS.
NAME _____ Please Print
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fitch lowered his head to avoid the match glare and looked behind him. The thing that had bitten him was a strand of barbed wire, and crouched beside it was the figure of Burr, also holding a match and scanning a sign brightly lettered in unweathered red paint. But the match guttered out before Fitch could read the words.

In file, they trudged across the slopes and curves of brushy earth that was pocked and pitted with holes. The holes reached for the captain's feet, but the hand always shoved him staggering aside. He cried out once, "It's a battlefield!" but Yardley merely laughed. A mile or so farther, they bellied under another fence. The captain tasted raw dirt. He pawed for grass, but there was none; only the barbed-wire fence and cleared, hard-packed dirt, and soon, another fence. He turned to clutch at Yardley, but was spun around again.

Something broke the infinite invisible lines that formed the darkness. Not trees, but buildings. A cluster of squares carelessly strewn in the undulating barrenness, like adobe huts blown from a cliff. Yardley hustled him roughly inside the first. It smelled of sweating stone.

"What's ——"

But the rough hand thrust a wadded handkerchief into his mouth, and it was bound hard there by another one, knotted behind his head. "Combat!" Yardley said, and they tied his hands and feet up tightly with rope. "It's near dawn now, sir—you ain't got long to wait. 'Bout three hours, more or less." The captain struggled, but only twitched on the muddied floor. And then they were gone.

The two men crouched in the brush on the other side of the first barbed-wire fence, watching the sun inch up above the rolling curve of pitted earth they faced.

"Ah don' much like it," Burr said.

Yardley spat. "Best goddern way they is," he said.

"'Spose they gits thar 'fore we do, and sees the rope?"

"They won't. Anyhow, ain't goin' to be much lef' for them to find."

Burr scratched beneath his arms. "We shoulda kilt him thar in the woods, Bud."

"Don't be a goddern fool! 'Spose we'd a done that, then what? Hide out in the woods rest our lives?" Yardley gnawed at his knuckles. "This way, they ain't goin' to be no questions ast—leastways they ain't goin' to be able to do nothin' 'bout it. They all know he ain't got sense. Hell, they'll reckon he done strayed plumb into it!"

"If we gits to him first, you mean."

"Don't you fret." Yardley glanced up at the sun. "It's nigh onto nine. They'll start up purty soon."

The ground moved twice. Something deep within it seemed to split; then the two split parts slammed violently together. For half an hour the heavy rhythms shook the earth. Then the air was still. The two men slipped through the fence and past the red-lettered sign. Running bent low, they crossed the torn earth in the direction they had walked before.

They found the concrete blockhouses wrapped in smoke, with new holes gaping.

"He's gone!"

The first hut steamed in smoke. Through the vent of a half-shivered wall, the sunlight melted in the drifting haze inside—but the place was empty. They rushed from hut to hut.

"Thar—on the hill!"

Two hundred yards away a tiny black figure without arms was leaping on wild awkward legs.

"We gotta git him." Yardley plunged forward, as quick as the knife he drew.

"God! His arms done been blowed off!"

Yardley did not falter. "No, they ain't—he's still tied up. Jest his legs is free."

With long, loping strides the two men raced after the stumbling figure. Once it paused and turned. A high-pitched laugh floated back to them across the field.

It was not an even race, for the pursuers were far faster. They closed the gap to one hundred and fifty yards, then to one hundred. They skirted the larger holes and leaped across the smaller ones, running desperately, as though they feared that by entrusting to an outside force the administration of their harsh verdict, they had made an irretrievable mistake.

And so they had, for in their haste they forgot what they had been careful to note earlier, and the blind impersonal fate which had already taken Muffet and Loftus reached out and took them too.

Back at the first wire fence, the artillery-range sign had warned that the howitzers commenced firing at 0900 hours. It also bore the phrase MORTARS—0945. The first pattern of bursts enveloped Yardley and Burr together, and the same inspecting gun crew that came upon the babbling shell-shocked captain found all that was left of them. THE END

Old World baker's sign hangs over door of Brownberry Ovens' Oconomowoc bakery while Mrs. Clark is there. Her time is divided between this and the two California bakeries. At her San Francisco home (below), Mrs. Clark develops new products for her famous line of homespun American and foreign gourmet baked goods.

"Up-to-the-minute insurance—essential ingredient for a growing business"

Wausau Story

by **CATHERINE CLARK,** *founder and President, Brownberry Ovens, Inc., Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, Anaheim and Burlingame, California.*

"Taking a loaf from the oven has always been the most exciting part of this business for me, and I still spend all the time I can in the kitchen trying recipes. But since 1946, when I first began baking bread for people besides my own family, Brownberry Ovens has grown to a big operation. We now have three bakeries and employ 250 people.

"With growth like this, new needs arise. And in the area of insurance, I'm grateful to Employers Mutuals of Wausau for helping us keep our insurance program in pace with our continued expansion.

"In Wisconsin and California, Employers Mutuals men work regularly with our people to build safety and savings into our equipment and procedures. Our coverage today includes workmen's compensation, public liability, crime bond and fleet insurance; so you can see we have found Employers Mutuals of Wausau 'good people to do business with'."

Employers Mutuals of Wausau writes group health and accident plans, fidelity bonds, all forms of fire, liability and casualty insurance including auto, and is one of the largest and most experienced underwriters of workmen's compensation. See your telephone directory or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

164 Offices Coast to Coast/"Good people to do business with"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BLOW US SOMETHING GOOD, SIROCCO

A short story by Stanley E. Smith

The old man picked his way along the shore, hunching his head into his narrow shoulders against the spray. The wind whisked bits of straw from the gaping toes of his boots as they searched for footholds on the salt-glazed rocks. He grunted as he stepped up on a high one, then turned his bent form full to the weather. The spray knew the lines in his face, and gathered in them and ran in fresh rivulets until they were lost in the thick gray thatch below. He squinted his eyes to the south, where the white sea turned dark and met a darker sky.

He raised his voice to the wind, cupping a three-fingered hand to his pale, flaking lips. "Sirocco," came a whining cry, sounding like an overtone of the wind itself, "blow us something good today."

His eyes came alive, darting like mullet on a sunny shoal, as they scanned the churning waters for bits of debris. Sometimes the sirocco carried in pieces of timber to burn in his stove, and often there were chunks of black, sticky material that had been discharged from the tankers across the Adriatic in Italy. Some of it he stuffed into the cracks of his crumbling home to shut out the winter buran that swept down from the Albanian uplands. And some of it he saved in an old iron pot, in case the day should ever come that he would have his own boat again, and he would need it to coat the bottom.

Once in a great while a piece of manila rope, tied to a weathered spar, or even a battered life preserver, would wash up, and he might find someone who would take them in exchange for some mutton for him and his wife. And one time, on the day of San Nicola, the sirocco had sent him a whole crate of oranges. The crate had been bashed to pieces on the shore, but he had waded into the water and patiently pursued the oranges, grabbing at them as they rushed past him and up through the rocky crevices, then stopped, and gathering momentum, shot down toward the sea again just as fast.

A few oranges grew in the village, but none as big and juicy as these had been seen for many years. The old man's neighbors stared as he brought them to the house, and children came to the door to peer in, their eyes as wide as the hollows in their cheeks. The police had been curious, too, and asked where they had come from. When old Marku explained how the sirocco had brought them, they took most of them back to the police bureau to examine at their leisure. But a few were left for the old man and his wife, and as they ate them, puncturing the soft inner skin with their jagged front teeth and feeling the cool, sweet liquid run down along their tongues and gums, they, too, wondered where they had come from.

Perhaps the crate had fallen from a ship that was unloading in Bari, the Italian port across the sea. Or perhaps the crew of a passing ship had thrown it overboard, knowing how it is with the people in Albania. Or maybe the coastal current had swept the crate from Corfu, where the Greek king has a palace and there must be many oranges. But Marku and his shriveled wife, Dani, preferred to think that the oranges had come as a divine gift from San Nicola, the patron saint of the sea.

POST FICTION *Stanley E. Smith, who teaches journalism at Michigan State University, earned degrees from Colgate and Purdue, taught in France and lectured in Denmark under a Fulbright grant. He has been director of public information at Colgate and publications editor at Duke. For five years he lived in Europe and the U. S. as a free-lance writer. During two of those years he lived and sailed with his wife and their four children aboard the 38-foot ketch* Babauko *in the Mediterranean, Adriatic and Ionian seas. That experience provided the background for this—his first-published—story.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

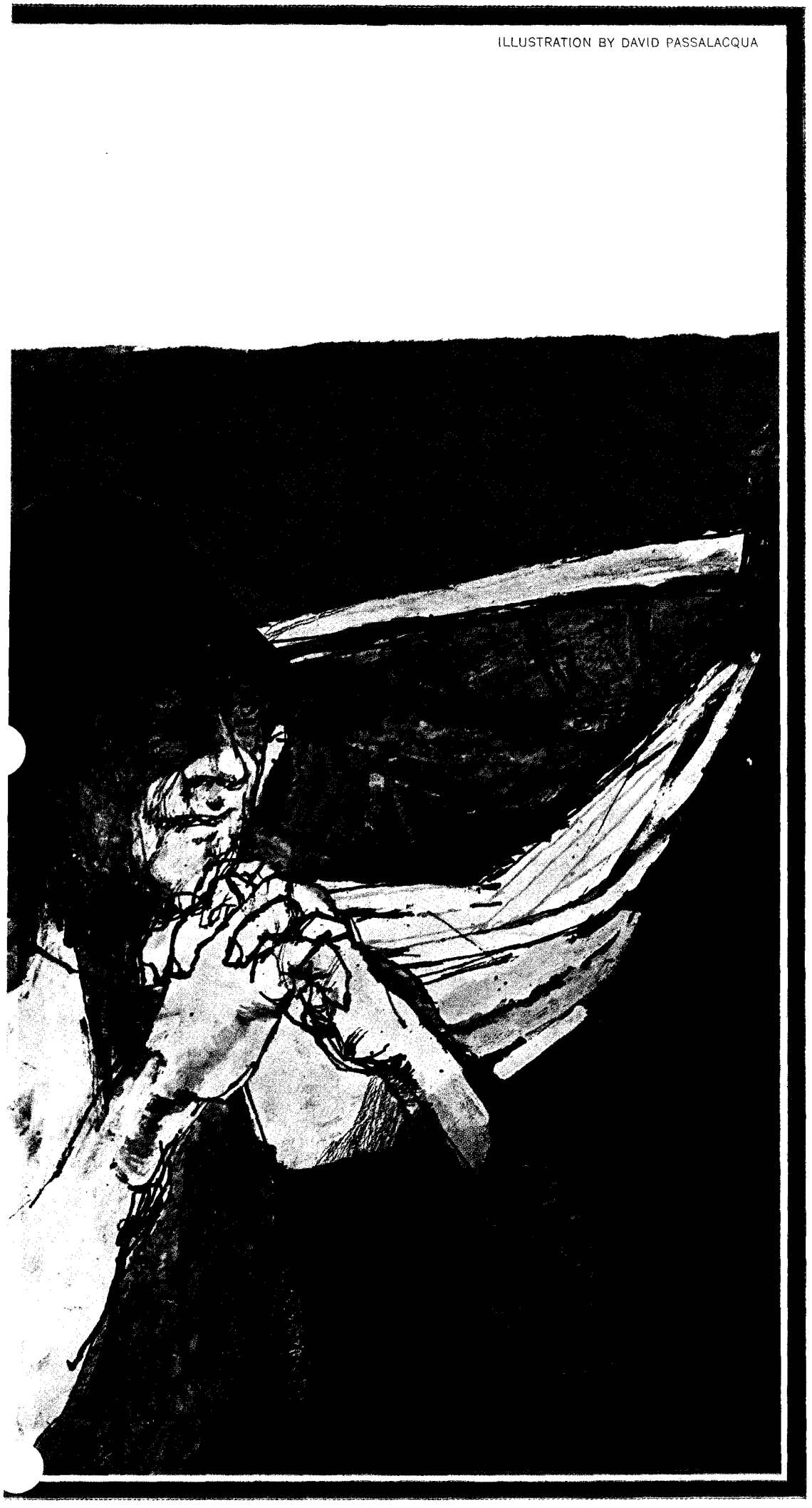


ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

Now, however, old Marku saw nothing—nothing but water and sky and rocks, the rocks rising steeply to the barren mountains behind, where occasionally a rough stone wall indicated a lonely patch of earth where perhaps a cabbage root might find sparse nourishment. He turned and plodded on, pulling his goatskin more closely about his body. It was January, and even the sirocco, which swept across the Mediterranean from the south, felt cold.

Time passed slowly as he padded stiffly from rock to rock. His eyes had begun to tear from the wind and salt, but still they had sighted nothing to take back to his barren hovel. Once he looked back toward the mouth of the cove where his village lay and saw the police patrol boat nosing out toward the sea, its sharp bow rising and plunging with the great swells the sirocco brought. He stopped to watch as the patrol boat swung broadside to the sea, rolling dangerously until its engine drove its stern to the weather and it headed back into the safety of the cove.

As he watched, the sharpness left his eyes and the tenseness left his face. He could feel the deck under his feet, feel the surge of the sea beneath the boat. It was his own fishing boat again, and his sons, Bero and Milo, were with him.

"Bero," he called aloud, "take the tiller a while." It was a long, graceful tiller, one that Marku had hewn from an ash timber, curving it with sure, skillful strokes of his adz.

When Bero had settled in the stern and hugged the tiller under his arm, the father walked forward on the deck, smiling as Milo snatched squirming fish from the net. He trimmed the big lateen sail, then stepped carefully over the nets and stood in the bow, his body adjusting unconsciously to the boat's pitching. The wind was strong, and he breathed some of the strength of it deep down into his lungs. Far ahead, he could see the high rocks that marked the entrance to the cove.

Suddenly his eyes fastened themselves on something in the water. He watched silently as the boat drew nearer to it. First it looked like pieces of timber, but then he saw it was more than that. His heart began to pound harder as he recognized the battered remains of a boat.

"Bero! Milo!" he called, turning to his sons. "It's a boat! A sunken boat!"

But his sons were not there behind him, nor his little fishing boat, nor even the sea. There were only rocks: sharp, dark, cold rocks, rising to the mountains behind. At once he realized he had been daydreaming, as he had been doing more and more lately. He felt foolish, and lowered his head and turned his face to the sea again.

He looked, then rubbed his eyes roughly. The hulk was still there, its sunken form rising and falling in the rolling sea. He rubbed his eyes again and cursed them, cursed his age, cursed his hunger, cursed those who had taken away his fishing boat and had caused his misery. But no matter how much he cursed, how much he rubbed his burning eyes, the vision would not disappear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sirocco

He sat down on a rock and buried his eyes in his hands. "Relax, old man," he said aloud. "After a few minutes look again. If it is still there, then it is real. Then you must pray to San Nicola to help you get it to shelter before it is pounded to bits."

When he felt the pounding in his chest grow slower and less violent, he stood up and raised his eyes slowly and calmly toward the sea. In the first instant he saw nothing. Then the troughs of the sea lifted and there, only a hundred meters away, rose the oaken stem of a boat. He threw his gnarled fingers to the sky, his high-pitched voice singing out above the sound of the sea and the wind: "San Nicola, give me strength. Give me time."

As the boat drifted shoreward, his eyes measured the distance along the shore to where the sea met a high wall of rock with a thunderous roar, driving great sheets of water high into the air. Along that violent wall, he knew, was a small, sea-carved cavern. He had known it since he was a boy, and he knew that if the tide and the crashing waves would permit it, the cavern would protect his prize, not only from the onslaught of the sea, but from the eyes of the police as well.

Then he rushed, sometimes stumbling and crawling over the rocks, to where the boat would wash ashore. His bony legs banged against the rocks, but he felt nothing. His body was shaking, but it was no longer from the cold.

He grew exultant as the boat washed nearer. "Ha, Sirocco," he shouted, "so this time you have brought me a boat. But this will not be a fishing boat. It will be for this." He made a chopping motion with his open right hand on his left arm and shot his left hand in the direction of the sea. "To Italy!" he cried. "To Italy, like Bero and Milo!" He began to laugh. He laughed wildly, uncontrollably, and tears flowed from his eyes.

Still laughing, he stumbled into the spray and foam, grasping for rocks as he thrashed his way through the angry water. Once he slipped, and his entire body sank beneath a wave. Only a flap of his goatskin was visible on the foam. But he was up again almost at once, shaking the cold water from his head.

As he reached for the boat a wave carried it on its crest and swept it down toward him. He braced his feet against the slippery rocks and threw his shoulder against the floating hulk. Its weight bore down on him with crushing force, and his feet slid out from under him. He felt himself pushed beneath the surface, the boat's heavy hull moving over him.

"Strength," he thought desperately, as he doubled his legs and fought for another foothold, "strength." There was a sharp sensation in the middle of his back as a jagged spike from the boat's bared frames gouged through his goatskin cape. But his groping feet at last found something solid, and he straightened his legs.

The bow moved then, moved in the direction he wanted it to. His head emerged from the water and he gasped for breath. "Keep it moving," he muttered. "Keep it moving, or it will crush you."

For more than an hour he battled, straining to keep the bow headed along the shore, struggling to keep the wreck moving. Twice it got away and bashed against the rocks to open new gaps in its ragged planking. His fingers were numb with cold, and bleeding from being crushed between wood and rock. This did not bother him, because there was no real boatman in the village with ten fingers left, and he had already lost two. But there was no longer any feeling in his legs, and he was afraid that the cold water had sapped too much of the life from them.

At last he reached the wall of rock. A crest carried him high in the air and he could see the opening of the cavern. It was like the mouth of a giant animal, alternately gulping and vomiting tons of water. The old man's feet would no longer reach the bottom, but he hung on to the stern of the boat, holding it back to let the bow swing toward the opening. It was only a small opening now, for the sirocco had raised the level of the water half a meter, and the crests of the swells crashed above the top of it.

Slowly the boat and Marku edged forward, the old man's head bobbing up and down with the swells. When the bow settled in a trough and the stern mounted the following crest, he gathered what remained of his fleeting strength and gave a great push. The bow carried under the top of the opening, but as it rose again there was a sound of grinding and tearing of wood as the stem struck the rock above it.

"Fast, now," the old man thought, "or all will be lost." Each time the bow dipped he pushed again, and each time it was followed by a wrenching crash. But slowly the boat was entering the cavern. One last heave and it was through the opening, and the old man, finding footing again, hurried after it, as a crest suddenly bore him upward and crashed his head against the rock. For an instant he was dazed. When his senses returned he was inside the cavern, his body draped across the sunken boat.

He worked on sheer will, his strength completely gone, his hands and feet numb, and blood oozing from a dozen places on his body. But it was easier now, and soon he had dragged the boat back into the dark recesses of the cavern, where it finally settled on the gravel bottom, rocking gently in the diminished swells.

The old man collapsed on a rock, his breath coming in spasms. "Home, now," he gasped. "Must get strength again to work on the boat." He forced himself to his feet and groped his way to the narrow opening at the back of the cavern. It was dark outside, and he shivered as the wind struck his water-soaked clothes.

Bleeding, half numb, shaking with cold, and his mind blurred by exhaustion, he forced his battered body across the rocks toward his home. Each rock seemed higher, every step more painful. It seemed that hours had passed before he reached the rough path leading to his home, but at last he stood before the door, weaving and mumbling unintelligibly to himself. With his last ounce of energy he pushed against the door and pitched headlong across the stone threshold. Only then did he let his consciousness drift away completely.

When he awakened, he was lying in his old iron bed. He knew he had been there for a long time because the wind had died down and the rains had come. He moved to get up, but pains shot through his back, his legs, his hands, his head. "Mother of Jesus," he said aloud, "what has happened to me?"

Dani heard him and came over to the bed, her rag-wrapped feet scuffing hurriedly across the bare stone floor. Colorless eyes peered out between the wrinkles as she bent her short, lean body over the old man. "Marku?" she said quietly.

"How long have I been here like this?"

"For two nights and a day," she said. She looked at his face. "Are you really awake, Marku?"

"I am awake, yes, Dani. My head is awake, but I think my body is dead and already in hell. When I try to move, fire shoots through every part of it."

"You were bleeding all over," she said. "And you were shaking so much I could not keep the cloths on your wounds."

The wrinkles in the old man's face deepened as he struggled to remember. "But what was it, Dani, that caused me to be struck by the angry hand of God?"

"If you do not know, Marku, then it is all the worse. All I know is what you said while you slept. Twice I heard you say something about the rocks and the boat."

"The boat," said the old man sharply, and as he remembered, his muscles tensed, sending new pains through his body. He couldn't speak for a few minutes, but when his muscles had relaxed again he said quietly, almost in a whisper, "We have a boat now, Dani. The sirocco has brought us a boat."

The old woman's eyes showed nothing. The deep lines in the leathery skin of her face didn't move. She simply stood, looking into the old man's gray eyes.

"Did you hear me, woman?" he said, a little impatiently. "We have a boat."

"Yes," she answered softly, nodding her head. "We have a boat." She stood up slowly and shuffled back to the broken iron stove.

Hours had never seemed as long to the old man as they did during the next days. The only thing that occupied his mind was the boat, the boat. If only he could move his pain-wracked body to see it; to see if it really could be salvaged; to see if one day it might float again, to carry him and Dani away.

The rain stopped, and the wind switched to the ponent, blowing out of the west. Still the old man could not leave his bed, and still he thought of the boat. He remembered where he had hidden some of his tools, guarding them jealously lest Dani take them to trade for food. There was a saw, and an adz, and a dulled auger. It wasn't much, but it was enough, he thought. Enough if only his body would become strong enough to make use of them.

Dani did her best to help him get his strength back. At first she brought him only rosemary tea and potions brewed from other herbs she had gathered on the mountain. Then she gave him cabbage and a little coarse bread, and a piece of goat meat she had salted herself only a few months before. At first, when Dani served him, Marku would talk about the boat. But she only nodded at him and said, "Yes, Marku, our boat," and turned away again. So he stopped talking to her about it and just thought about it to himself.

Twenty-three days passed before the old man felt well enough to leave the house. He stuffed some fresh straw into what remained of his boots and slung the goatskin around his shoulders, his fisherman's hat on his head. Outside, it was warm in the sun, and the levanter, the east wind, barely moved the small patches of white in the sky. He went to the stone shelter behind his house, came out with a bundle wrapped in an old cloth, and set out along the rocky path toward the shore.

He walked stiffly at first, but as he neared the cavern, the stiffness left, and he was leaping from rock to rock like a boy. When he arrived at the narrow crevice which led below, he stopped, looked carefully all around him, and slid quickly down between the rocks.

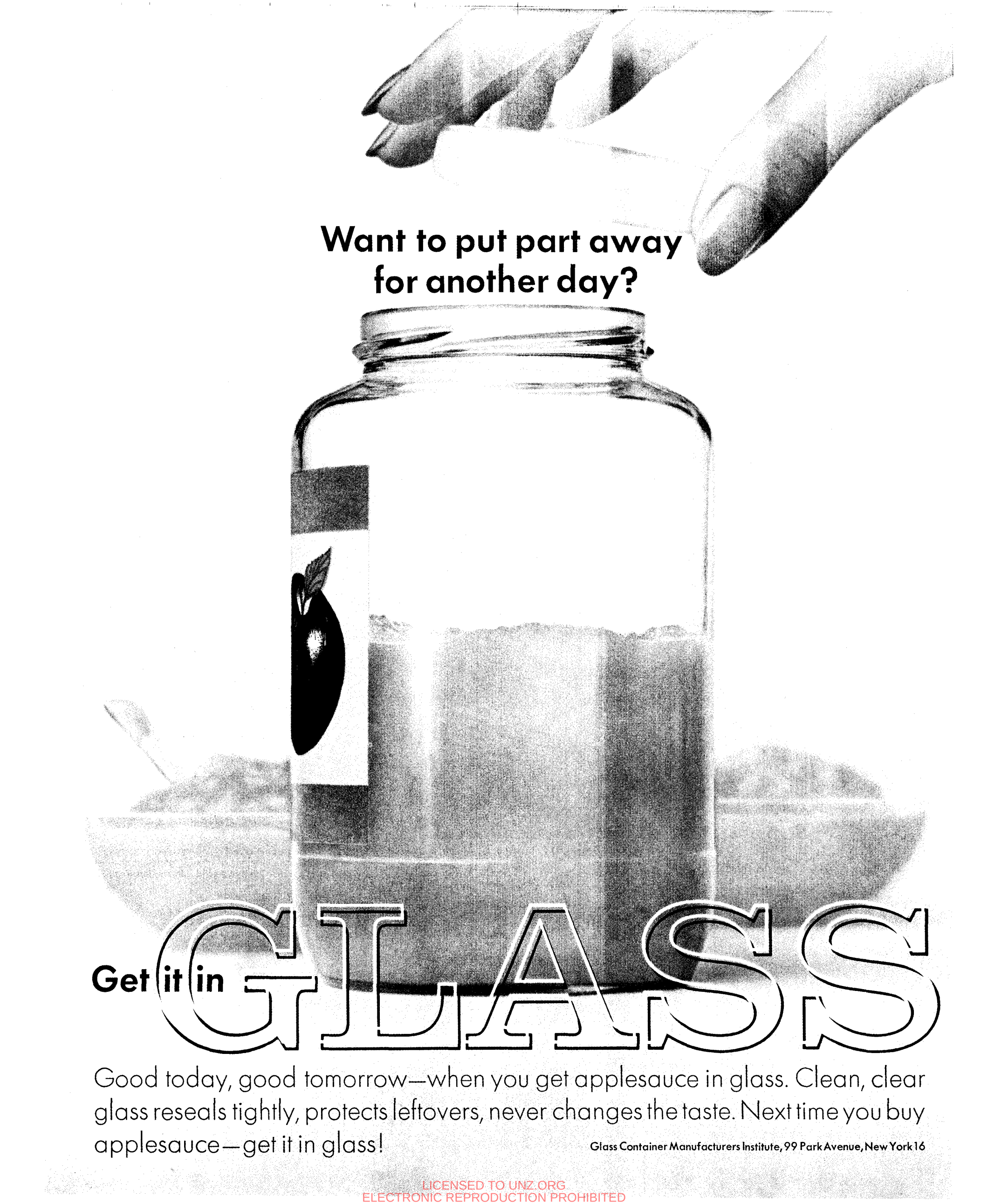
It was still there, resting on the gravel bottom, with shafts of light from cracks in the rocks above throwing golden beams on it. The old man stopped before it, surveying it with wide eyes. "Mother of Jesus," he muttered. "She is a beautiful boat."

When he had finished staring at the boat, he moved it higher on the gravel and examined the frames and planking. There was much to do, he thought, and it would be difficult finding wood to repair it. But it could be done. And if the weather were kind one day, the boat

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Certainly she's got thirty-four percent fewer cavities—she's got thirty-four percent fewer teeth."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Good today, good tomorrow—when you get applesauce in glass. Clean, clear glass reseals tightly, protects leftovers, never changes the taste. Next time you buy applesauce—get it in glass!

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would be strong enough to carry them to Italy.

He was unfolding the cloth bundle when he first had the strange feeling. It was the same feeling he used to have just before they took his boat away, when he was unloading his fish at the dock. Someone was always watching, always counting, always scheming. Now he knew someone was watching again. He turned and raised his head slowly. He saw the boy, standing in a corner of the cavern looking at him.

"What are you doing here?" the old man shouted angrily.

"Nothing," the boy answered. "I saw you bring the boat here when the sirocco was blowing."

The old man suddenly felt jealous, cheated of his secret knowledge, his secret prize. "Who are you? Where do you come from?" he asked the boy sharply.

"I am Marash, son of Gjiregji Krujan," the boy said softly.

The old man felt something thick and hard forming in his stomach. He turned from the boy and looked at the boat, and he thought he would be sick. "Krujan, Krujan," he repeated to himself. Krujan, who had been responsible for taking away the old man's fishing boat. Krujan, the former keeper of the bread shop who was now sitting behind a desk in a government office in Shëngjin. Krujan, who had betrayed his own friends and even now was telling lies about them to the Chinese, who had come to mete out the proper punishments.

Slowly he began to fold the cloth back over the saw, the adz and the auger. What would be the use? Fix up the boat with his own sweat and toil so that Krujan could take it to use for himself? "No," he thought, "he can take it like it is. Or he can leave it. It makes no difference."

He picked up the bundle and turned to the boy again. He looked into his face for a long time without saying anything. It was a strong face, and the eyes in it were wide and calm. "How old are you?" the old man asked.

"I am nineteen," the boy replied. He still had not moved from his corner.

The old man studied him silently for another few minutes. Then he turned, set the bundle down again and unfolded the cloth. Maybe he won't tell his father, he thought. And what if he does? Twenty-four days ago I had no boat. And if it is taken away when I finish it, I will still have no boat. It is all the same. And I will enjoy the work.

He started by turning the boat over with the help of the broken boom as a lever, propping the bow and stern on piles of rocks. Then he took his saw and began cutting away the splintered planking, sawing them square where they crossed a solid frame. He forgot about the boy, and the boy said nothing, and once—when the old man looked up from his work—the boy was gone. He shrugged and went back to his sawing.

Days went by, then weeks, as the old man worked slowly but steadily on the boat. Sometimes he would run out of wood, and have to spend his time along the shore, searching for more. Once he had to wait a whole week before he had wood to work with. It would come in all shapes and sizes, but he was skilled with his adz, and he had time.

In the evening, near the stove, he would carve wooden plugs. Sometimes Dani would look at him with soft eyes and shake her head. He was too occupied with his carving to notice.

The boy came quite often to stand in his corner and watch, but it didn't bother the old man. He knew that one day he would lose the boat, but working on it made him happy. His eyes shone when he stepped back to see how it was taking shape under his own hands.

Sometimes the boy would talk to him, or ask him questions. "You are making the boat very strong," he said one time. "How will it go on the big sea?"

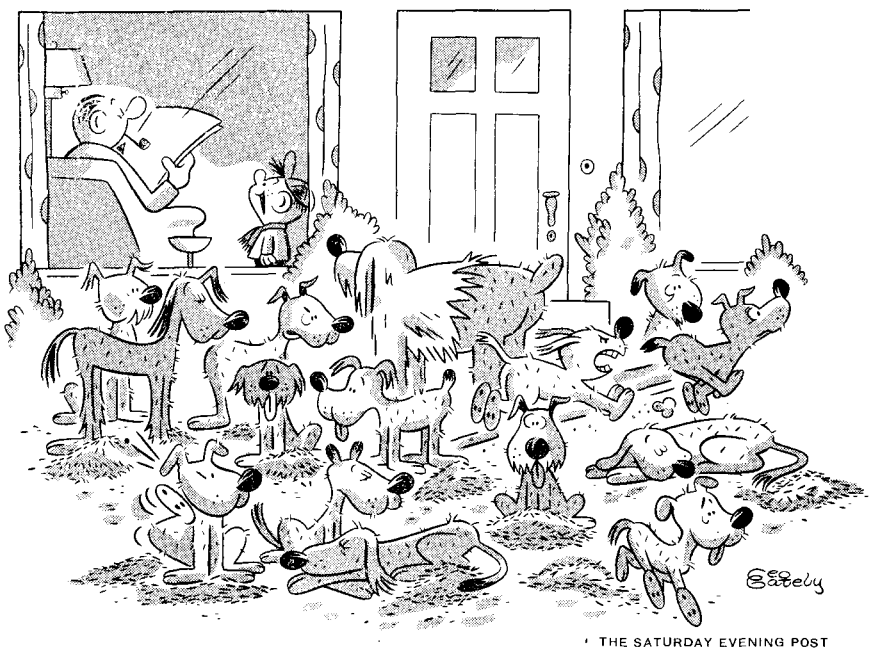
"It will go very well," answered the old man, "if it is sailed well."

"Have you ever been to Italy?" the boy asked another time.

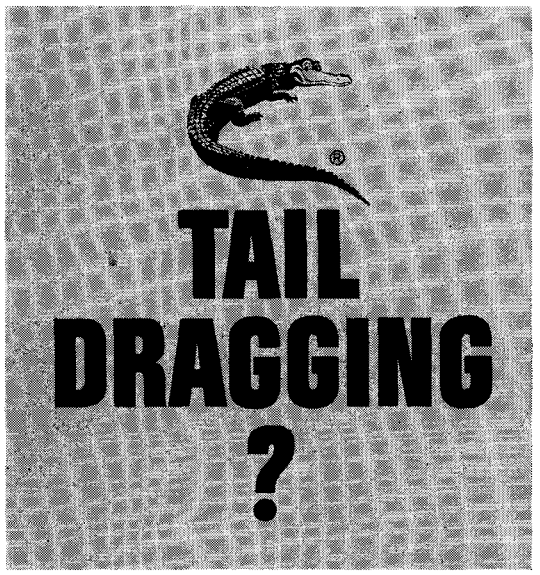
"Yes," said the old man. "A long time ago. I sailed a boat there."

"My father says there are capitalists in Italy."

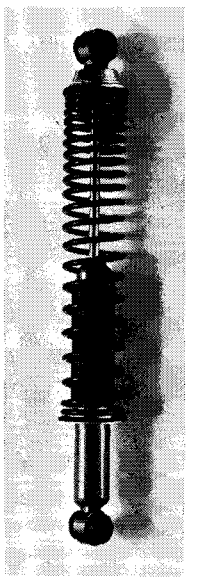
"I didn't notice any," said the old man. He stroked for a while with the adz and then looked up at the boy. "Tell me, what is a capitalist?"

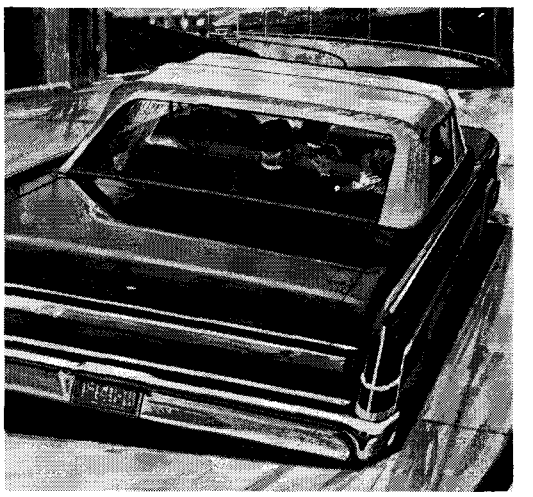


"Say, those new blades really do give fifteen shaves."



Scraping on driveways? Monroe Load-Levelers end this common annoyance by compensating for added weight. This increases road clearance of the car.





Swaying on curves? Load-Levelers eliminate the dangerous swaying of heavily loaded cars rounding curves. They give solid control, longer tire life.

Get Monroe Load-Leveler®

stabilizing units

If your car scrapes bumper or tailpipe on steep driveways, "bottoms" on its frame when you hit bumps, sways on curves, it needs Load-Levelers. These revolutionary stabilizing units compensate for added weight of passengers, luggage and trailers. They give a safe, level, comfortable ride under all road and load conditions.

Try Load-Levelers for 60 days. Have a set installed on your car today in just 30 minutes where you have your car serviced. You'll be amazed at the wonderful difference! If you're not fully satisfied, return them for a full refund and reinstallation of your old shock absorbers. A "must" if you tow a trailer or heavily load your car.

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY • Monroe, Michigan
In Canada, MONROE-ACME, LTD., Toronto, Ontario • In Mexico, MEX-PAR, Box 28154 Mexico City

World's largest independent maker of ride control products including Monro-Matic® shock absorbers

MONROE®

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"My father says they are people who make too much money so that the poor people cannot live."

"And here," said the old man, "there are no capitalists, and the poor people are not really poor at all." He went back to his stroking. "Has your father ever been to Italy?" he asked.

"No," the boy answered. "But he read about the capitalists there. One of our Communist leaders has written it."

"Do you believe it?" asked the old man.

The boy hesitated for a moment and looked away. "Sometimes it is very difficult to know what to believe," he said.

One day the boy brought a few dozen nails with him and the old man smiled at him. Nails were impossible for him to buy, and the wooden plugs were difficult to manage in some places on the boat.

"When will the boat be finished?" the boy asked one day.

"In May, or June, perhaps."

"Is it difficult to sail a boat like this one?"

"No," said the old man, "it is quite easy. Especially when you get a steady wind like the mistral."

Gradually the old man told him more about boats and about fishing, and told him how happy he had been when his two sons had gone fishing with him. Then he would remember who the boy's father was, and remain quiet for a long time before speaking again.

Sometimes the boy would talk strangely, of things not related to the boat. "I have a girl," he said to the old man once.

"So?" he replied. "It is good to have a girl."

"But I would like to marry this girl. My father says I am too young to think about getting married. Do you think nineteen is too young?"

The old man looked closely at the boy. "It is very young to get married," he said at last. "But it depends on who it is. If he is a man when he is nineteen, then he is not too young."

The boy smiled at this, and gradually began to relax with the old man. Sometimes he helped him turn the boat over, or held a plank while the old man drilled it with his auger and set it in place with a wooden plug or one of the nails the boy had brought. Or he would dampen the plank with an old piece of wet burlap as the old man bent and twisted it over the small fire he had built. But he never became completely at ease, and the old man never let himself completely forget who the boy's father was.

The closest he came to forgetting was the time he was working and suddenly the end of a tree trunk appeared in the crevice leading into the cavern. Slowly it slid down, and finally the boy appeared, puffing and grinning, his face red with exertion. "Will this be good for a mast?" he asked.

The old man walked closer to examine it. After a while he said, "I think I could not have picked a better one myself. Where did you find it?"

"Over there, in the forest," the boy said, pointing eastward.

"But that is a long way."

The boy shook his head. "I have been two days getting it," he said. "When I go home my father will be more angry than he has ever been before."

Weeks and months passed by, and by June the old man was caulking the boat with the shreds of bits of rope he had saved.

Then one day he carried the iron pot with the black, tarlike material in it to the cavern and put it over the fire.

"Is this the last thing?" the boy asked.

"The last thing." The old man nodded. "I have made a sail at home out of some scraps of cloth. It is not pretty, but I think it will be strong enough. Tomorrow I will lash it to the boom. Then all will be ready, except for stepping the mast. That cannot be done until the boat is floated out of the cavern. But it will be easy. The mast is not very heavy."

Old Marku was pleased with the boat, and with his work. He could not remember being as happy in many years. He sang as he dipped the stick into the hot, black liquid and smeared it over the hull. When it was finished he said good-bye to the boy and hurried home, jumping across rocks and humming as he went. He burst into the door of his house and shouted for Dani.

"Hurry, old woman," he sang out. "I have something important to tell you."

She scurried into the house through the back door, carrying a few leaves of cabbage in one hand. Her eyes looked frightened.

"Put down your cabbage leaves, old woman," he said, taking them from her hand and setting them on the table. Then he steered her to a stool. "Sit down, now, and just for this once hear me through."

She obeyed him, drawing her body close to her knees as she hunched on the stool. The old man looked at her and thought how pitiful she looked, how like an animal. Praise to God that it had not always been like this. There was a time when they had lived like people.

"Dani," he said quietly, "I know what

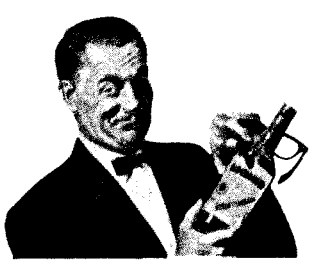
STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 7 AND 10 YEARS OLD • 86 PROOF • © 1962, OLD CHARTER DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

ENGLISH DUAL CHIMES Circa 1840. Strikes either Whittington or Westminster chimes. From famous Old Charter Collection.

Tick-tock...tick-tock...the* BOURBON *that didn't watch the clock...many long years!

EXCLUSIVE EDITION! *Rarer than rare—Old Charter at 10 years old is now available in limited bottling to Bourbon connoisseurs who relish the rare quality only extra aging gives to a fine whisky.* Send us your dealer's name, we'll see he has some.

Only a superior whisky improves with age. Old Charter—when it goes into the cask—is the finest whisky obtainable. Long years later, it emerges with all the subtle bouquet, flavor, and mellowness nature can bestow. Isn't it time you tried Kentucky's Finest Bourbon?



OLD CHARTER

KENTUCKY'S FINEST BOURBON

7 years old or 10 years old

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First in Quality!

NUNN BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES

It's time to

Break with Tradition

Some men choose their shoes because their fathers and grandfathers wore the same make before them . . . not realizing that the wand of progress long since has passed to other brands. Such men owe themselves the Nunn-Bush experience . . . of discovering how the Nunn-Bush development, Ankle-Fashioning, provides superior, tensile, coddling fit . . . with style that lasts through many extra, satisfying miles . . .

ANKLE-FASHIONED
NOT ANKLE-FASHIONED

from $19.95 *to* $39.50

Edgerton Shoes from $12.95

Upper: Style 2823—Brown Regis Calf. Cobble Stitched. Rubber Heel. Also in Black.
Lower: Style 2825—Brown Regis Calf. Score Seam Wing Tip. Rubber Heel. Also in Black.

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN 53201

Also made at: 430 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada. Progreso 172, Mexico City 18, D.F. Mexico

Sirocco

you think, that I am sick in my mind, that I see things that are not really there, that I do strange things without any sense or reason. Perhaps it is better that you have thought so, and that some of the village people think the same thing."

He breathed deeply and took her by the hand. "But listen, Dani, it is not so. I am old, but my mind is still as it was twenty years ago. This which I have said about the boat is true, Dani. The sirocco washed it up last January, when I came back to the house beaten and bleeding. I have worked hard, and the boat is ready to sail now. It is a very small boat, but it is very strong." He paused for an instant before he said, "I think it can take us safely to Italy, Dani. Perhaps we could find Bero and Milo."

A spark flickered in her lifeless eyes for a second, and he remembered how they had been many years before. Then the look of fright returned. "Is it really possible, Marku, that a small boat can go across the sea?"

"I swear it," said the old man solemnly. "When the mistral blows, but not too strongly, then it is a good time."

He did not know how to tell her about the boy, and about what might happen to the boat. She was already frightened, and this would only make it worse. But he had to tell her.

"Dani," he began, "there is a boy who knows about the boat. He has seen me working on it."

"Who is he?" she asked quickly.

"He is Marash, son of Gjiregji Krujan," the old man said, looking straight into her eyes.

"Krujan," she repeated, spitting the name out like the rotten part of an apple. She stood up, clenching her fists, and started to move stiffly away. "Old man," she muttered bitterly, "you are even more crazy than I thought."

He reached quickly and caught her by the arm. "Wait, Dani," he said, turning her around. "Perhaps the boy will not tell."

"Perhaps he will not tell," she said fiercely. "Perhaps they will not take the boat. Perhaps they will not throw you in prison until you die. Perhaps," she flung at him, twisting herself away and spitting on the floor.

"But I do not think he will tell," the old man said weakly. He knew that it sounded insane, but he believed it. "Tomorrow I will put the sail on the boat. Then it will be completely finished. We will give the boy three days to tell, and for them to come and take the boat away. If it is still there after three days, then we will know that the boat is ours, and we will go, the first night that the mistral blows, but not too hard."

She didn't answer him.

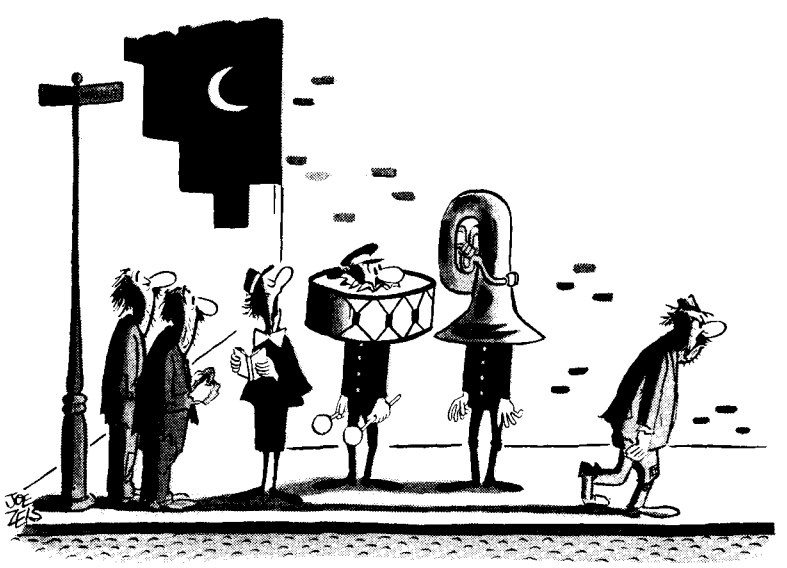
The next day he strapped the sail on his back and carried it to the boat. Carefully he lashed it to the long boom, and made the sheets fast. Then he stood back and looked at the boat, first from one angle, and then from another. "Thank you, San Nicola," he said aloud, "for giving me the strength to finish it. Perhaps I will not see it again, but it has been good for me." He turned then and climbed up through the hole in the rocks.

The next three days were very long for the old man, even longer than the days he had spent in the iron bed in January. He wanted to go to the boat, but he knew it was better to stay away. He tried to keep himself busy with small tasks in order not to think about it, but digging rocks out of the soil reminded him about the battle he had fought with the rocks to save the boat, and patching the holes in his old house was too much like caulking the hull of the boat. He tried wandering down to the waterfront in the cove, where his forsaken cronies gathered to gossip and stare at the water, but he discovered that he could talk about nothing if he could not talk about the boat.

By the time the third day came, Marku paced around his little house until Dani scolded him out. He walked back and forth to the village. He walked up and down the path that led to the shore. But he did not go down to the shore, nor would he look in the direction of the boat. He only noticed that the mistral was blowing, and that it was not blowing too hard.

At last the sun went down, red and round, until the sea swallowed it, and for the first time in many, many months Marku saw the green flash as the last thin slice disappeared. He waited impatiently for the darkness to follow, and when at last it came, he walked for the hundredth time that day down the path to the shore, trying to control the urge to run. The moon lighted the tops of the rocks as he strode across them. It was full, but it would set soon, leaving the night black except for the stars.

He reached the cavern entrance quickly and scrambled nimbly below. His heart was pounding wildly as he turned his head to where the boat should be. A beam



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, well, we can't save them all."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of moonlight shone down through the rocks, silhouetting the black boat.

"Mother of Jesus," he muttered. He rushed over to the boat and felt it with his hands to make sure his eyes weren't playing tricks with him. Then he turned and ran to the entrance, scrambling up the rocks like a fleeing animal.

Dani was sitting at the table when he came through the door. "It is still there," he gasped between breaths. His eyes were glowing and his cheeks were very red. "Dani, the boat. It is still there. It is ours. We must get ready to leave."

Dani stood up, her eyes dazed with confusion. She looked about her and raised her open palms. "Get ready?" she said. "Get what ready? There is nothing to get ready."

"All the better," the old man said. "Then let us go now."

They collected a few things around the room and put them in an old string bag. The woman put a loaf of hard bread and a piece of salted goat meat on top. Then they left the house and closed the door tight. Dani stood before the door, saying nothing.

"Come, Dani," the old man whispered impatiently. "We must hurry now." He took her by the arm and pulled her along the path with him. He guided her down to the shore and helped her walk from rock to rock. The wind was still blowing gently, sending small waves lapping into the shore. When they reached the beginning of the rock wall where the cavern was, Marku said, "Wait here, Dani, and I will bring the boat."

It was black in the cavern, but the old man knew it as well as his own house. The excitement seemed to give him added strength, and he easily moved the boat from the gravel into the water. Climbing in, he guided it through the cavern. When he reached the mouth, he pushed heavily against a rock and quickly ducked his head below the coaming. The boat shot through the opening, out into the fresh sea air.

Dani was still standing there, and Marku took the boat to her and made it fast to the rocks. Then he climbed out and stood beside her.

"Look at her, Dani," he said proudly. "She is a beautiful boat."

"It is very small for such a great journey," Dani replied.

"Small, yes," he said, "but strong. Now, I must step the mast and we will be away." He started into the boat again, but stopped suddenly as a strange noise reached his ears. Dani heard it, too, and looked up along the shore where it seemed to come from. Then it sounded again, the sound of one rock crashing into others.

"Someone is coming," the old man whispered. "Well," he said, "one cannot always have good luck."

Dani clutched the old man's arm, closed her eyes tightly, and whispered prayers. Her body was trembling.

"Madonna, it is the boy," the old man said as a figure emerged from the blackness. "But he has brought someone with him. Perhaps it is the devil himself, Krujan."

The figures came closer, and old Marku saw that the second one was a girl. "Boy," he called out, "have you come to take the boat away? But why did you wait so long? Why did you let us have so much hope?"

The boy came close so that he could see the old man's face. "We have come here for three nights, old man, but you did not come. This is the girl I told you about. But I didn't tell you all." He was bre[illegible] heavily, and his voice was pitched [illegible]nd uneven. He looked back up toward th[illegible]ntains before he went on. "My girl—she [illegible] her family will be arrested any day for [illegible] they say is treason against the governm[illegible] I have seen this in my father's papers. I—[illegible]nk he is even responsible for it. You see, he doesn't want us . . ."

He stopped and swallowed hard, then with an effort controlled his voice. "We want to go away together," he said, drawing closer and looking into the old man's eyes. "Will you take us with you?"

"You want to go to Italy with us?" the old man asked, his voice rising uncertainly.

"Will you take us?" the boy asked again. The girl moved closer to him and put her head against his shoulder.

The old man looked at the boy for a full minute without speaking. Then a smile slowly traced its way across his lips. "But what about those, how did you call them, those capitalists, in Italy?"

"Perhaps they are not so bad," the boy answered. "Anyway, we will see." He was smiling, too.

With the boy's help the old man stepped the mast, feeling it slip snugly into place. "It is your mast," he said to the boy. "It is my boat, but it is your mast. Now," he said finally, "we must go."

The girl climbed into the boat and huddled down next to the boy. Only Dani stood on the shore now.

"Hurry, Dani," the old man called as he fastened the rough oars in place to row out beyond the rocks.

"Marku," she said after a few minutes, "I cannot go."

The old man climbed up on shore and stood in front of her. "But we have hoped for this as long as we can remember, Dani. Now our chance has come."

"If we had gone at first, then it would have been different," she said. "But now we are very old." She started to cry. Marku had not seen her cry in many years.

"Marku," she repeated, "I cannot go. If you feel that you must go, then go. But I was born here, Marku, and I will die here, now that the time has come close."

The boy looked up from the boat and called, "We are ready. Hadn't we better start?"

The old man looked down at him and the girl. He looked at Dani. He looked up at the sky and felt the wind on his face. Then he spoke. "The mistral will take you out of danger tonight. Then it will die out, and the sirocco will come. But that, too, will be a gentle wind. By tomorrow night you will be there."

"But why do you not come," the boy said, "after all of your work?"

The old man paused for a moment. "You and the girl are going to Italy so you can begin your life together," he said slowly. "I will stay here so that my woman and I can finish ours together."

He bent over and pushed the boat out into the water. The boy took the oars and rowed it past the rocks. "Thank you, old man," he called.

Dani and Marku watched as the boat moved farther away. They heard the oars stop and saw the outline of the sail rising against the sky.

"It is a beautiful boat the sirocco brought us," the old man said.

"Yes," she replied, "it is a beautiful boat." Then she took his arm and they walked across the rocks toward their home. THE END

TUCSON Green Valley

"Arizona's 100-Million Dollar Retirement Community"

ANNOUNCES A FIRST YEAR INTRODUCTORY APARTMENT RENTAL PROGRAM

One Bedroom Apartment at monthly **$45**

(established rental $90 per month)

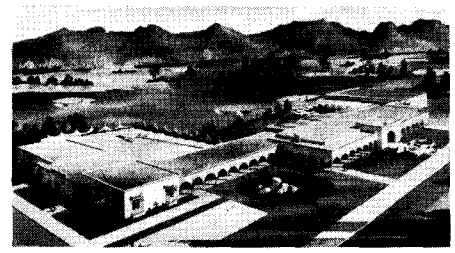
Two Bedroom Apartment at monthly **$55**

(established rental $110 per month)

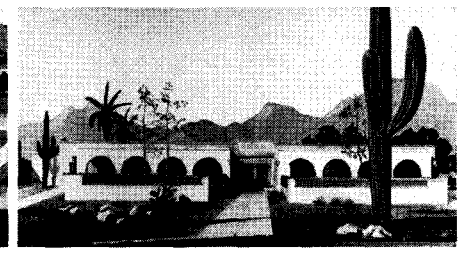
Luxury Apartment at monthly **$100**

(established rental $200 per month)

FROM OCTOBER 1, 1963 TO OCTOBER 1, 1964



Focal point of the social and recreational activities and within easy walking distance is this Recreation Center.



These 1 and 2 bedroom apartments are within easy walking distance of all recreational and commercial facilities.

TEST YOUR RETIREMENT PLANS

Friendly Tucson Green Valley invites you to TEST YOUR RETIREMENT PLANS WHERE YOUR HOUSING DOLLAR GOES TWICE AS FAR. Here warm sun, filtered through dry, smog-free air along with low humidity produces America's healthiest all-year-round climate, the festive illumination of flowers and gardens and nature's most beautiful sunsets.

Enjoy "Country Club" retirement, relaxed or active leisure, in the neighborly, new, ground floor garden apartment developments, rich in landscaping and Spanish Colonial architecture, built around thirty parks and serviced by an 11-store Shopping Plaza. Community facilities also include a Medical Clinic, a Recreational Center with auditorium, club rooms, hobby shops and a garden colonnade restaurant where diners view the magnificence and ever changing colors of the Santa Rita Mountains. There's a championship golf course, Par-3 course, driving range, practice greens, tennis courts, shuffleboard and 7 swimming pools.

In addition to exceptionally low rentals, retirees in rental apartments also receive at *no additional cost* apartment maintenance care including community landscaping, unlimited water for domestic and patio use and use of all recreational facilities. Already advance reservations exceed the number of apartments available in February.

APARTMENT RESERVATIONS FOR QUALIFIED APPLICANTS NOW BEING TAKEN FOR MARCH OCCUPANCY

Maxon Construction Company, Community Developers • Maxon, Smith & Mackie, Architects

RESERVE YOUR TUCSON Green Valley APARTMENT NOW

Now you can try retirement living at lowest possible cost—and without down payment or long term mortgage commitment.

RETIREMENT FOUNDATION, INC.
BOX 3985 N TUCSON, ARIZONA

☐ SEND ME AN APPLICATION TO RENT AN APARTMENT

☐ SEND ME ADDITIONAL INFORMATION ON TUCSON GREEN VALLEY AND ITS NON-PROFIT SPONSOR.

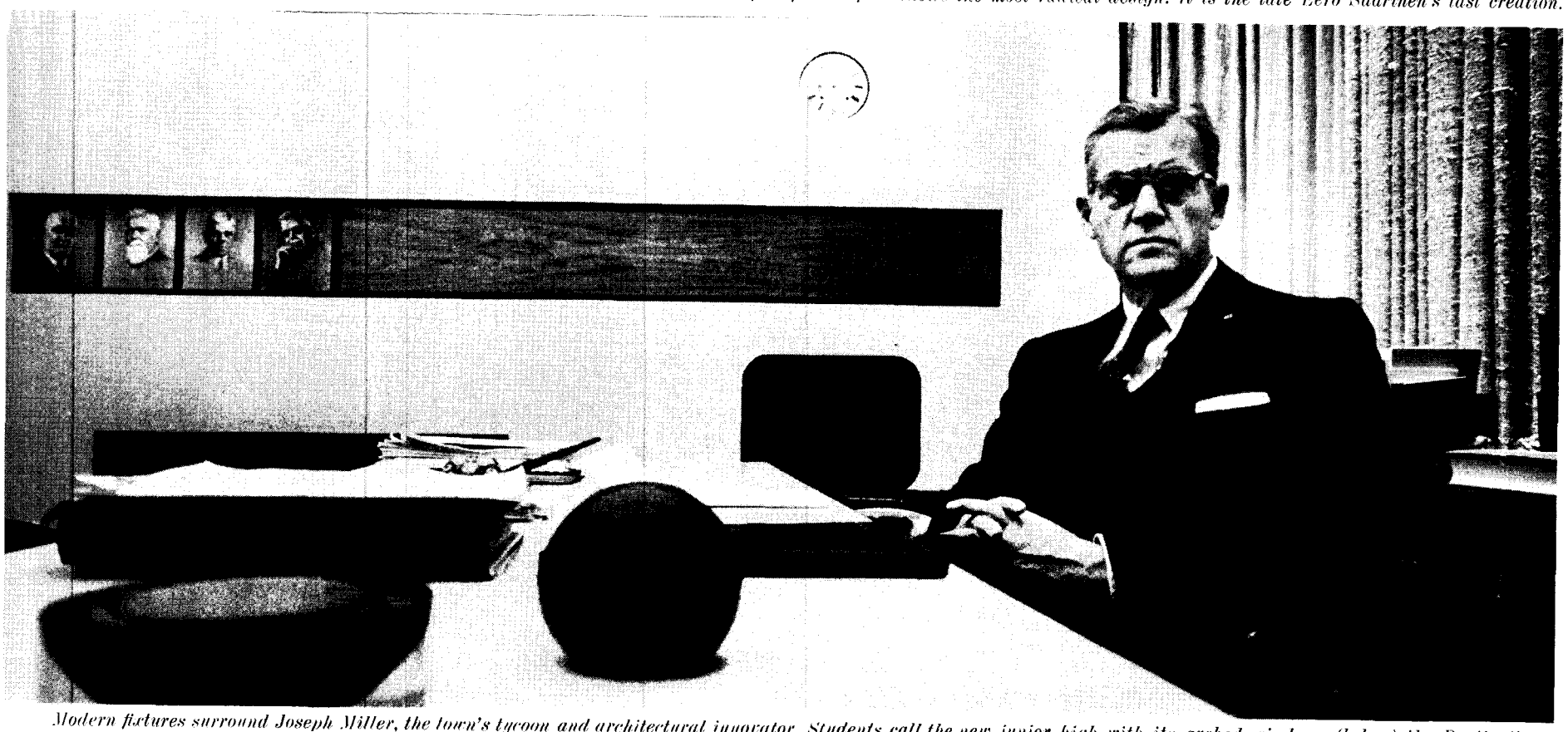
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

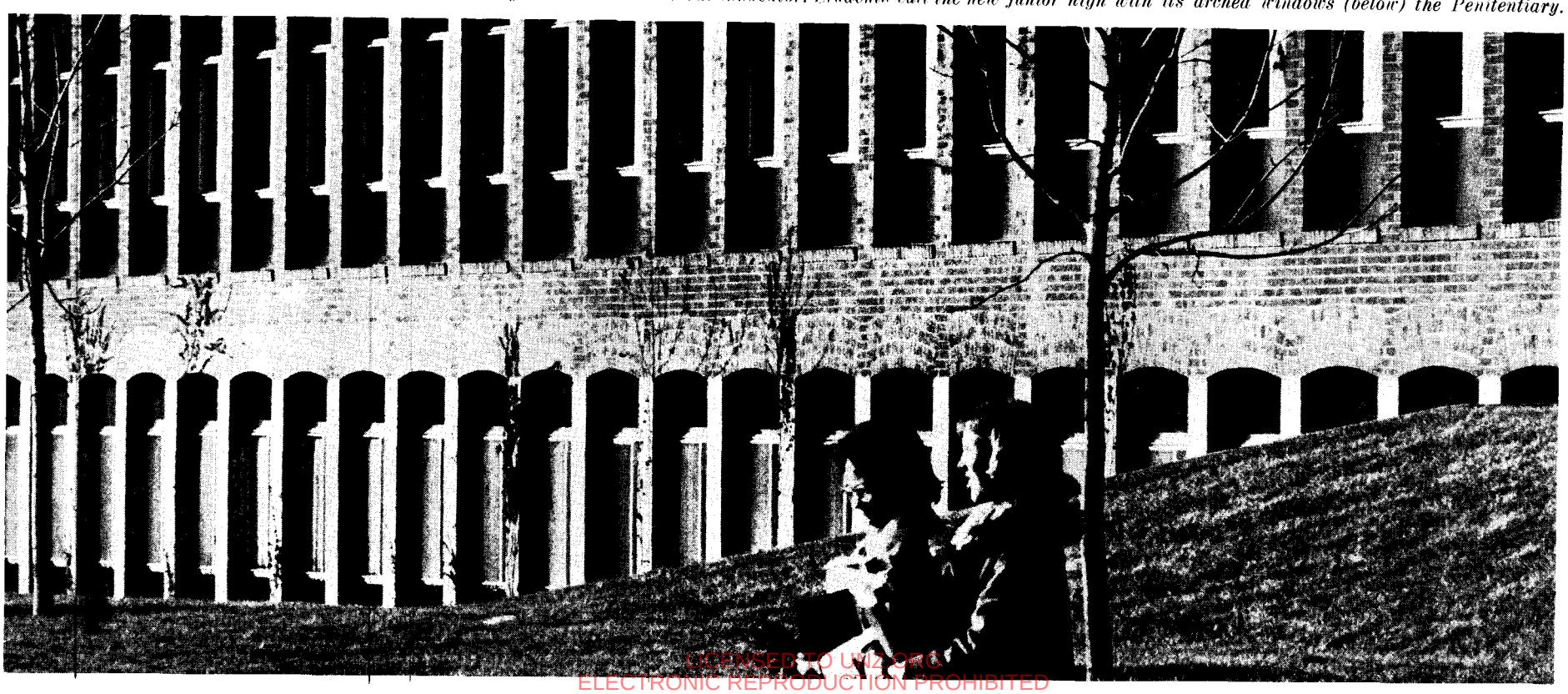
CITY/STATE _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the golden age of Columbus, Indiana, architecture, this church with its 135-foot fluted spire shows the most radical design. It is the late Eero Saarinen's last creation.

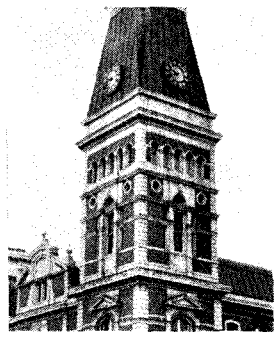


Modern fixtures surround Joseph Miller, the town's tycoon and architectural innovator. Students call the new junior high with its arched windows (below) the Penitentiary.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATHENS ON THE PRAIRIE



Once a typical Hoosier county seat, little Columbus, Ind., is sprouting strange, daringly designed buildings that give an antique cornfield community the startling appearance of a city of the future.

By WALT McCASLIN
Photographs by
DECLAN HAUN

As a motorist rolls toward Columbus, Ind., he will see little that distinguishes it from other midwestern towns. From across the lonely cornland, the belfry of the county courthouse possesses an antique, prairie charm. The countryside about the town's outer limits yields to the usual commercial blight. There is a nondescript shopping center, a roadhouse encircled by skittering neon lights that spell BOB-O-LINK, and a snack stand shaped like a root-beer mug. Then, predictably, there are the old Victorian homes and the humdrum ranch-style houses. But suddenly there is the unexpected: one building, then another, that seems to have been plucked out of a city of the future.

The structures may be banks, churches, schools, homes, the town's recreation center, or even a diesel-engine factory. Columbus, a small Hoosier county seat, is, astonishingly enough, turning into an American architectural mecca.

A renaissance of modern design and extraordinary beauty is thriving in tiny Columbus. Though it has a population of only 25,000, the town can boast 16 new buildings that are modern, different and daring. They were created by some of the world's most renowned contemporary architects—Eliel Saarinen and his son, Eero; San Francisco's John Carl Warnecke, who has been commissioned by Jacqueline Kennedy to design the late President's tomb in Arlington National Cemetery; Chicago's Harry Weese, designer of the U.S. Embassy in Ghana; and The Architects Collaborative (T.A.C.), an association of Walter Gropius's pupils. Moreover, New York architect Edward L. Barnes has been asked to design a school; I. M. Pei will do a public library, and Skidmore, Owings and Merrill a hospital addition. Within the next 10 years the number of unusual buildings in Columbus is expected to double.

The townspeople view all this architectural splendor with a mixture of pride, bewilderment, annoyance and amusement. The roof of a modernistic bank by Eero Saarinen is topped with inverted cups that look like halved tennis balls. One Hoosier has labeled it The Brassiere Factory. Harry Weese's red-brick Northside Junior High School, with its old arched factory windows and rectangular boxlike shape, is fondly called the Penitentiary. And a Weese-designed bank with air-conditioning towers rising stiffly from all four corners is known simply as the Dead Horse.

While it is impossible to describe the impact an imaginative building may have on the human spirit, some Columbus people have been dramatically influenced by their new surroundings. Most startling is the reaction to John Carl Warnecke's McDowell Elementary School building, purposely constructed in a drab neighborhood. The school building is a campus-like arrangement of glass and redwood units offering lively roof rhythms, intimate garden courts and a beguiling variety of shadow patterns which form many different shapes as the sun travels across the sky.

"There has been an uplift in property pride in the area," observes school superintendent Clarence Robbins. "Residents love to sit around the school gardens in the evening. They respect the building and see it as a challenge to their lives. Lawns are neater. Houses are painted. What is more, vandalism against this unit has been lowest in the school system."

Less obvious has been the reaction to Eero Saarinen's "brassiere factory," actually the Irwin Union Bank, a brilliant intertwining of commercial efficiency and artistic beauty. In designing the bank, Saarinen created a glass rectangle with a cast-concrete roof, ingeniously domed to "open up" the structure and relieve the monotony of a low ceiling. The floor is of waxy, used-looking brick, suggesting a courtyard. Bordering trees are placed in such a way as to heighten the outdoor atmosphere, yet at the same time insure the privacy that modern glass buildings so often lack.

"It's hard to prove that skillful architecture has an effect on people," says A. R. Engle, bank vice president and cashier. "But I've sat at a desk up there by the door and watched customers come in. A slight smile comes over their faces, and they seem to want to lift their eyes. I'm convinced they get a different experience from this building than from other downtown offices, although most of them wouldn't be able to put their inner feelings into words."

The driving force behind the plan to turn this small Indiana town into a modern Athens on the prairie is a taciturn and most unusual industrialist named Joseph Irwin Miller. As head of the family that controls the Irwin Bank and Cummins Engine Company, the town's biggest industry, Miller can afford to be the Rockefeller of Columbus. A Hoosier native educated at Yale and Oxford, he also has the background to mix aesthetics with philanthropy. When he is not overseeing the family businesses, he relaxes by reading Plato and books on theology, and giving Bach recitals on a Stradivarius in his Eero Saarinen-designed home.

"Every one of us lives his life under the influence of architecture—at home, at school, at church, at work," Miller recently told the town's school board. "Buildings help determine a child's future tastes, just as his parents and teachers do."

To carry out his theories about architecture, Miller-family interests commissioned the designs for the churches, banks and Cummins Engine's new diesel factory. The factory is another illustration of what can be done with a structure that is different and interesting. The plant was designed by Harry Weese, who believes that technology has its own rugged beauty. Exhaust stacks from engine blocks are incorporated into the design, and the powerhouse's tangle of brightly painted conduits faces huge picture windows so that curious citizens can watch the machinery in operation.

Miller also formed the Cummins Engine Foundation, a small nonprofit organization devoted solely to finding and paying architects for designing the town's schools. When a school building is to be constructed, a foundation advisory board consisting of leading architectural authorities makes up a list of six renowned designers, who are asked to submit plans. If the school board agrees to accept one of the plans, the Cummins Engine Foundation pays the architectural fees. Though Miller in effect is footing the bill, he never tries to dictate his own opinions.

Says Superintendent Robbins, "The remarkable thing about this school program is that it isn't just another effort by a local benefactor to impose his tastes on the community. We are given many different designs to choose from, and the Cummins people never even see the architects when they come to town—unless it's a casual meeting at the Elks. All decisions are up to us."

A spell of bricklayin'

So far, foundation-endowed plans have been used in the building of four schools and the headquarters of the board of education. It is these public structures which have caused most of the controversy in the town. Typical was the criticism leveled at a board-of-education meeting held to consider John Carl Warnecke's design for the McDowell Elementary School. "This fellow from San Francisco," said one disgruntled parent, "doesn't know how to build for Indiana winters. The kids have to go outdoors to get from the class wing to the activities building."

Dr. William Wissman, a physician and then president of the school board, spiked the dissension by declaring that a little exposure to the elements would not harm sturdy Hoosier stock.

More serious are the criticisms offered by townspeople who believe that the fancy new schools are more costly to construct. One citizen, learning about the large number of bricks to be used in the arches for Harry Weese's Northside Junior High, grumbled, "Bricklayin' is expensive, and it'll take quite a spell of bricklayin' to build those arches."

Superintendent Robbins was quick to reply. "Apart from our getting $113,000 in architectural fees from Cummins, absolutely free, Northside was economical to build. What the average person didn't realize was that the contractor used a clever form that made the brickwork go very rapidly. And the arched construction gave us stronger walls with less material. It's hard to combat the notion that what is different or artistically superior has to be expensive. It just isn't so, and we have figures to prove it."

Bob Stevenson, library president and former mayor, summed up the core of the controversy. "With some people," he said, "change itself is an irritation. School taxes have been going up in Columbus, as they have everywhere, and Irwin Miller's schools are convenient scapegoats."

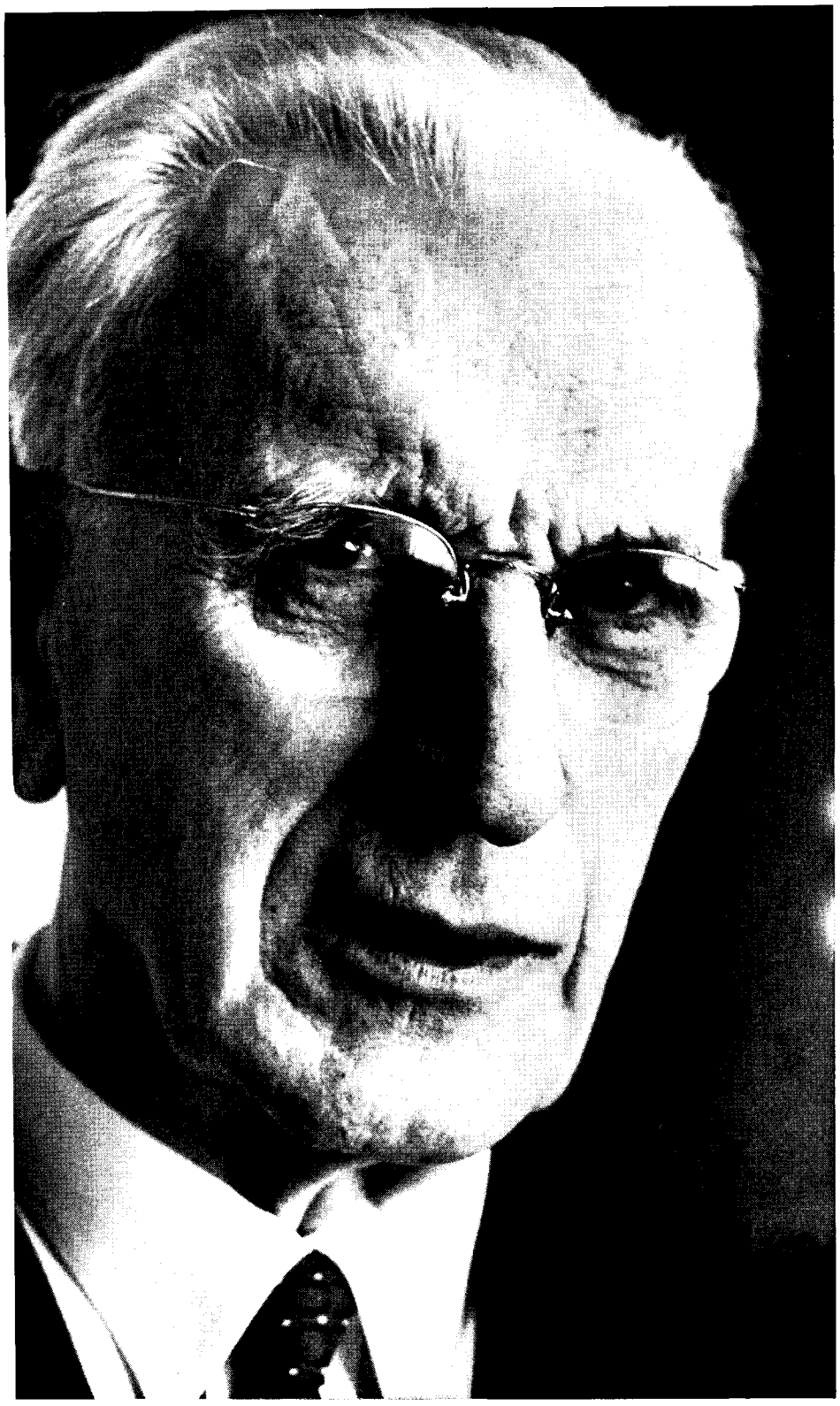
For the most part, however, the residents of this ordinarily conservative Indiana town not only accept but even welcome their new buildings. "We kept this spirit in mind when we approved a local architect's design for a new fire station," declared Mayor E. A. Welmer. "It's probably the only fire station in Indiana that uses domed skylights. We borrowed some of the ideas from the Parkside school."

Mayor Welmer is also convinced that the aesthetic quality of the schools "is definitely one of the things that attracted Master Electric" to locate a plant in Columbus. He added, "When you have a visitor in town, what do you do? You take him on a tour, showing off schools and churches." Furthermore, other groups in Columbus are insisting on the best architecture the nation can offer. The architectural fee for the new library will be the first paid a major designer out of public funds. Board members traveled through Indiana and Kentucky, studied the triumphs and errors of other planners, then pooled their impressions. They decided I. M. Pei's proposals best suited their needs and developing tastes.

One reason this golden age of design has evolved with a minimum of rancor is due to the nature of the buildings. All are distinctive, but only the new Eero Saarinen Northside Christian Church approaches the radical in design. Recently completed (the structure was the famous architect's last project before his death in 1961), the church has become a historic architectural landmark. Set on a base of massive concrete, the church's fluted spire thrusts 135 feet above the monotony of the nearby ranch homes.

As a whole, Columbus will never be a delight to the eye. It is impossible to go back to the dawn of the industrial revolution and begin anew. But one way people learn the difference between the mediocre and the imaginative is to live with both. Today the citizens of Columbus are in a better position than most Americans to make that distinction. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



John McCormack, a legislator of the old school, fooled detractors who said he'd be a disaster as Speaker after Sam Rayburn died.

THE JOB JOHN McCORMACK DREADS

Now heir to the Presidency, the House Speaker, 72, prays nightly for L. B. J.'s health. A host of McCormack critics join in these prayers.

By DON OBERDORFER

On the afternoon of November 22, 1963, just a few minutes after word of President Kennedy's assassination had reached him in Washington, House Speaker John W. McCormack received a second chilling report. It was the unconfirmed story that Lyndon Johnson had suffered a heart attack. McCormack gaped at the aide who had burst into his office to tell him, and then a look of despair passed across the narrow, bony face of the elderly legislator who suddenly stood next in line.

Characteristically, he said nothing, and before long news came that the earlier report was false: Lyndon Johnson was flying back to Washington as President. Yet the inescapable possibility that next time the report could be true has profoundly changed Speaker McCormack's life. At Johnson's direction, he now routinely attends meetings of the top-secret National Security Council, and daily briefings by the State Department keep him abreast of a world where nuclear missiles are always cradled at the ready.

For John McCormack, 72, must be ready at an instant's notice to assume the Presidency, should Lyndon Johnson perish or be disabled.

In the view of critics, it would be a calamity if our Presidential-succession law thrust McCormack into the White House, and the possibility has set off a shock wave of suggestions for changing that law. The editor of the North Adams, Mass. *Transcript* in McCormack's own state went so far as to call upon him to renounce the Speakership—and thus his place in line—in favor of a "younger, stronger and wiser man." Correspondent Sarah McClendon promptly demanded to know if McCormack would accept this editorial advice. "I am amazed by that question," McCormack blazed. "Are there no limits to decency? I was elected Speaker, and I intend to stay on as Speaker."

Except for this one outburst, McCormack has suffered in pained silence while pundits portrayed him as an incompetent hack with one foot in the grave. It is an indictment which, however questionable his qualifications for the Presidency may be, does less than justice to a man who has served his country long and well. For almost 22 years he was the late Speaker Sam Rayburn's able second in command and a faithful advocate of Democratic Party programs.

Though his thinking has not been original or independent, few people would fault him for his field-generalship of such great battles as the 1940 Selective Service Act, Lend-Lease and the Marshall Plan, and a long list of more recent measures in support of minimum wages, slum clearance, civil rights and reciprocal trade. As Rayburn's floor leader during these battles, he could always be found either in a front row of the House, flaying the enemy with sharp-tongued sarcasm, or standing near the doorway as bells were ringing for a vote, his inevitable cigar pointed up (for yes) or down (for no) as a signal to the party faithful.

When McCormack succeeded Rayburn in 1962, there were widespread predictions that the old wheelhorse would be a disaster as Speaker. Instead, the Kennedy Administration was generally pleased with his record.

"Considering the situation," says a leading northern Democratic liberal—never a close friend of McCormack—"the Speaker has done damned well. I seriously doubt that Sam Rayburn could have done better."

Whether there is greater merit in the belief that he would be a disaster as President is a matter of constant speculation. Curiously, despite his 35 years in Congress almost nobody in the capital really knows McCormack at all well as a person. He long ago drew a curtain around his private affairs, keeping out the curious eyes of official Washington.

Few of even his most intimate friends in Congress have ever set foot in the modest three-room

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Coupe (all this and bucket seats, too!)

WE DIDN'T JUST MAKE CHEVELLE BEAUTIFUL AND HOPE FOR THE BEST

You might want Chevelle just because you like its looks. But if you think all we had in mind was a good-looking car smaller than Chevrolet and bigger than Chevy II, read on.

One of the most beautiful things about Chevelle, for instance, is the way it fits between parking meters (with a good five feet left over), yet still gives you a Fisher Body-ful of head room, leg room and shoulder room inside.

You thought those curved side windows are just for looks? They slant way in for easy entry, and don't need bulky space-wasting doors to roll down into.

Chevelle's long wide hood looks nice, too. But it's that way because of all that goes under it—a wide choice of Six and V8 engines, not to mention optional-at-extra-cost equipment like air conditioning and anything else you'd like us to put there. And if you do lots of traveling, Chevelle's smart rear deck looks even better when you open it up—27.3 cu. ft. of space, no less. (In case you haven't cubed a foot lately, that's enough room for 4 overnight bags, 2 two-suiters, 2 pullmans, 1 wardrobe and 1 train case, with a set of golf clubs thrown in for good measure.)

You can see we've been very practical about the whole thing. And if you think anything like we do about Chevelle, you're practically driving one already. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

CHEVELLE! BY CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaker McCormack: "I would rather be good than great."

John McCormack

suite in the Hotel Washington overlooking the U.S. Treasury, where the childless McCormacks have lived since 1928. There, each day after work, the white-maned Speaker has dinner alone with his devoted wife Harriet, before retiring to write letter after letter in his angular, laborious script to the families of deceased constituents in his Boston wards.

He and his wife have dined together every evening since their marriage in June of 1920, which probably sets a record for devotion. McCormack always cuts the meat on his wife's plate, a custom which began early in their married life and continues for sentimental reasons. If some rare political or civic banquet proves to be inescapable, McCormack will make an appearance but ignore the food, saving his appetite for the usual room-service meal at home with Harriet. Some months ago the Massachusetts Knights of Columbus planned to honor him with its highest award at a traditional stag dinner attended by political and church leaders, prominent businessmen and entertainment figures. McCormack agreed to appear but would stay for dinner only if his wife were by his side. She was the only woman there.

The McCormacks seldom entertain, and appear at Washington social events so rarely that it rates headlines whenever they do. For years their idea of recreation has been a solitary walk together or, more recently, an excursion in the chauffeur-driven Speaker's limousine, perhaps with a stop for milk and ice cream.

Worldly Washington would be astonished to learn that the Speaker has no outside businesses or law clients and owns no earthly possessions except his clothing and furniture, an old car and some government bonds. He gives much of his $45,000 annual pay to charity. The McCormacks' permanent home is a far cry from Hyannis Port mansions or the commodious LBJ ranch. It is a rented second-story flat on Edward Everett Square in working-class Boston, with lace curtains in the windows.

McCormack doesn't drink and never tells a joke. And his spindly frame and chalk-white pallor, emphasized by his slack-fitting funereal suits of pin-stripe blue and gray, have long stamped him with fading antiquity. But last summer he nonchalantly hiked three miles in Boston's Dorchester Day Parade, leaving younger men puffing and wheezing. On his 72nd birthday last December 21 he labored through the night at the Capitol with vacation-eager congressmen, then returned fresh and alert three hours later to begin another day.

A true understanding of McCormack begins at the gloomy cold-water flat where he lived as a boy in South Boston, the ancestral and sentimental home of most of the city's Irish Catholics. "My father," says the Speaker, "was a stonemason and bricklayer. He died when I was thirteen. The day I graduated from grammar school, I went to work as a Western Union boy at three dollars a week. A Sunday paper route, with the help of my two younger brothers, brought home another eight to ten dollars. Later I went to work in a law office and eventually learned enough to pass the bar exam. I kept the paper route for six months after I hung out my shingle."

At House, Speaker dunks for constituent; Mrs. Etta Winokur owns doughnut shops.

"Knowing what it is to be poor," says a Boston contemporary, "John has never moved away from his people. His birthplace is now the site of a public-housing project he arranged. He's always helping some guy who's down on his luck, and he's never taken a dime. There'll never be another like him."

Until just two years ago McCormack regularly handed out at Christmas more than a thousand old-fashioned food baskets or cash donations to the needy in his wards, using an army of customs collectors, postal workers and federal clerks—many of them beneficiaries of McCormack's extensive patronage power—as delivery boys. "He's the last of the Last Hurrah," says a member of the late President's White House "Irish Mafia" who knows McCormack well.

Incredibly, he never even kept a list of the thousands he helped. Once when he faced a serious election challenge, worried friends compiled such a favor roster from old office files as the basis for a mailed appeal for votes. After the election McCormack ordered it destroyed—on the unorthodox grounds that citizens should not be badgered because their congressman had done them a service. "I would rather," he has said, "be good than great."

His lack of organization was a handicap in 1962, when his nephew Eddie ran for U.S. senator against Teddy Kennedy. The McCormacks were snowed under even in the Speaker's home ward. Despite widespread speculation, however, the contest between these two powerful Massachusetts Catholic clans failed to spill over into bitterness between the late President and his top leader in the House. On the contrary, something akin to mutual affection developed between the two men. McCormack saw in John Kennedy everything he lacked—youth, erudition, wit, glamour.

For his part, Kennedy regarded the Speaker as a kindly old uncle, if not always a superefficient one. And he never forgot the help McCormack gave him in 1952, when as a young congressman he sought to unseat then-Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. The year before, a Kennedy amendment cutting foreign aid to Israel had failed to pass in the House but succeeded in irritating his Jewish constituents in Boston. As Election Day approached, Republican speechmakers took pains to remind Jewish voters of young Kennedy's transgression.

Though he had warned Kennedy at the time against his foolhardy proposal, McCormack responded instantly to the congressman's appeal for help against the Republican enemy. Appearing at a hastily arranged rally in Ward 14—where he is fondly known as "Rabbi John"—McCormack announced that he himself had secretly drawn up Kennedy's amendment—as a parliamentary ploy to forestall the plans of "powerful forces" for deeper cuts in aid to Israel.

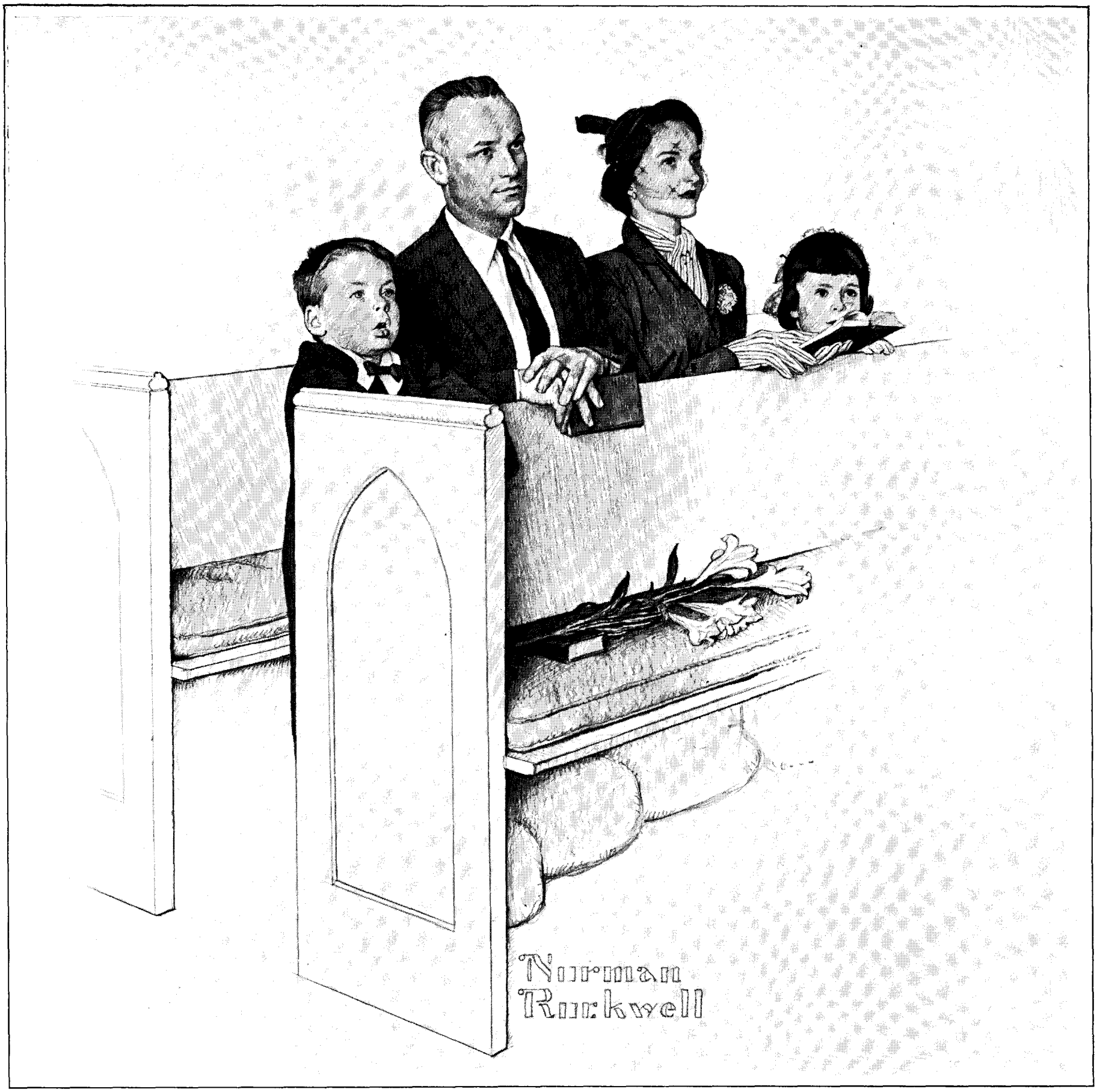
McCormack's version, which was spun from sheerest blarney, saved the day. Jewish votes helped Kennedy defeat Lodge. "I was a maverick in his camp in the House for six years, and still he did that for me," the grateful Kennedy later exclaimed to a new congressman. "You stick with John McCormack, and you'll be all right."

The Speaker is on even closer terms with Lyndon Johnson than he was with J.F.K. Both Johnson and McCormack were devoted intimates of Sam Rayburn and, when the occasion demanded, Johnson sometimes used the old pro from Boston to soften up Mr. Sam. President and Speaker remain good friends today. When Pentagon experts recently proposed to close the Boston Navy Yard in an economy drive, McCormack promptly called the White House. "Now, Lyndon," he said paternally, "now, Mr. President..." Before the day was out, the facility had Presidential dispensation.

Kennedy, Johnson and McCormack have all occupied roughly the same moderately liberal wedge of the Democratic spectrum. But just as the style of L.B.J. is totally unlike his predecessor's, so is McCormack's unlike Johnson's. John Kennedy came to his maturity in the political sophistication of the postwar years, Lyndon Johnson in the emotional upheaval of the New Deal—and John McCormack in the old America where the immigrant poor and the pauper's basket were everyday realities, and where the highest value was unswerving loyalty no matter what the rub.

Should another disaster occur, the Presidency would once more pass backward in time from a younger generation to the one that went before. Probably no man in America would be more unhappy to see this happen than Speaker McCormack. He prays to God every night for the President's health. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

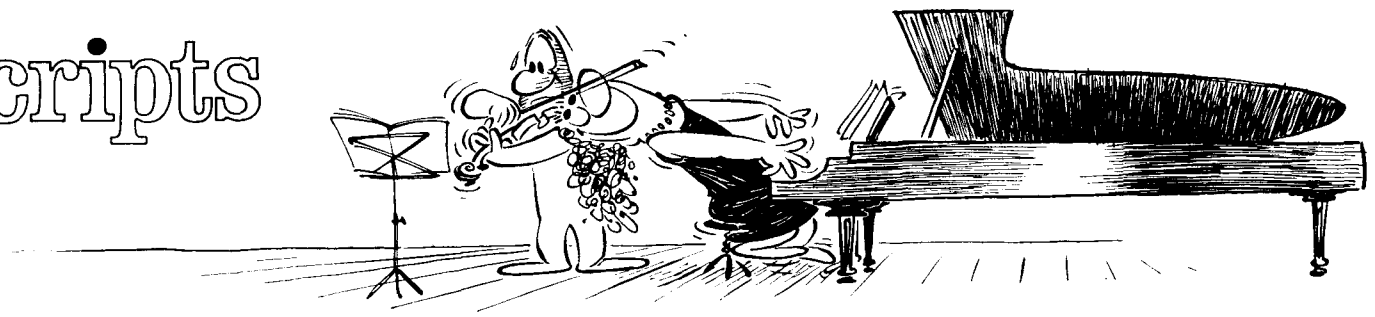


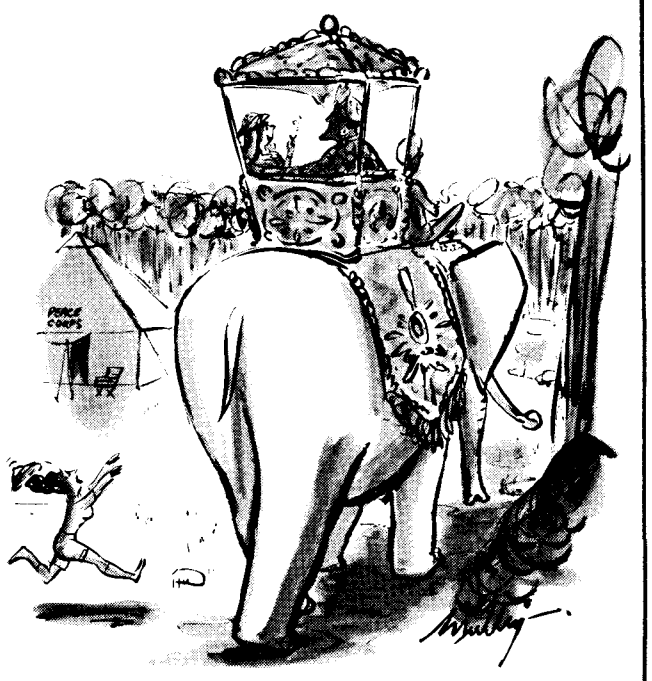
IN THIS SEASON it is well to remember that the hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future. Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility for helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS • ORGANIZED 1851

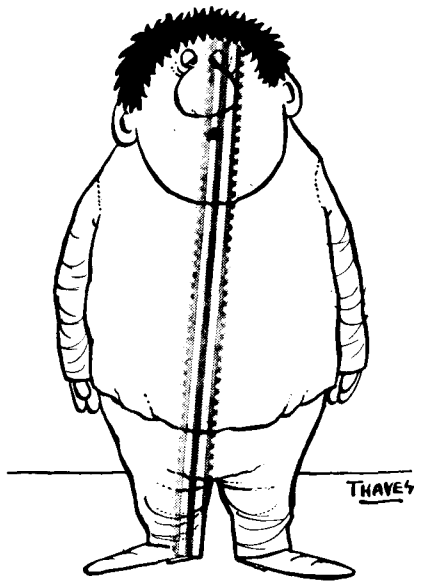
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

post scripts





"Miriam, what will I tell Sargent Shriver?"



"Then I said, 'I'll give you exactly ten seconds to get your motorcycle out of my driveway!'"

"... now, about your entertainment deductions ..."

"How about adding a little garlic and cinnamon?"

"I've been informed of some rather distressing news."

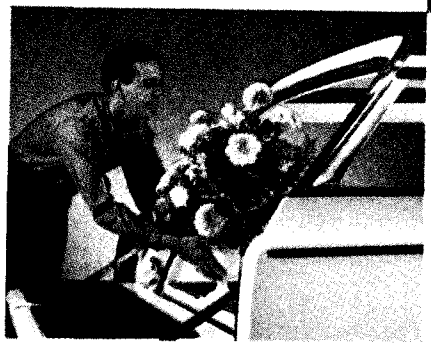
"They keep improving these putters all the time."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vista-Cruiser...a brand new kind of station wagon by OLDSMOBILE

Look to Olds for all that's new! And you can start with this brand new family-of-wagons for wagon families! *Vista-Cruiser—a beautiful combination of prestige and practicality in four fashionable versions!* Unique Vista-Roof gives you a whole new point of view! Lets you sit up, facing forward, even in three-seat models! Gives you extra room for cargo . . . and more height to load it. Add a spirited Jetfire Rocket V-8 Engine that puts up to 290 horses to work for you. And a full ten-foot wheelbase to wed you to the road. Here's a new-size, you-size beauty that spells wagon with a capital "Wow!" See and drive the versatile new Vista-Cruiser at your Oldsmobile Quality Dealer's soon!

Third seat faces forward . . . folds down! Vista-Cruiser three-seat models give every passenger look-ahead comfort! Rear-seat passengers enter through second door rather than tailgate. Seat folds quickly and easily into floor for cargo. (Two-seat Vista-Cruiser models are also available.)



Cargo room to spare . . . over 100 cubic feet! Vista-Cruiser's whopping cargo area exceeds most wagons on the road. Extra roof height (33.7 inches) accommodates tall objects with ease.

'64 OLDS— WHERE THE ACTION IS!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION • QUALITY BUILDERS OF NINETY-EIGHT, STARFIRE, SUPER 88, DYNAMIC 88, JETSTAR I, JETSTAR 88, F-85

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Normand Poirier

Robert Goulet and Carol were wed last August.

Lawrence of Illinois

Carol Lawrence was just another face when she arrived on Broadway. But fierce drive, Spartan self-discipline and hard work have helped her butt her way to the top.

Halfway through the hectic taping of an Ed Sullivan TV show, the director decided that several spotlights needed adjusting. "Everybody relax for a minute," he shouted, and the army of technicians did. But not the performer on stage—a slender, black-haired girl in a slinky red gown. She scurried into the orchestra to greet a bald-headed man seated in the third row, engaged him in a frantic whispered conversation, then rushed back before the cameras.

"What a girl!" muttered the man, agent Harry Romm. "All this going on," he said, pointing to the bedlam on stage, "and she's worried about the orchestra where she'll do her club act next week. She says she knows that orchestra and that their timing may be off. Forty million people will see *this* TV show, but she's thinking about what's going to happen next Tuesday in another town."

That, of course, is precisely Carol Lawrence. About her business, she is unrelaxed, utterly professional, coldly calculating. She leaves nothing to chance, nothing undone to assure success. She was that way at 15 when, hair piled high to affect a more sophisticated 17, she was hoofing part-time in Chicago clubs for $20 bills. She was that way at 25 when, her hair shoulder-length to affect a more innocent 17, she was singing, dancing and weeping buckets nightly in *West Side Story* for $350 a week. And she is that way today. At 31 she commands more than $300,000 a year for a versatility that has been displayed in Broadway's *Subways Are for Sleeping* and *Night Life*, in the film *A View from the Bridge*, and in some 40 TV roles ranging from the demon-possessed girl in *The Dybbuk* to appearances with Ed Sullivan, Garry Moore and Jack Paar.

She has had to be a master at tactics, because Carol Lawrence is a classic example of the performer who is really less gifted than crafted. What she is, she has made herself—through relentless hard work, a Spartan self-discipline and implacable ambition. When she arrived on Broadway in 1951, she was just another dancer with a cute face. Producer Leonard Sillman, who gave her a start in his *New Faces of 1952*, remembers her. "She was good at tap, but her voice was untrained, and she didn't know much about acting. In fact, John Murray Anderson, who staged the show, wanted to fire her. But she wept a lot and begged to stay on, so we kept her as an understudy. She *did* have a nice quality. But she's a manufactured rather than a creative talent."

Carol admits it. "For Broadway," she says, "I rehearsed twenty-five hours a day. It's the person who bats his head against a stone wall who gets somewhere."

Few have ever butted with more ferocity. For *West Side Story* she auditioned 13 times in 11 months. For one TV show she rehearsed 17 hours straight while ill with mononucleosis. To accustom her feet to toe shoes for a ballet—after a two-year layoff—she wore them around the house eight hours a day for weeks. She astonished Broadway veterans by auditioning for Sidney Kingsley's *Night Life* with a complete scene from the script, which her agent had acquired from the author; and she even brought along a wardrobe lady so that she could do several costume changes.

She can't stop working

If a TV special calls for two weeks of rehearsals, she'll often do four—on her own time. If she senses a flaw in her nightclub act, she'll hold over dancers and orchestra for a three A.M. rehearsal—at her own expense. And just to insure the act's perfection, she takes with her a musical director, a drummer, a guitar player, two dancers, a wardrobe mistress and a secretary at a weekly cost of $5,000.

At her highly publicized marriage to singer Robert Goulet last August at New York's Plaza Hotel, she kept a hairdresser-in-waiting throughout the festivities so that her coiffure would remain faultless. And except for a brief honeymoon in Toronto, she has been plying her trade in New York, Las Vegas and Miami, while her husband has been anchored in Hollywood making films.

But all of these tactics are merely an extension of the girl she was back in her native Melrose Park, a suburb of Chicago. "I got all A's in my freshman year in high school," she says, "and I remember how proud my parents and relatives were. Well, then it became important to get all A's in my sophomore year, and imperative in my junior year, and an *obsession* in my senior year."

She did. And because she was taking dancing lessons four days a week—a regimen started when she was seven—she had no time left for dances or parties or boyfriends. But at 17 she did graduate first in a class of 700 at her high school. She seems never to have stopped trying to score A's. "I can't live any other way," she says. "I throw myself into everything that I do, whether it's dancing or making a stew. If you want to criticize that as naked ambition, well, I guess that it is. I know no other way."

She drives herself savagely. Near the end of a recent one-month stand at New York's Persian Room, where her act drew smash reviews, her normal weight of 105 pounds dipped into the 90's. Her dark brown eyes looked tired, and her cheeks were sunken. Yet she submitted to daily schedules like this: 9:30 A.M., clothes fitting for TV panel show; 10, taping of two panel shows; noon, Boy Scout luncheon in The Bronx; 1:30 P.M., two more panel-show tapings; 4, dance rehearsal for TV special; 6, dinner alone in hotel suite; 7, hair wash; 9, first Persian Room performance; midnight, second show; 1 A.M., after-show well-wishers in the suite; 3, good-night.

She sustained herself on this sample day with a breakfast of cashew nuts and a banana, a sandwich for lunch, numerous cups of tea and caffeine lozenges through the afternoon, and about six forkfuls of creamed chicken for dinner. It was while she nibbled at the chicken, leaning her head against a fist, that she giggled nervously and said, "I get so exhausted that I can't eat. It won't go down." She gets so exhausted that she can't sleep either, without a pill.

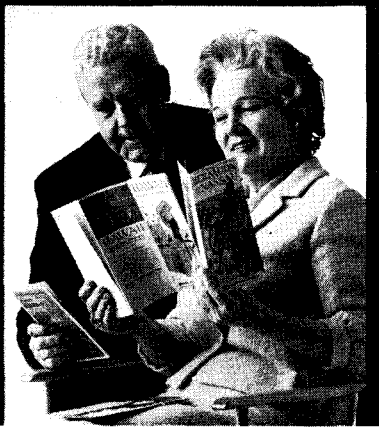
But she insists that this kind of pace is necessary. "They hammer you when you're hot. That's the nature of the business. Right now, because of my act, I'm considered hot. They want you for this

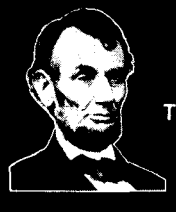
Carol sings during nightclub act. She pays for after-hours rehearsals of band and dancers when she senses flaws in her routine.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LOOK FOR THE

Whenever a Lincoln penny passes through your fingers, remember: You may not be able to save enough from your salary to provide for a comfortable retirement. But, chances are, you can afford a Lincoln Life policy which provides adequate retirement income, if you start early enough. Phone your Lincoln Life agent.





THE Lincoln NATIONAL Life INSURANCE COMPANY

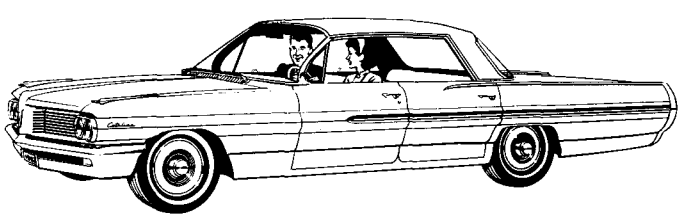
ITS NAME INDICATES ITS CHARACTER — FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SKILLED HANDS
SPECIAL TOOLS
GENUINE GM PARTS . . .

TAKE THE GUESSWORK OUT OF CAR CARE

Your Guardian Maintenance serviceman is trained and skilled to do the job right. He has the advantage of professional training at one of the 30 national General Motors Training Centers. The specialized equipment he uses means a faster, finer job. This distributor tester, for example, takes the guesswork out of a distributor overhaul. It analyzes the problem and makes more precise adjustments possible. He has available genuine GM parts engineered to original specifications for replacement whenever necessary. See your GM dealer regularly for long-run service savings.



SEE YOUR GM DEALER FOR QUALITY SERVICE

GUARDIAN MAINTENANCE

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • GMC TRUCK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

show, that show, this interview, that commercial. You have to do it. When you cool off a bit, you're forgotten."

Several days later she was less tired, after a relatively light schedule, and in better spirits. She used the whole room for conversation—wide-armed gestures, brisk strides, sudden pirouettes. She was wearing a black turtleneck sweater that accentuated her square shoulders, smallish dancer's bust and wasp waist. She spoke of the scholarship she had won to Northwestern University, where she found the tempo so slow that she quit after her freshman year. "I was *bored* to tears," she said.

So she went to Broadway, rented a hotel room, and won an understudy role in Producer Sillman's *New Faces*. Three weeks before the show opened, the girl Carol was understudying broke an ankle, and Lawrence of Illinois got to perform.

There were a half-dozen shows after *New Faces* and before *West Side Story*, and though they brought her little recognition, she spoke of them with expansive good humor. "I knew I was learning all the time. This is when I was working twenty-five hours a day. I'd *drag* myself home at night. But I was confident, even then, it would end up all right."

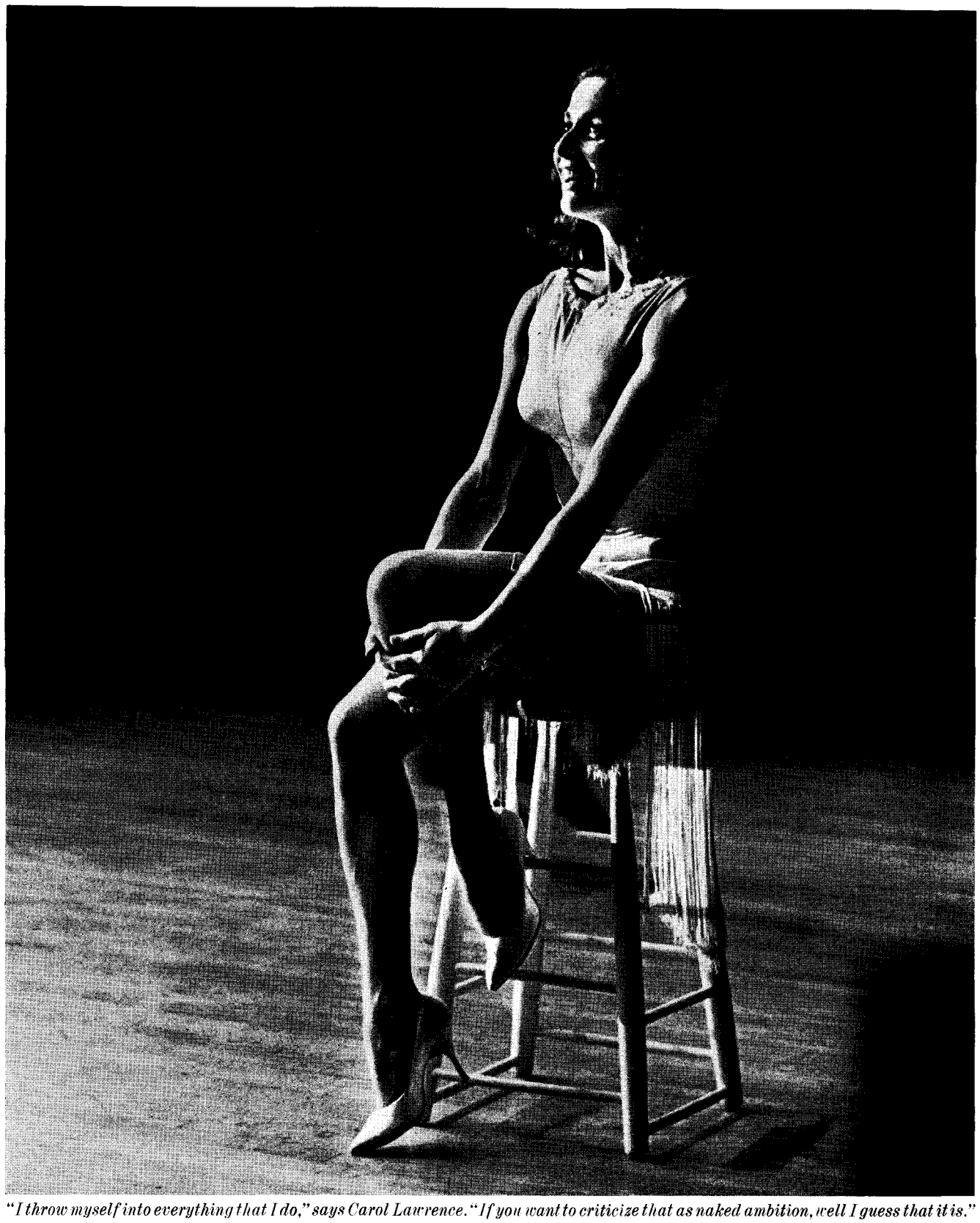
She fell in love for the first time in Hollywood when she was 21 and making a movie version of *New Faces*. He was a businessman. "And I won't tell you his name, because he's married now, and I don't think his wife would like it. But I thought I was so much in love. I was crushed," and she paused. "Well, for twenty minutes anyway."

And then there was Cosmo Allegretti, her first husband.

"Yes," she said, the smile fading from her lips. "Then there was Cosmo." He was—and still is—the puppeteer on the *Captain Kangaroo* TV show. They met in a television studio in 1955, and four months later were married in Melrose Park to the unconcealed delight of Carol's mother and father, the latter an insurance man and town clerk. "All my relatives had wanted their little Carol to get married," she said. "You know, poor Carol alone in that big, wicked city, shaving her legs and doing who knows what else. Everybody thought it was so right that I believed it too." But 46 months later Allegretti obtained an annulment in New York on grounds that Carol refused to have children. He testified that she had told him, "My career is all-important, and I intend to pursue it no matter what."

She smiled a little as she considered the charge. "Makes me sound like the cruel, selfish woman, doesn't it? Career before children and a home. But it wasn't an issue at first. By the time it became an issue, I knew the marriage wouldn't last. I felt he had the medieval approach to marriage. The woman should be down there," and she pointed as if from a high place to her elegantly booted feet, "with the slippers and the adoring, upturned eyes. I'd be up at six to make breakfast, I'd watch *Captain Kangaroo* faithfully and daily greet him with constructive criticism," she said, sarcasm leaking into her voice. "And I'd make the costumes for his puppets and do part of his wash by hand. And remember, all this time I had the slight matter of eight shows a week to do of my own in *West Side Story*.

"Well, anyway," she said as she smiled again, "I knew I'd made a mistake. You see? I don't always get straight A's."



"I throw myself into everything that I do," says Carol Lawrence. "If you want to criticize that as naked ambition, well I guess that it is."

Allegretti, 35, now father of a two-year-old son but divorced a second time, still blames her career for their troubles. "We had everything going for us. She was warm, loving, a real good wife. At first. I admit I don't believe in fifty-fifty marriages, that two people can have careers. Maybe I'm old-fashioned," he said, looking down at his hands and frowning. "But I wanted a family. She promised me that after *West Side* she'd forget the career. And when the show closed, I took her on a cruise, sort of a honeymoon. Well, halfway through the cruise I noticed that she had brought some French-lesson records with her. I asked her why she wanted to learn French, and she told me she had signed for a part in a new show. Well, that finished it, I'll tell you," he said angrily. "She's amazing. She seems to have to keep proving to everybody how great she is!"

After the annulment, Carol Lawrence continued her climb, stopping long enough to pluck a fresh husband, Robert Goulet—a blue-eyed, 30-year-old singer who has been rising steadily since 1960, when he made his Broadway debut in *Camelot*. "I met him at a party," she says. "At first there was nothing. We met several times after that—and still nothing. But we did a TV show together, and that's when we developed an interest in one another. We're both mature, we both know about the problem of careers. And we both want children. I don't know if there'll be three or forty."

They have the room for forty. There's a snug 20-room bungalow in Bedford Village, N.Y. There's Carol's New York apartment. And just recently the Goulets bought a 25-year-old French regency cottage in Beverly Hills.

Goulet says all this professional gallivanting of hers will end soon. "She'll be first a wife and second an actress," he says. "And if we have children, she'll be first a wife, second a mother, and third an actress. In some matters I alone will make the decisions. In others we'll make them together. But there are some areas in which the husband must be boss."

Carol agrees. Or at least she sounds as if she agrees. "I'm not doing any more nightclubs after this tour," she said, hastily washing off TV makeup while her wardrobe lady packed her costumes and her secretary rattled off information about plane schedules. "I'm going to live on the Coast and start making a home for us. Of course, it's very difficult to look ahead in show business and definitely say what you'll be doing. Who knows when the perfect script might come along?" She smiled, and with her camel's-hair coat wrapped around her shoulders, rushed out of the theater to hail a cab, which would take her to the airport—and still another job. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TWINS WHO FOUND EACH OTHER

Parted soon after birth and rea

By Bard Lindeman

On a mild January night 14 months ago, a tall, handsome man of 24 named Tony Milasi stepped from a jetliner at Miami International Airport for the most important encounter of his life. Masking his excitement with flippancy, he called a greeting to the man at the foot of the mobile stairs. "Hi," he shouted. "I haven't seen you in twenty-four years."

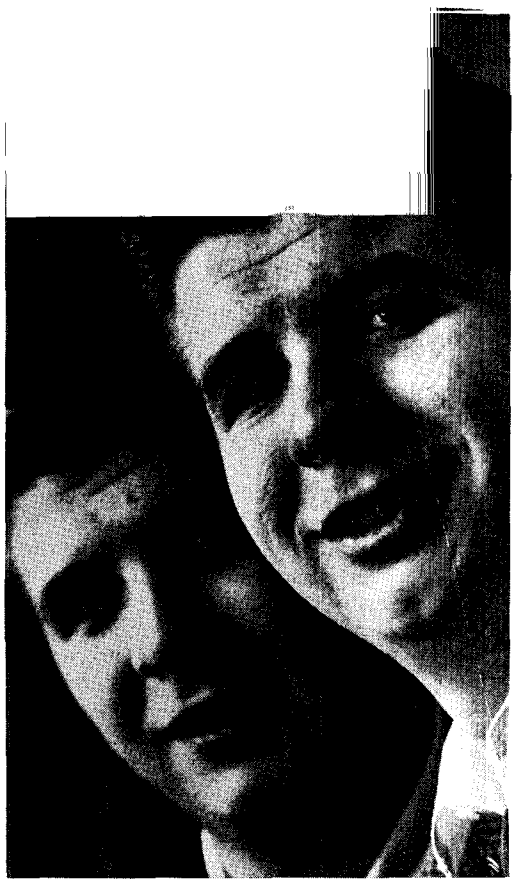
Waiting nervously for him to descend was his brother, Roger Brooks, also 24. Roger had been planning this night for a month, but now he did not know whether to grab the newcomer and hug him or shake his hand.

It was a moment neither man will ever forget. For Tony Milasi, of Binghamton, N.Y., and Roger Brooks, of Miami, Fla., are identical twins. Yet, incredibly, they were meeting for the first time. Separated soon after birth, they had been raised in foster homes more than 1,000 miles apart. Now they stood facing each other in the glare of the airport lights, almost too full of emotion to speak. Self-consciously, they shook hands. "Roger, I can't believe it," Tony said at last.

In many ways the story of the twins who found each other *is* hard to believe. Their story starts on the evening of May 28, 1938, in Binghamton City Hospital. Here, at 8:31 and 8:36 P.M., Dr. Vincent M. Maddi delivered twin boys born to a young Italian mother and a Jewish father. But in this case the normally happy event was a cause of anguish, not joy. There were already two other children in the family, whose weekly income was $15, and the tearful mother explained to Doctor Maddi that she and her husband could not keep the newborn babies—it was just not possible to provide for them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

n foster homes over 1,000 miles apart, they finally met at the age of 24.



Tony is more assured, Roger more sensitive.

Doctor Maddi remembered that a woman neighbor had begged for a child to adopt—Mrs. Joseph Milasi, who lived with her husband above their small grocery and meat market in Binghamton's predominantly Italian Seventh Ward. Pauline Milasi, 46, had lost six children by miscarriage or from infant diseases, and she had finally appealed to Doctor Maddi, a customer of the store.

Now he mentioned the twins to her, but told her that she was neither young enough nor strong enough to raise both boys; she must choose between them.

"One baby is skinny and all white, the other is fat with a red face," Mrs. Milasi recalls. "I told Doctor Maddi I'll take the red-faced, chubby boy."

The doctor, however, pointed out that the smaller boys generally were the more healthy and so, when he was only a few weeks old, the smaller and younger twin (Baby B, Boy) came into the Milasi home. He was christened Anthony Joseph and, growing up as the only child of the deeply loving immigrant couple, was just a little spoiled. "I had seven bikes," he remembers, "because they were always getting stolen."

Young Tony Milasi attended Catholic grade and junior high school, was an altar boy at St. Mary's of the Assumption Church, and was graduated from Binghamton Central High School, where he played a trumpet in the marching band. From the time he was 10, he helped out at the store, waiting on customers and running submarine sandwiches to the pool hall down the block.

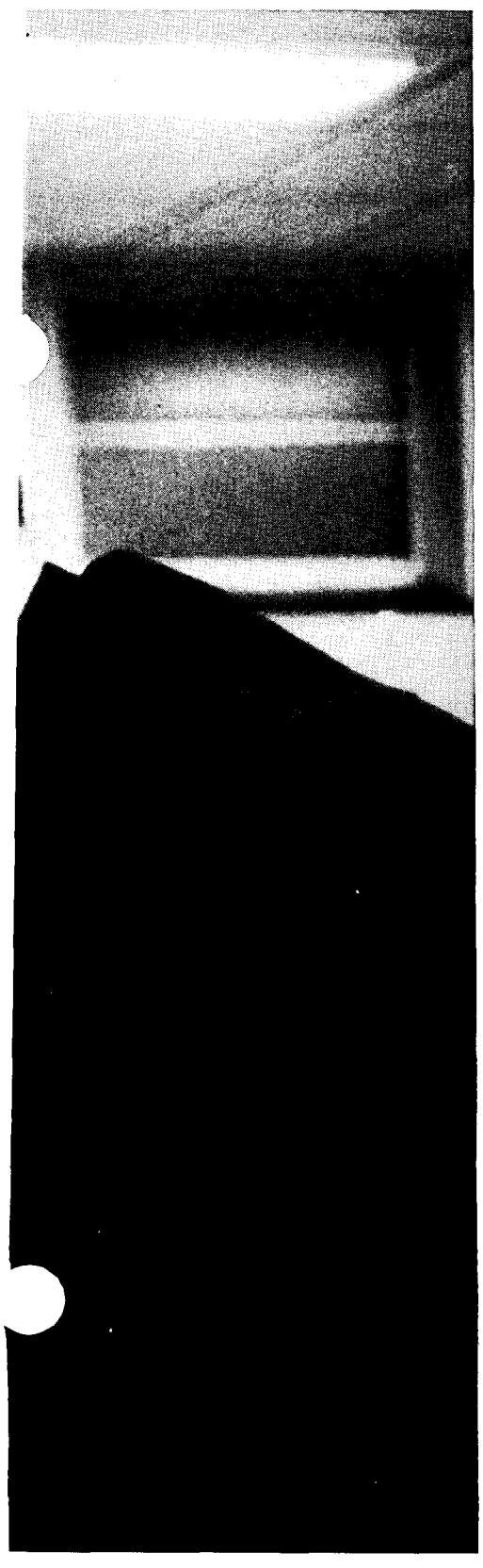
In this tight-knit Italian community, everyone knew that the Milasi boy was adopted and Tony often heard the taunt, "You're adopted, you're adopted!" But, he says, "I took it as nothing, because I loved my parents and didn't care about anything else."

When Tony was 12, however, one of the neighborhood children hurled another accusation which both hurt and confused him. "You're not Italian like the rest of us," Tony's tormentor shouted. "Your real father is a Jew." That night Pauline Milasi set her boy down at the porcelain-topped kitchen table and told him the full story, beginning with the desperate money troubles of his true parents. Then she showed Tony the adoption papers and made him read them for himself, so there could be no doubts. As to his twin, she said Doctor Maddi (Tony's godfather) and others at the hospital believed that he had died while still an infant. It was best, she said, that Tony believe this too.

In fact, "Baby A's" chances of life had not been good. At the age of three months Public Welfare placed him in a boarding home where, sometime during his first year, he was badly burned when his crib mattress caught fire. After being hospitalized for almost a year with burns which left scars on his left arm, side and leg, he was transferred to an orphans' home. During his stay there he was underweight and slow in developing, and his eyes were crossed.

In the summer of 1942 Mrs. Mildred E. Brooks, a practical nurse, learned of the sickly, unhappy child. With the help of doctors and social workers who knew his case, she obtained the necessary consent papers and took the boy to live with her and her salesman husband, Jules Brooks, in Syracuse, N.Y. Although they never legally adopted the boy, Mildred and Jules Brooks became "mother" and "father" to the four-year-old whom they called Roger Brooks. In this new environment, the boy gained weight, his IQ rose—dispelling any thought that he was retarded—and in time his eyes uncrossed.

A year later, however, Mrs. Brooks and her husband separated. She took five-year-old Roger, her 11-year-old son Rodney and her mother, Mrs. Bessie Elman, and moved to Miami. Here she supported the family by operating a beauty parlor.



Roger Brooks and Tony Milasi compare notes. In background is Joseph Milasi.

During the next dozen years life remained unsettled for Roger, and he found little opportunity to put down roots. The family moved three times, and at one point he went to live for two years with his foster father in Schenectady, N.Y. At another time Mildred Brooks enrolled him in a Protestant boarding school near Orlando, Fla. All together, between the ages of five and 17, Roger attended nine different schools. Understandably, he was a mediocre student.

Because of the frequent disruptions, Roger had only a few friends. The best of these was Ray Skop, son of a Miami rabbi, Morris A. Skop. Jules and Mildred Brooks and Mrs. Elman (whom Roger regarded as his grandmother) were all Jewish, but it was his friendship with the Skop family that drew him into the temple, where he sang in the choir and was introduced to formal Judaism.

"To please my family and Rabbi Skop, I was Jewish, but religion didn't mean that much to me," Roger says. "I liked to sing and I liked the Jewish food after the services, but I was never *bar-mitzvahed* or anything like that."

From his earliest memory, Roger knew that he was not the true son of Mildred Brooks, but that was all he knew about his origins. Then, when he was 15, a friend of the Brooks family told him that his real parents were an Italian mother and a Jewish father who "couldn't afford any more children" and added the curiously thrilling fact that he had a twin brother. Mildred Brooks was angered by the disclosure of these details. "I didn't tell Roger," she explains, "because I felt he'd never find his brother, so why give him something else to worry about?"

First clue in a search

Roger was excited by the revelations. And he remembered that, when he was away at boarding school, he had dreamed he had a twin. He had written Mildred Brooks at the time, describing the dream, but she had answered that it was silly, to put it out of his mind.

In August, 1955, just after his 17th birthday, Roger enlisted in the Air Force. His school grades had not been good, he was tired of working after school and nights, and he thought the service would give him a chance for a fresh start. In a way, it gave him something far more important: some real hope that his brother might be found.

One night in Japan a soldier approached Airman 2/C Brooks and told him: "I seen you playing basketball for St. Mary's C.Y.O. in Binghamton." Roger had believed from the start that he might find his brother in the service. Now he felt that this GI must have him confused with his brother and he excitedly copied down the name and address of the church in Binghamton. The following week he had his photograph taken and sent it to the church, with a long letter telling about his search for his twin. He asked if there were any recent confirmands born May 28, 1938, and did they play basketball?

For three weeks Roger didn't miss a mail call, hoping for some word from Binghamton. Finally a heavy brown business envelope arrived. It had a picture of the church on the front. But the contents proved a crushing disappointment. "They couldn't help me," he says, "but they told me to pray for my brother and sent me rosary beads. Was I mad!"

Bitter and confused, Roger talked out his problem with the chaplain, a young rabbi whom he helped in teaching Bible classes. The rabbi advised him to wait until he was discharged before taking up his search again, but, Roger says, "He encouraged me not to give up."

Roger determined then to go to Binghamton when he got out of the Air Force and walk up and down the streets "just to see what would happen." By the time his enlistment was up, however, he had modified his plan. "I didn't give up on the idea of going to Binghamton," he says, "but I wanted to put aside some money, buy a car and become completely independent. I was mature enough now to know what to do. In my mind, at least, it was just a matter of time."

When he left the Air Force in the summer of 1959, he went home to Miami and took an office job with an aircraft manufacturer. In three years he worked his way up from $67 to $107.50 a week, and for the first time he led a normal, stable life.

Meanwhile, Tony Milasi's life had paralleled his twin's in a curious way. The same month that Roger enlisted in the Air Force, Tony had joined the Navy. On several occasions during his four-year enlistment, GI's had stopped him to ask, "Haven't I seen you around Miami?" And Tony began to wonder if his twin might possibly be alive.

Back in Binghamton in the summer of 1959, he went to the Bureau of Vital Statistics and asked for information about his brother. The registrar listened to his story and then told Tony she was sorry but, because he was adopted, his file was sealed and only a State Supreme Court justice had the power to open it.

Tony left, convinced now that his brother was dead, just as his mother had told him. Otherwise, he reasoned, surely the lady wouldn't have sent him away without a hint or some little sign. "That really put me down," he says.

During the next two and a half years

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twins

Tony Milasi bounced from job to job. At different times he ran a candy-soda store, sold Florida real estate, journeyed to California for six months, worked for a car-rental agency and later for International Business Machines Corp. Then, in January 1962, he moved to Buffalo to become a book salesman. At last he seemed to settle down, and in six months had done so well he was promoted to sales manager. One of the door-to-door salesmen he hired that summer was an eager young Bostonian named Mark Frattalone, who worked only a short while before leaving the company to resume his studies at the University of Miami.

Some three weeks after Frattalone quit his book-selling job, Roger Brooks in Miami broke a Friday-night date in order to sing in Rabbi Skop's Temple Beth Shirah choir for Rosh Hashana. After the services, he invited the Rabbi and his wife, Alva, to go out for coffee. They had no particular place in mind and finally settled on a roadside restaurant called the House of Pancakes, in Coral Gables.

"I'd never been there," Roger says. "I don't much care for pancakes and think it's silly to eat them at night. But for some reason we picked that place."

As they got ready to leave, one of the busboys approached their table and, looking straight at Roger, said, "Tony?"

"I'm sorry," Roger said, "you've got me confused with someone else."

The busboy explained that only a short time before he had worked in Buffalo, N.Y., for a fellow named Tony Milasi "who looks and *sounds* just like you." It was Mark Frattalone.

Remembering that evening now, Roger says, "He was excited and seemed to me to be dramatizing everything. If I moved my hands when I spoke he'd say, 'Tony does that, Tony does that.' I made a date to see him the following morning."

The next day, over coffee, Roger told Frattalone that he had a twin brother whom he'd never seen, and Frattalone said, "I'm positive that Tony is your brother." Roger, wanting to believe but afraid of being disappointed again, suggested that Mark call the company in Buffalo and ask them when Tony Milasi was born. He pushed a handful of change across the table. Minutes later, Mark came out of the phone booth and said, "Tony Milasi was born May 28, 1938."

"That's when I was born," Roger Brooks said.

"I told you," said Mark. "He's your brother."

The two drove downtown that morning and found the Miami office of the book company which employed Tony Milasi. In a copy of the monthly newsletter, Mark came across a picture of Tony. Without a word, he handed it to Roger.

"In that moment," Roger says, "I think I knew that this was my real brother. I was proud that it was, but I was afraid too. I was afraid something might go wrong, something to keep us from meeting."

Roger took Tony Milasi's picture home and hid it under some socks and underwear in his bureau. Until he was sure this was his brother, he didn't want his foster mother or grandmother to know about his hopes. He turned for help to the Family Service Association, telling the whole story to Catherine M. Bitterman, one of the social workers. Miss Bitterman carefully examined the picture of Tony Milasi. "Well, the resemblance is there," she said guardedly.

She checked through Roger's file and confirmed that he did have a twin, but would tell him nothing beyond that. Then she explained that, before anything further was done, they must be certain Tony Milasi knew he was adopted and was interested in reuniting with a brother he'd never seen.

Roger told Miss Bitterman that he wanted her to go ahead and do what had to be done, that all he cared about now was finding his brother. She sent a letter to the Family Service office in Binghamton, asking for an investigation. The letter reached the Binghamton office on October 15, 1962, and from then on, things moved quickly.

"So much of our work involves despair," says Perry Gangloff, director of the Binghamton office, "but this case was a tonic. The whole office was excited by it, and it was wonderful to see the reaction of the boy up here. He couldn't wait to hear from his brother."

Through Family Service, it was arranged that Roger Brooks telephone his twin at six P.M. on October 19. Nearly 1,500 miles away, the telephone rang in the Milasi apartment, and Tony grabbed it from the cradle on the first ring. The operator was saying, "Long distance calling for Anthony Milasi." Then he heard another voice: "Tony?"

"Roger?"

"I don't know what to say." An awkward pause, then: "How tall are you?"

"How tall are *you?*"

"I asked first."

With this, they both began to laugh and after that it was easy. They discovered they were both six feet three inches tall, that Roger, at 209 pounds, was a pound lighter, that both wore size-13 shoes and had blue eyes, and brown hair, parted on the left. After the preliminaries, there was only one point to settle—where to meet.

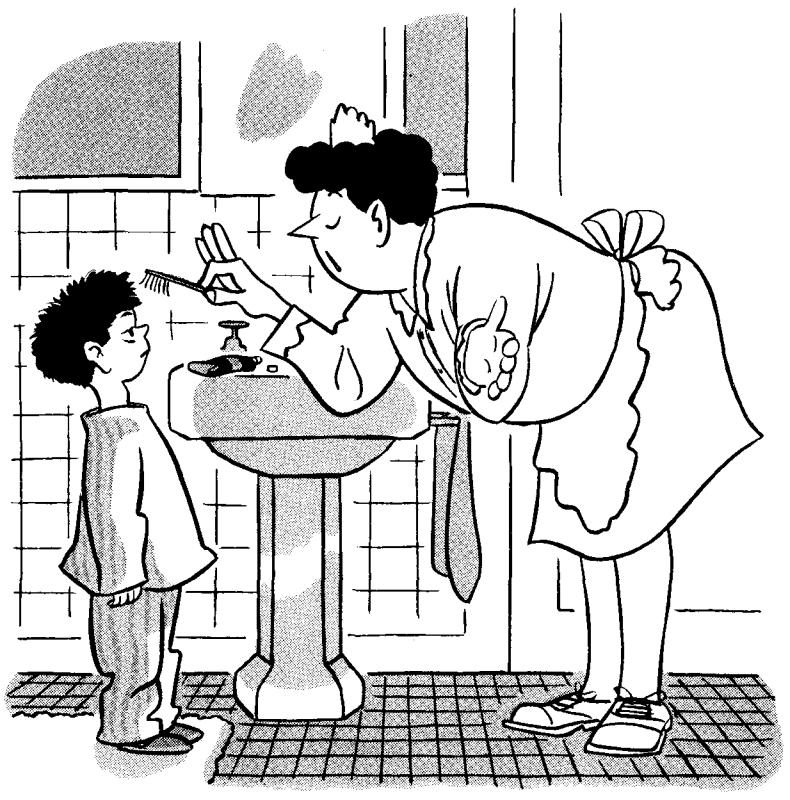
"I'll come down there," Tony volunteered. "Your weather is better."

For an agonizing three months, job problems, sickness, the holidays and trouble with airplane reservations postponed the meeting. In the meantime, the brothers exchanged long letters and snapshots. Finally the date was fixed: January 10, 1963. Roger took a week's leave from his job, bought new clothes and borrowed $100 from the bank. With this he had $400 to spend on showing his brother a good time. Then, realizing that they had a great deal to talk over and would want privacy, he rented a motel room for the 10 days they planned to be together.

"I wanted to make the most of every minute," Roger says, "and I wanted to impress Tony, so I shot the works."

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL by Ted Key



"It's the old-fashioned kind. You provide the power."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After the first awkwardness and constraint of their meeting at the airport, the brothers found no difficulty in talking. They were fascinated—and amused—by the extent of their physical likeness. And they were even more delighted at the unexpected similarities of taste and habit they discovered.

They both smoked the same brand of cigarettes. They both used the same aftershave lotion and—more amazingly—the same kind of toothpaste, an obscure brand made in Denmark. Both admitted to being fast eaters, long sleepers and light drinkers. And both had trouble with a lower right wisdom tooth.

Around four A.M. they temporarily ran out of questions for each other and fell asleep. But three hours later they were up again, enjoying the strangeness, and yet familiarity, of this new companionship. With 24 years to catch up on, the time came all too soon when Tony had to leave.

Then in March Roger visited Tony in Binghamton for 12 days. "Every meal was a Roman banquet," he says, "and I must have met a hundred members of the Milasi family." The high point, though, was a stag party thrown by Tony's friends in Danny Affatato's kitchen.

"Here were men, some of them married and with families, who immediately took me into their circle because I was Tony's brother," Roger says. "They showed me a kind of friendship that I'd never known."

The story of the twins quickly spread through Binghamton, a "small town" of 75,000. When the boys walked downtown people called to them, "Which twin is the Tony?" One woman came up to them and said, "When I read in the paper how you found each other, I cried."

One person who took a particular interest in the story of the long-separated twins was Dr. Syvil Marquit, a Miami psychologist who considered their case a rare opportunity to study the relative effects of heredity and environment. He asked for a chance to test them, and when Roger returned to Miami in late March, Tony went with him.

Doctor Marquit found that, while the twins were alike physically, "they're not as psychologically alike as we might expect." Although he discovered that the two have average, almost identical IQ's and that both show an astonishing aptitude for clerical work—"greater than 997 out of 1,000 persons"—his tests brought out revealing differences. Tony proved to be much more extroverted, more self-assured and openly ambitious, while Roger was more sensitive, sentimental and impressionistic—"More willing to see life and touch it; he has the quality of wonderment," Doctor Marquit says. "Of course," he adds, "there is a strong suspicion that drastic differences in their environment played a large part here."

From now on, it appears, their environments will be virtually identical. Early last June Roger Brooks made a far-reaching decision—to leave his own familiar world and join that of his brother. He quit his job, left Miami and his foster mother, and went to Binghamton to live with Tony's parents. Since moving, he has gained 14 pounds and acquired a working knowledge of Italian. He and Tony bicker and kid each other—Roger often roars with derision when Mrs. Milasi calls Tony "Honey"—but they still have never had a major argument.

It has been an eventful nine months. So far, the twins have celebrated a first birthday together—delayed a week until Roger could arrive—a first Christmas and, last January, a first anniversary of their meeting. Recently they started their own television program on local station WBJA, a twice-weekly interview show called "Double Vision." And on February 8, making the year even more memorable, Tony married a Binghamton girl named Shirley Gaydos, whom he had been dating seriously for more than a year. Roger, who was best man, has been dating Tony's attractive cousin Nancy Milasi.

"If Roger and Nancy get married," Tony points out, "my mother and father will be my brother's aunt and uncle."

But no relationship of blood or marriage can be closer than the one which already binds the twins together. The central fact of both their lives is—and will probably remain—the fact that they have succeeded in finding each other. For by doing so, each, in a sense, found a missing part of himself. THE END

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW DO THEY KEEP IT UP?

This air-borne Dodge pickup is part of the Jack Kochman Hell Drivers troupe. If you want to see this bone-jarring performance yourself, the Hell Drivers will be doing it every day this summer at the New York World's Fair. What the Dodge is doing here is repeated several hundred times a year. With the same truck. If this does nothing else, it helps to prove that Dodge trucks are not prone to come all unglued under stress. Because if this truck wasn't tough, they couldn't keep it up.

Any time of the year, your Dodge truck dealer has some pretty convincing proof that we build tough trucks and are very confident about it. Foremost is the five-year or 50,000-mile warranty* Chrysler Corporation puts on the engine and drive train of every new gasoline- and Perkins diesel-powered Dodge truck. And on the drive train of every Cummins-powered Dodge truck. Backing that up is the extended coverage**—to five years or 100,000 miles—on the engine and its internal parts of high-tonnage, gasoline-powered Dodge trucks (model C800 and larger).

While you're at it, ask your dealer to set you straight on Dodge truck prices. Just as an example, take the D100 Sweptline pickup, such as the one above. He'll show you in black and white that it's priced nose-to-nose with comparable Ford and Chevrolet models.

And that's the way it is with all our prices, lower than most of the competition, right in line with the rest.

*Chrysler Corporation warrants for 5 years or 50,000 miles or 1500 hours of operation, whichever comes first, against defects in materials and workmanship and will replace or repair at a Chrysler Motors Corporation Authorized Dealer's place of business, gasoline and Perkins diesel engines (i.e., block, head and internal parts), intake manifold, water pump, flywheel, flywheel housing, clutch housing, torque converter, transmission (i.e., case and internal parts, excluding manual clutch), transfer case and all internal parts, drive shafts, center bearings, universal joints, driving axles and differentials, and drive wheel bearings of its new Dodge Trucks, provided the owner has (1) the engine oil changed and universal joints (except sealed-type) lubricated every 2 months or 2,000 miles, whichever comes first, (2) the engine oil filter replaced and the carburetor air filter cleaned every second oil change and dry type carburetor air filter element replaced every 32,000 miles, (3) the closed crankcase vent system cleaned and serviced every 8,000 miles, and (4) the transmission, transfer case, driving axle and sealed-type universal joint lubricants changed every 20,000 miles. The foregoing services must be performed more often when reasonably required due to severe dust or regular "stop and go" operation. Every 6 months the owner must furnish to such a dealer evidence of performance of the required service, and request the dealer to certify (i) receipt of such evidence and (ii) the truck's then current mileage.

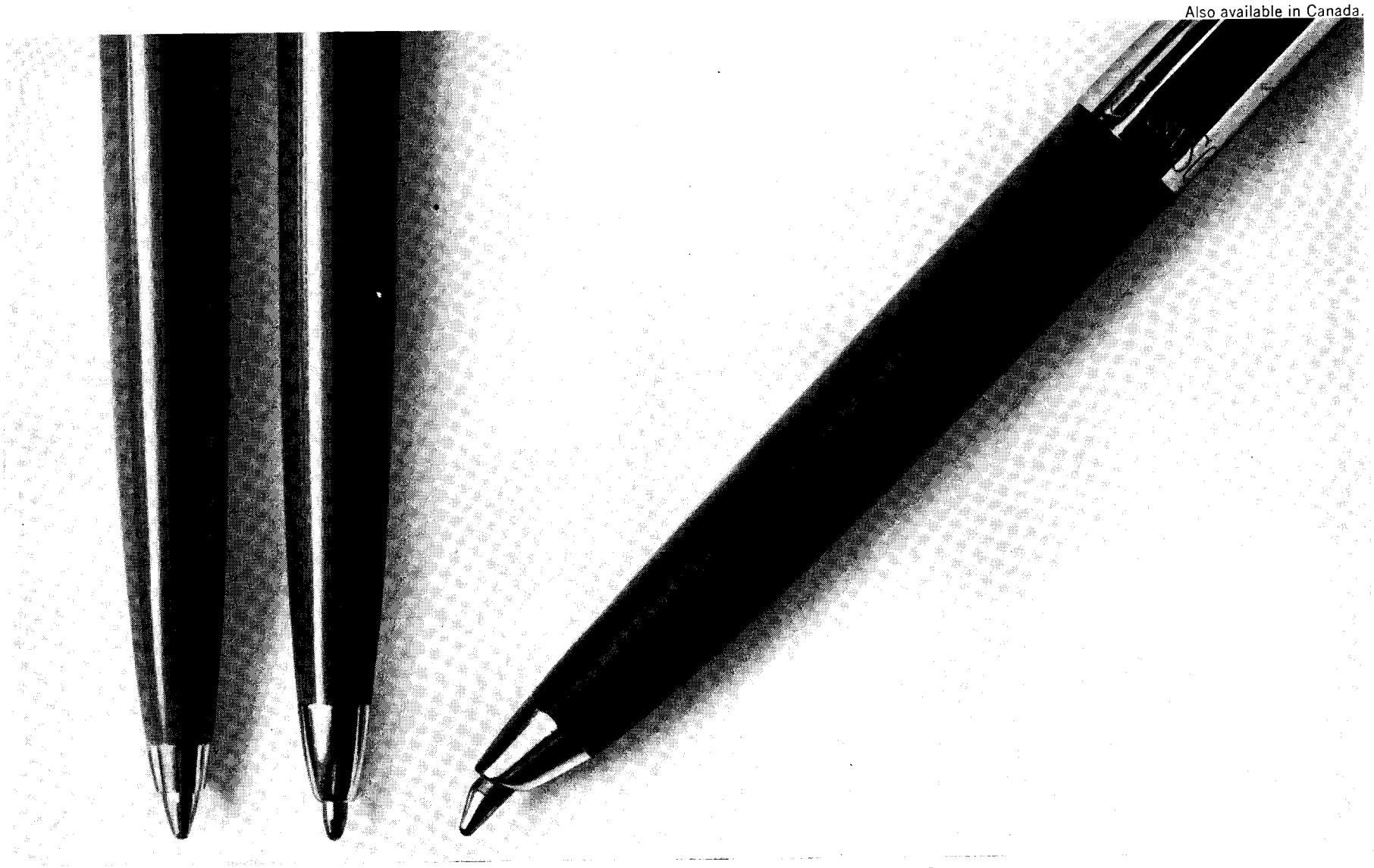
**Chrysler Corporation's warranty on gasoline engines of 800, 900, and 1000 series Dodge Trucks is for 5 years, 100,000 miles or 3000 hours of operation, whichever comes first, and provides for repairing or replacing parts defective in materials and workmanship at no charge for parts and, after 50,000 miles or 1500 hours of operation, at a prorated labor charge based on 25% up to 60,000 miles or 1800 hours of operation, 50% up to 75,000 miles or 2250 hours of operation, and 75% up to 100,000 miles or 3000 hours of operation, in each instance whichever comes first. This special warranty covers the engine (i.e., block, head and all internal parts), intake and exhaust manifolds, timing gears, water pump, flywheel, flywheel housing and clutch housing, provided the engine maintenance services required are performed and certified as specified above.

Dodge Builds Tough Trucks

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Also available in Canada.



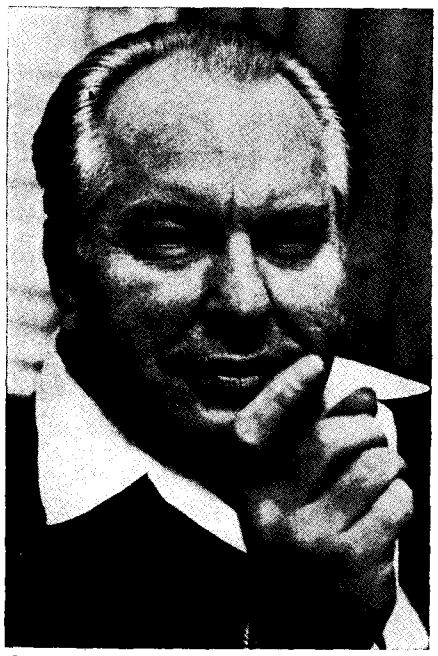
Each of these leading ball point pens has a skip-proof tungsten ball, for smooth writing. Only one has a skip-proof ball and an angled tip, for the smoothest writing possible. The new Scripto Tilt-Tip Pen.

The skip-proof tungsten ball was invented,
and writing became smoother than ever.
Then Scripto's engineering with imagination
topped it with the world's only angled tip.
A tip that lets you write even easier,
at your natural writing angle.
The new smooth-writing Scripto Tilt-Tip Pen:
Only $1.98, and only by Scripto.
Makers of fine pens and pencils from 29¢ to $1.98.

Scripto®MR

ENGINEERING WITH IMAGINATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Scientology's inventor—L. Ron Hubbard.

LED BY AN EX-SCIENCE-FICTION WRITER, A STRANGE NEW "RELIGION" IS SPREADING AROUND THE WORLD.

'HAVE YOU EVER BEEN A BOO-HOO?'

By JAMES PHELAN

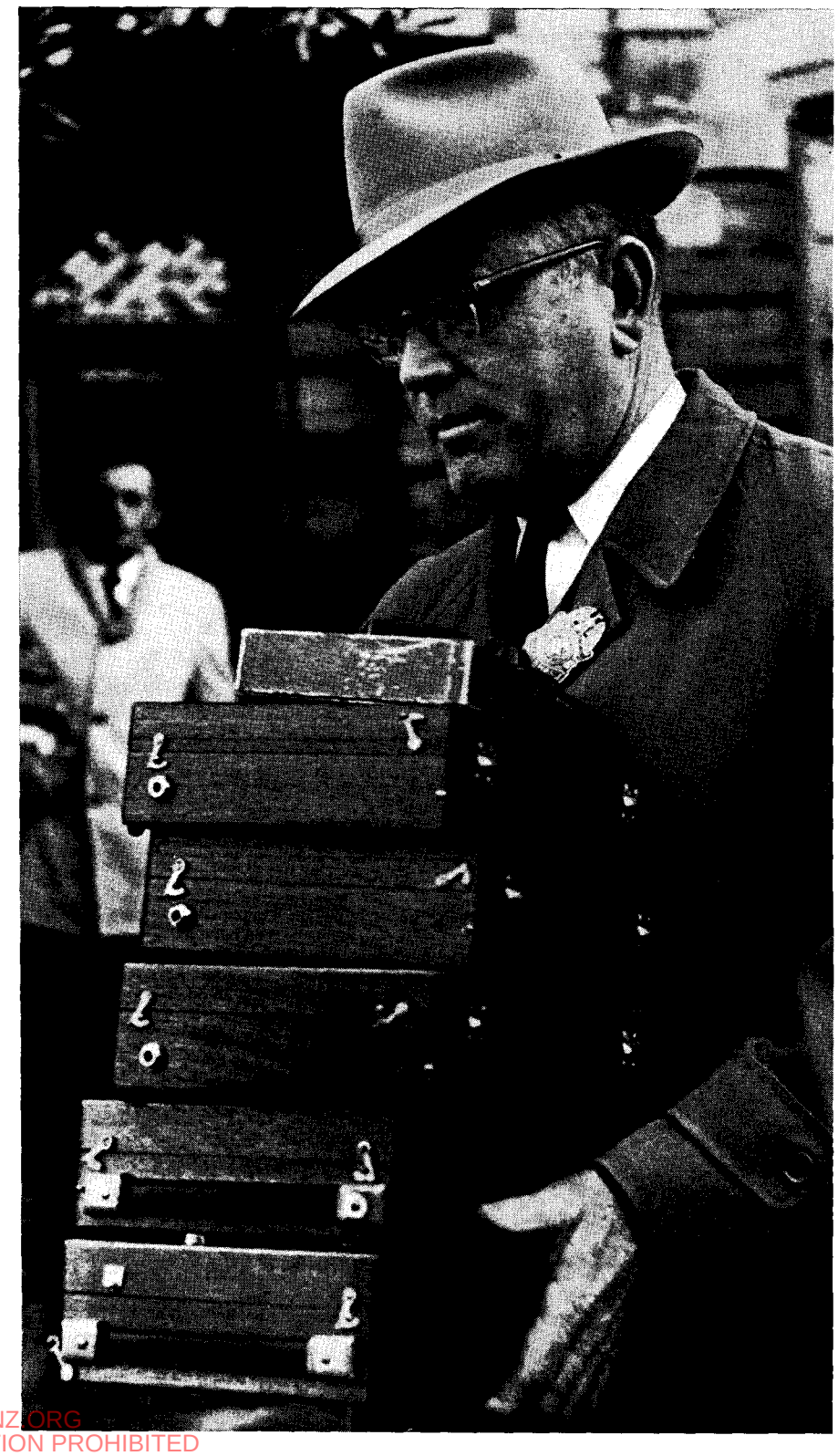
Saint Hill Manor is a traditional old English mansion that stands behind a high gateway on a quiet Sussex road some 30 miles south of London. Its size and age—it was built in 1728—give it an impressive but faintly brooding air. Before 1959 it was owned by the Maharaja of Jaipur, and before that by Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle. But it is a safe bet that in all its 236 years Saint Hill Manor has never seen anybody quite like its present owner, Dr. Lafayette Ronald Hubbard.

Doctor Hubbard is a big, orange-haired, 52-year-old American who describes himself as an author, explorer, scientist, boatsman, engineer, glider pilot, philosopher, movie writer, student of the occult and the real-life model of "Mister Roberts" in the novel of the same name. The most fascinating side of his many-faceted character, however, is the "Doctor" before his name. He is not an M.D. but a D. Scn., which stands for "Doctor of Scientology." This is a degree that brings a look of puzzlement to a Johns Hopkins or a Harvard registrar, but Scientology, a growing international movement with branches on all five continents, is close to Doctor Hubbard's heart. He is not only its head and best-known practitioner; he actually invented it.

Essentially Scientology is an outgrowth of an American fad of the early 1950's called Dianetics, which was also invented by Dr. L. Ron Hubbard. Scientology purports to be a sort of "religion," but it is not affiliated with any of the broad U.S. church movements. It has elements which resemble psychoanalysis, although leading psychiatrists bitterly reject it. Even Hubbard, who has written 10 million words about Scientology, seems to have difficulty defining it. He currently calls it "the common people's science of life and betterment," but this is only the latest of a series of definitions that he has tried and discarded. In view of its tremendous scope, its odd procedures and the remarkable feats claimed for it, an attempt to compress Scientology into the few words of a definition is much like trying to gift-wrap a dozen live eels.

It is easier to explain what Scientologists do. For a fee, Hubbard's followers will "audit" or listen to people who have troubles. They use a small, battery-run machine known as a Hubbard E-meter while they are auditing the people with troubles, whom they call "preclears." The machine has two wires running out of it, and these are clamped to a couple of tin cans, which the "preclear" holds while he is being audited. The E-meter has knobs and a large dial with a needle, and as the person talks, the needle moves around, which presumably means something to the Scientologist. As Hubbard explains it, "The meter tells you what the preclear's mind is doing when the preclear is made to think of something. If they're emotionally disturbed about cats, and they're talking about cats, the needle flies about. If they're not disturbed about cats, the needle doesn't fly about. So you let them talk about cats until they're no longer disturbed about cats, and then the needle no longer flies about."

Scientology also has many drills for people with troubles. In one, you sit in a chair, visualize the two upper corners of the room, then "hold" these two corners in your mind and think of nothing else. This is called "Holding Corners." Its purpose, Hubbard says, is to "make you act younger." In another drill the Scientologist reads a sentence or two from *Alice in Wonderland* to the preclear, who repeats it verbatim. The Scientologist then says, "Thank you," and reads another passage from *Alice in Wonderland*, and this goes on and on. This drill, called the "Dear Alice," is supposed to "improve communication." In at least one instance it resulted in a complete collapse of communication. A police captain in one Eastern city, puzzled by reported goings-on at a Scientology



U.S. marshal removes "E-meters" from Scientology org after Washington raid. ▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Scientology headquarters in London's Saint Hill Manor, students of cult learn how to "audit" each other properly.

"A MILESTONE COMPARABLE TO MAN'S DISCOVERY OF FIRE."

office, enrolled an undercover man there. The agent spent several bewildering days listening to *Alice in Wonderland*, repeating it to the Scientologist, and getting thanked. When he returned to the police station, his superior asked him what went on at this Hubbard place. "I'm not going to tell you," said the officer, "because you won't believe me."

The feats Hubbard claims for his science are just as unusual. At various times Hubbard has held that Scientology "can cure some seventy percent of man's illnesses," that it is the only effective counterforce to the H-bomb threat and that it can make you immune to the common cold. He maintains that Scientology can raise a person's I.Q. one point for every hour of auditing. ("Our most spectacular feat was raising a boy from 83 I.Q. to 212," Hubbard told this reporter.) He claims that it can improve the performance of astronauts and help jet pilots avoid crashes, that it can "arrest the aging process" and make you look younger, that it will restore psychotic persons to sanity much faster and cheaper than psychiatry. ("I saw Ron do it in an asylum," says a California follower. "He just went along snapping his fingers at them and saying, 'Come up to present time! Come up to present time!'")

And along with all this, according to Hubbard, a Scientologist can move a person out of his body and let him stand over in a corner and look at himself. "We don't like to publicize this," says Hubbard, who has publicized it in many of his pamphlets. "It makes people uneasy."

If these marvels seem reminiscent of the old-time snake-oil peddler, let it be said immediately that there is nothing old-time about L. Ron Hubbard. A few feet from his desk at Saint Hill stands a Telex, giving him instant communication with his far-flung branches. "Airmail is too slow for Scientology," he says. Hubbard speaks easily and with seeming authority about physics, mathematics, nuclear fission, or indeed, almost any science, and salts his conversation with phrases like "small energy measurement," "stimulus-response cycle" and things like that.

Scientology literature frequently refers to him as an engineer, a mathematician and a nuclear physicist, and *Who's Who in the Southwest* credits him with an engineering degree at George Washington University. The university does not. Its records show that he enrolled in 1930 but never received a degree of any kind.

Today, besides his "Doctor of Scientology," he appends a Ph.D. to his name. He got it, he says, from Sequoia University. This was a Los Angeles establishment, once housed in a residential dwelling, whose degrees are not recognized by any accredited college or university.

Hubbard, who was born in Tilden, Nebr., in 1911, has been married three times, divorced twice, and is the father of seven children. (Scientology is supposed to be superb in healing marital difficulties. Hubbard carefully points out that his present wife was a Scientologist when he married her, and that they have been happily married for 12 years, whereas the two earlier non-Scientology marriages were stormy.) He once wrote movie scripts, his major opus being *The Secret of Treasure Island*, a Columbia adventure serial. He served as a commissioned Naval officer in World War II in both the Atlantic and Pacific theaters, and after the war banged about L.A. and Pasadena, where he was known as a fellow with an intense curiosity.

Somewhere along the way he took up the writing of science fiction, and both Dianetics and Scientology show the strong influence of his former craft. Both Scientology and science fiction are characterized by arcane words and by invented terms, phrases and abbreviations. Where every science-fiction fan knows that a B.E.M. is a Bug-Eyed Monster, every Scientologist knows that an "org" is a Scientology group, and that H.A.S.I. is the Hubbard Association of Scientologists International. Hubbard's followers also deal with and knowingly discuss such things as down-bouncers, Thetans, M.E.S.T. bodies, lock-scanning, dub-ins, rock slams, bops, big mid ruds, S.O.P. goals, anaten, engrams, H.C.A.'s and boo-hoos, or weepers. It is not possible to explain all these in just one magazine article, but the "boo-hoo," or "weeper," deserves some detailing. As *pâté de foie gras* gives you the flavor of France, the boo-hoo tells much about Scientology.

The boo-hoo, Hubbard writes, was a clam-like animal that lived millions of years ago and used to pump sea water from its shell through its eyes. It marked the transition from life in the sea to life on land, and "may be the missing link in the evolutionary chain." Life on the beach was miserable for the boo-hoo; sometimes it would get stranded there, or even attacked by predatory birds. (Hubbard did not explain where, if life was just emerging from the sea, those birds came from.) According to Scientology, *you* may have been a boo-hoo, aeons ago. If you were, your personality has been affected by some of the awful things that happened to you as a clam on the beach at the dawn of time. When a Scientologist audits you, he may discover evidence of your life as a clam. He then processes this, which is called "running the boo-hoo." This makes you weep like a clam pumping sea water through its eyes, after which you feel better.

"Two million members"

For some reason this sort of thing has attracted a considerable amount of support. According to Hubbard he has "several million" followers in the U.S., Canada, Mexico, South America, South Africa, Europe, Japan and Australia. "Somewhere in the world there is a new Scientology office opening every three days," Hubbard says happily. "We can't give you our exact membership total, because it doubles every six months." A quick computation shows that if Scientology has two million followers today and is doubling every six months, it will number more than eight billion people by March, 1970. Long before then the last holdout will obviously have given in, and everyone on earth will be a Scientologist.

There are orgs on five continents, and a heavy sprinkling of Scientology installations across the U.S.: New York, Washington, Detroit, Miami, Chicago, Dallas, Denver, Minneapolis, Seattle, Honolulu, San Diego and, naturally, Los Angeles. Scientology has also established itself in Auckland, Melbourne, Wellington, Tokyo, Paris, Berlin, London, Rio de Janeiro, Mexico City, Caracas, Vancouver, Toronto, Johannesburg, Durban, Port Elizabeth, and Bulawayo, Southern Rhodesia.

There are also a number of Scientology academies, usually coexistent with a large org. In the U.S. there are two academies, one in Washington and one in Los Angeles, which train people in Scientology, award them certificates of various sorts and send them out to train *other* Scientologists.

Saint Hill Manor, which bears the same relation to Scientology that Vienna once had to psychoanalysis, offers the equivalent of postgraduate courses. "Saint Hill training" is necessary to achieve the top ranks of H.G.A., which stands for Hubbard Graduate Auditor. The loftiest of these is an H.G.A. Class 4. "When a Class 4 speaks up, everybody else shuts up," says Doctor Hubbard. "The lion has roared."

Fees vary in the academies, but you can get a short, "intensive" course of 25 hours for $700 or $800. According to a Scientology pamphlet, "Scientology is sufficiently simple and rapid that where it requires 12 years to train a psychiatrist, eight weeks of heavy training can permit a person to achieve results. . . . A complete Freudian analysis costs $8,000 to $15,000. Better results can be achieved in Scientology for $25 and, on a group basis, for a few dollars."

Unfortunately Scientology does not straighten out *every* client at these bargain-basement figures. One U.S. police department has a record of a Florida millionaire who has spent $28,000 on Scientology processing in less than two years. His only complaint was of "nervousness" and, before turning to Scientology, he had been checked at Johns Hopkins and Mayo Clinic, where the doctors told him they could find nothing wrong. "The common people's science" did not give up so easily on this wealthy Floridian, and at last report was still doggedly auditing him.

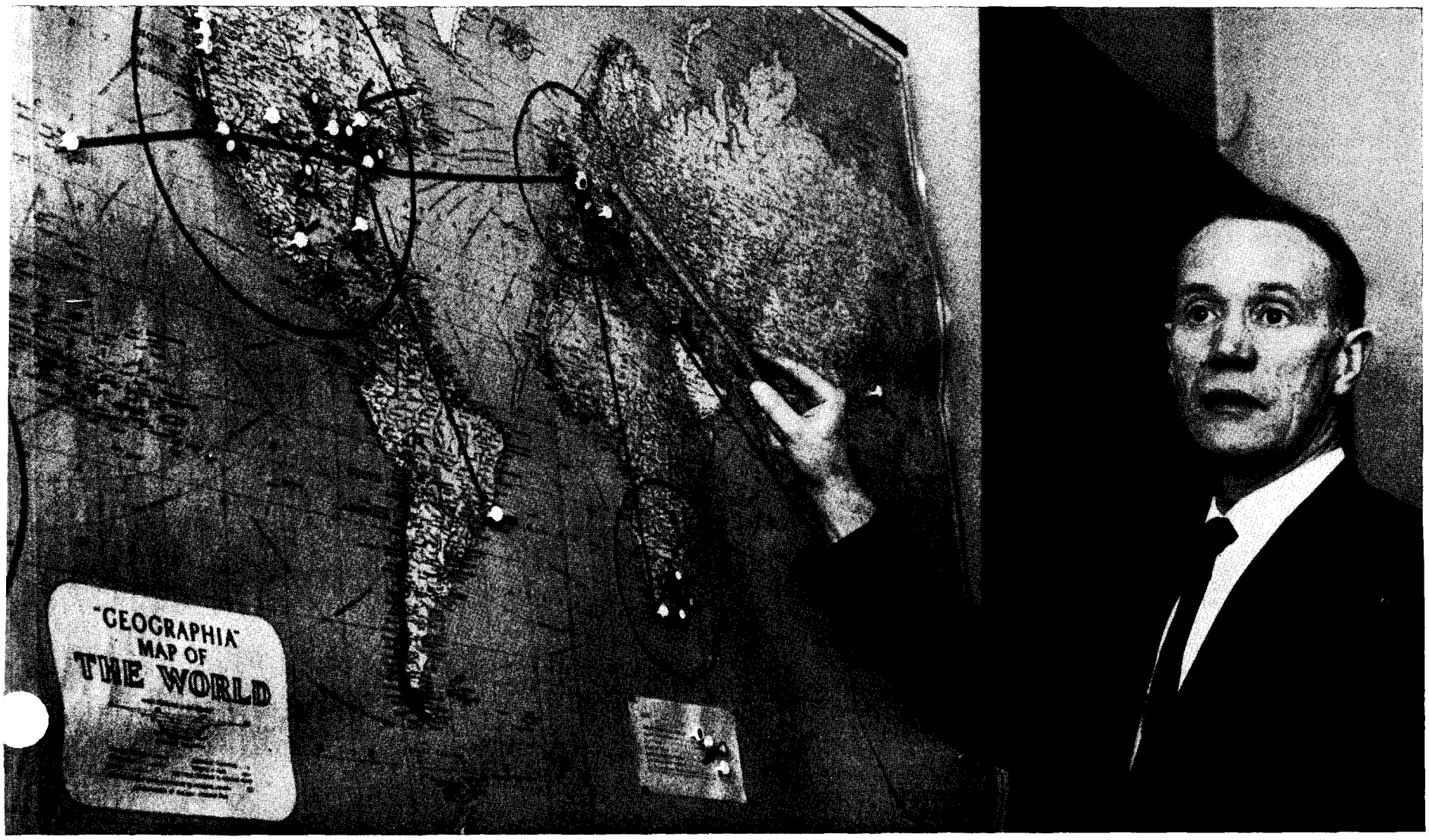
People who encounter Scientology for the first time are astounded at its far-flung growth. Actually Scientology did not have to start from scratch but was able to rise phoenixlike from the ashes of Dianetics, a craze which swept the U.S. in 1950. It originated with a book that Hubbard wrote in 60 days called *Dianetics: The Modern Science of Mental Health*. Overnight, *Dianetics* became a runaway best seller, although the learned journals of psychology, psychiatry and medicine all ignored it.

To understand Scientology it is necessary to understand Dianetics, as Scientology incorporates Dianetics and goes on from there. This is quite a feat, because Hubbard called Dianetics "a milestone for Man comparable to his discovery of fire and superior to his inventions of the wheel and arch." Dianetics preached that everybody had two minds, the "analytical," similar to Freud's "conscious," and the "reactive," like Freud's "unconscious." The analytical mind, Hubbard maintained, was a perfect computing machine, incapable of error—except for "engrams," which fouled up the computer.

Engrams were recorded on your "time track" by your reactive mind, when your analytical mind wasn't looking. For example, said Hubbard, "A woman is knocked down by a blow. She is rendered 'unconscious.' She is kicked and told that she is no good, that she is always changing her mind. A chair is overturned in the process. A faucet is running in the kitchen. A car is passing in the street outside. The engram contains a running record of all these perceptions." Later the engram gets "keyed in," and all sorts of things can happen; the woman may feel a sensation of being kicked

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Student holds metal-can terminals of Hubbard E-meter, as auditor seeks out "engrams." Though Scientology is set up as a religion, auditors do not usually dress as ministers.



Reg Sharpe, Hubbard's right-hand man, points out locations of "orgs" on all five continents. Hubbard claims membership of "several million," which is "doubling every six months."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH RUSSIA AND CUBA WANT HIS SECRETS, HUBBARD SAYS, BUT HE HAS TURNED THEM DOWN.

whenever she hears a faucet running.

You could also get "prenatal" engrams; Hubbard preached that the embryo recorded engrams in the womb from the moment of conception. "Mama gets hysterical, baby gets an engram," Hubbard wrote. "Papa hits Mama, baby gets an engram. And so it goes." Hubbard maintained that a child whose mother had been pregnant and wed in a "shotgun marriage" often could recall, under the ministering of Dianetics, having "attended" his own parents' wedding.

Dianetics taught one how to erase engrams by auditing. You "returned" a person on his time track to the time of the engram and had him talk it out by "reliving" it. Once all the engrams were erased, a person would become a "clear"—highly intelligent, healthy, with a great zest for life, enormously improved abilities and a perfect memory. In short, a giant among pygmies. Dianetics was enough like psychoanalysis to impress a good many people, and also had the advantage that anyone who bought Hubbard's book could play doctor at home, without all those tedious years in medical school. In no time hundreds of thousands of Americans, armed with Hubbard's book, were playing Sigmund Freud for each other.

For some hectic, glorious months Hubbard was one of the busiest lecturers in the U.S. He acquired advisers, managers, press agents. A Dianetics Foundation was set up in New Jersey. He was besieged by admiring fans and feted in Hollywood. Across the country psychiatrists seethed inwardly. So did the rest of the medical fraternity, resentful at his preaching that the erasing of engrams would cure most of man's ailments.

In New Jersey, when his foundation was charged with violation of the medical-practice act, his followers packed up their E-meters and fled to Kansas. But the boom was already fading, and within a year the fad had died. *Dianetics* was put away on the top shelf with the old almanacs, and people turned to hypnotic "age regression" and *The Search for Bridey Murphy*. Hubbard retreated to Arizona to plan for the future, dropping out of the news entirely. "In 1954 I even got a letter from the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* asking what had become of Dianetics," he recalls with a smile.

Little did the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* know. Despite the public's mass defection, a few thousand stalwart believers across the country still clung to the faith. By 1952 Hubbard was regrouping his forces, and Dianetics was preparing to sally forth on little cat feet under the brand-new name of Scientology.

But this time there would be no publicity, no press agents. He quietly built from the ground up, establishing his orgs, setting up his lines of communication, training his staff men.

Hubbard established one important difference between Scientology and Dianetics. Instead of presenting it to the public as a science equal in importance to the discovery of fire, he set it up as a religion. Many of the orgs are now labeled and chartered as churches. At the outset this move distressed his followers, some of whom were science-fiction fans, free-thinkers and even agnostics.

"To some this seems mere opportunism," Hubbard quickly explained, "to some it would seem that Scientology is simply making itself bulletproof in the eyes of the law, and to some it might appear that any association with religion is a reduction of the ethics and purposes of Scientology itself. . . . Why should Scientology ally itself with religion? . . . There are many, many reasons. Amongst them is that a society accords to men of the church an access not given to others. Prisons, hospitals and institutions . . . cannot do otherwise than welcome men of the church. . . ."

The rebellion dwindled, and the new faith went forth. With scarcely a whisper of publicity Scientology spread and prospered. Hubbard himself took it to England, found that he liked the country and settled there.

Although he is founder and unquestioned titular head of the Church of Scientology, Ron Hubbard does not look upon himself as patriarch, pope, bishop or even elder. "I control the operation," he says, "as a general manager would control any operation of a company." The orgs or churches pay 10 percent of their take to the Saint Hill center. Hubbard insists that he does not profit from Scientology but draws only a token salary of $70 a week. He claims he is "independently wealthy" and that Scientology is a "labor of love." Just exactly where the 10 percent goes is not clear; Hubbard says he has spent "a million dollars or two" on research. He does not like to talk about money; he responds to questions about it with a smile, a sad shake of the head and a comment about "the American preoccupation."

Despite Hubbard's claim that he is leading a religious movement, the Food and Drug Administration moved against him in early 1963. They raided his headquarters in Washington, D.C., seizing a hundred E-meters and copies of some of Hubbard's publications on the grounds that the meters were "misbranded" devices claiming "diagnosis, prevention, treatment, detection and elimination of the causes of all mental and nervous disorders such as neuroses, psychoses, schizophrenia, and all psychosomatic ailments," including "most of the physical ailments of mankind such as arthritis, cancer, stomach ulcers, radiation burns from atomic bombs, polio, the common cold. . . ." The books were seized, the FDA said, "as labeling containing therapeutic claims charged to be false."

The Scientologists claimed religious persecution, showering congressmen and the White House with angry letters and telegrams. They complained about "Gestapo attacks" on "our confessionals." Letters to the late President and the Attorney General called on them to protect the sanctity of the religion of Scientology, "even though you are of a different faith." The Washington headquarters of Scientology asked, "Are we in America today living under a Godless government which intends ultimately to destroy all religions?"

At Saint Hill Manor Hubbard focused on the book seizures, which he referred to as "book burning." He expressed a desire to meet personally with President Kennedy to "come to some amicable understanding on religious matters." No answer was forthcoming, and the envisioned summit meeting of Saint Hill and the White House glimmered away. Scientology has appealed the FDA seizure in court, and the case will go to trial sometime this year.

Hubbard admits that "mistakes were made" back in the 1950's, but he insists that he now hammers at Scientologists "not to treat the sick or insane," and that "any physical illness which is manifestly physical illness, or even questionable, is turned over immediately to the medical doctor."

Nevertheless, his orgs still peddle the Dianetics volume as "the basic book." In all the editions it has gone through, Hubbard has never altered its claim that engrams are "the hidden source of all psychosomatic ills and human aberration," or that with the book an "intelligent layman can successfully and invariably treat all psychosomatic ills and inorganic aberrations." Says Hubbard proudly, "It is still selling like mad."

No secret can be safe

Scientologists have an interesting explanation of any hostility toward their movement, whether by organizations like the FDA or by individuals. People who oppose Scientology, Hubbard says, are afraid of it because "a Scientologist can FIND out! The secrets of a person who is evilly disposed toward his fellows are not safe around a Scientologist."

Hostility toward Scientology can even be defined as refusing to pay a Scientologist's bill. A middlewesterner, whose son owed a New York Scientologist $350 for "processing," at $22 an hour, complained that the treatment was worthless and declined to pay. He received a two-page letter on the letterhead of The Founding Church of Scientology bearing the handwritten signature of a Rev. Andrew Bagley, Organization Secretary. "If you want to start a donnybrook, buddy, wail away," the letter said. "To use the argot of the streets, I'll just start my people to work on you, and then before long you will be broke and out of a job, and broken in health. Then I can have my nasty little chuckle about you. . . . You won't take long to finish off. I would estimate three weeks. Remember: I am not a mealy-mouthed, psalm-canting preacher. I am a minister of the Church of Scientology! I am able to heal the sick and I do. But I have other abilities, which include a knowledge of men's minds that I will use to crush you to your knees." The recipient quickly ponied up the money.

As befits the head of a five-continent operation, Hubbard thinks globally, and currently he is wrestling with a global political problem. Although Washington seems blind to the vast potentials of Scientology, he says the Red Bloc is not. He has been approached, says Hubbard, by Castro's government, which wants to train a corps of 50 in Scientology and is even willing to send them to London for the training. As far back as 1938, Hubbard says, the Russians were angling for his services. "I was put under considerable argument and stress," he relates. "They offered me $200,000, all laboratory facilities, everything I needed in Russia." He turned them down, Hubbard says, and later his apartment "was blasted open" and his "basic manuscript" disappeared.

"We have no objection whatsoever to making Russians sane, or Cubans sane," says Hubbard, "or even U.S. government officials sane." But Hubbard realizes the "defense potential" of Scientology. "We can raise the I.Q. of a scientist one percent per hour of processing, and we can reduce the reaction time of a pilot at will up to 1/60th of a second. If offered to a foreign state, Scientology could cause the U.S. to suffer a reverse in war. This is a hot package, and I don't care to have it in my hip pocket forever. . . . After all, we're not dealing with Joe Blow, the crazy inventor of pocomonoda. I mean, we're dealing with stuff that has a large background."

A man with his inventiveness doubtless will solve this problem, as he has solved so many others. Meanwhile he recently has completed a whole new "research line"—subject undisclosed—and is preparing it for publication.

Perhaps it will provide the definitive answer to a question that some of his enemies have raised. They have said that the very man who had discovered the "clear," had never himself been processed to that high plateau of almost superhuman ability.

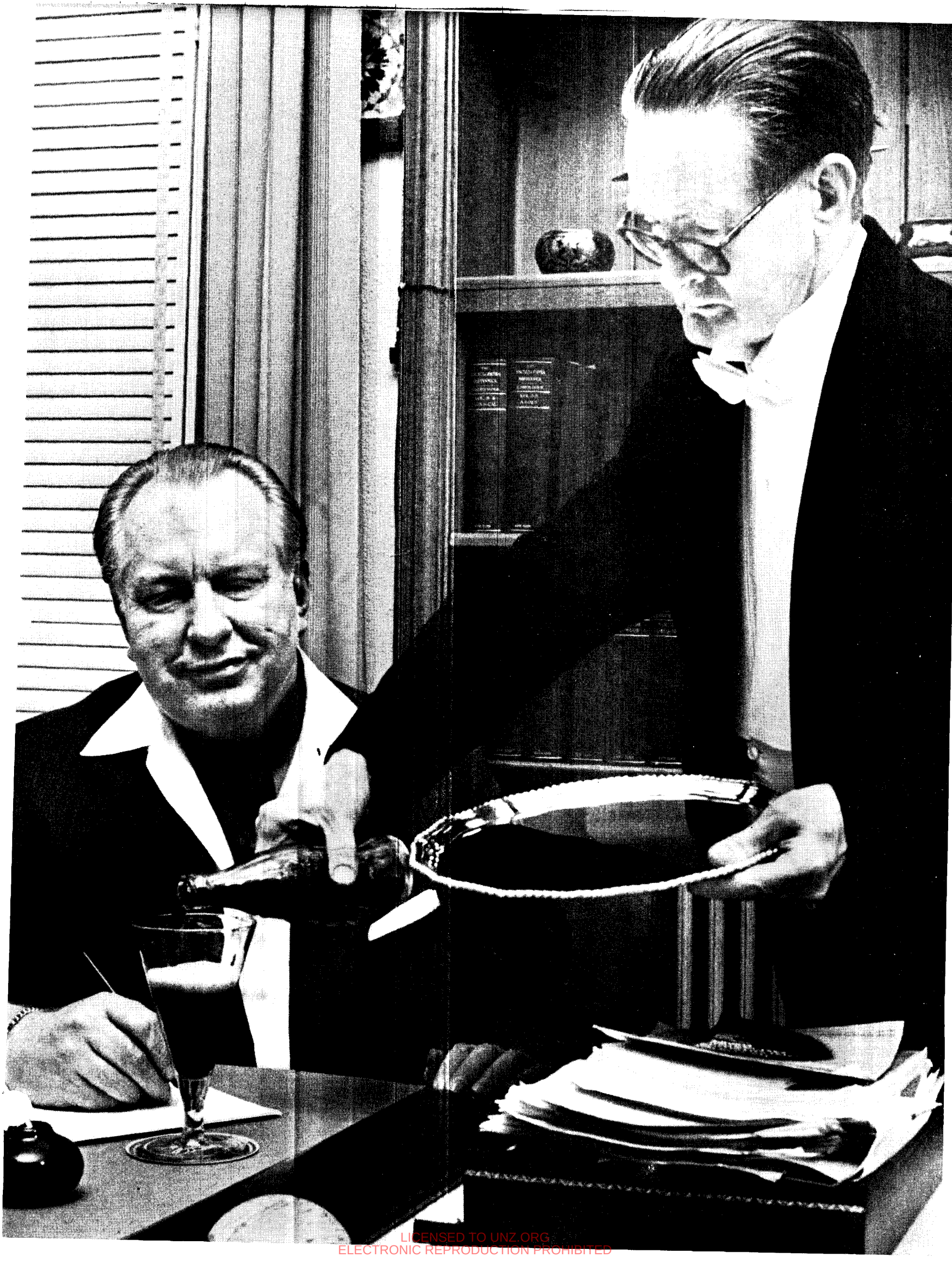
"That is the wildest pitch I've ever heard," he said with indignation. "Of course I've been processed to 'clear.'"

However, the definition of "clear" has been changed somewhat from the old days of Dianetics, when it meant a man freed of engrams, with a flawlessly functioning mind, fantastic abilities and total recall. Since then Hubbard discovered that people have a time track that runs back not just to their conception but perhaps to the clam-like boo-hoo in the misty beginnings of life. Hubbard has a new, and slightly more modest, definition of "clear." It now means "a person who has *this* lifetime straightened out."

Having explained this, the master of Saint Hill Manor rings for his butler, Shepheardson, who fetches his afternoon Coke on a tray. Twice a day the mail truck swings in through the gateway, bringing the letters from his followers in a bag that Hubbard calls "the Santa Claus pack." If he wishes a bit of air, his chauffeur will wheel out a new American car or his Jaguar. And as he sits there, gazing contentedly out over the broad acres of what was once a maharaja's estate, the profound truth of what he says becomes apparent. Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, Doctor of Scientology, may indeed be a man who has this lifetime straightened out. THE END

In daily ritual, Shepheardson, Hubbard's butler, serves him Coke on a silver tray. ▶

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDITORIALS

TWO CHEERS FOR THE BEATLES

The Beatles (page 30) have come and gone. Press-agentry has scored one of its greatest triumphs since the Ringling Brothers' Thomas Leef planted a midget on J. P. Morgan's knee. Thousands of squealing teen-agers met the mop-heads at Kennedy Airport. Our heroes, John, George, Paul and Ringo, were locked in private limousines—we are not sure who was being protected from whom—and transported in regal style to the Plaza Hotel in New York City. Word leaked out from that great hostelry that George had taken to bed "wracked with overindulgence." Mercifully—for teen-agers—it was not fatal. George struggled up from his bed of pain to join his hairy mates for the first of three appearances on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. (It was said that these three hours were the only ones in recent history in which not a single hubcap was stolen in America.) The New York *Herald Tribune* compared the young audience's caterwauling to "that terrible screech the BMT Astoria train makes as it turns east near 59th Street and Seventh Avenue."

From New York the Beatles journeyed down to Washington and an imbroglio at the British embassy, then back to New York for Carnegie Hall and finally on to Miami. They may have brought little harmony, but they proved that we are more advanced than our mother country, having passed some time ago from the Paleolithic Presley era to the higher cultural level of the hootenanny. The Beatles displayed an ingratiating quality, one that is all too rare in show-business people: They refused to take their "talent" or themselves too seriously. More than anything, however, they served for a time to divert us. We wish them well. We like them better than Cyprus, Panama or South Vietnam.

BOBBY BAKER'S NONAPPEARANCE ON TV

Bobby Baker is not our favorite character. He was the most important and the most trusted employee of the Senate. Whether he is legally in contempt of the Senate Rules Committee is not for us to decide, but his contempt for the reputation of the Senate and for the confidence that was reposed in him is stereophonic.

Depressing as Baker's appearance before the Senate Rules Committee was, however, it may have served a useful purpose. For once, a committee of the Senate respected the wishes of a witness with regard to television even though the witness refused to cooperate with the committee. It took an illogical hassle to bring the committee to this decision. As explained during the hearing, the committee's Rule 11 provides that TV lights and cameras will be turned off the witness on his request. The rest of the hearing is covered, and the witness is omitted—a ridiculously indecorous and unfair way of covering any judicial or quasi-judicial proceeding.

Baker's counsel, Edward Bennett Williams, said he was requesting that TV cameras and lights be barred not in accordance with Rule 11 but because the hearing was being held "solely for the purpose of the television cameras." That line of argument was bound to infuriate the senators. (Sen. Carl Curtis, Republican of Nebraska, demanded that Williams "withdraw that statement or be expelled from the room." There was no retraction and he was not expelled.) It was to the credit of the committee that it decided to bar TV in spite of this provocation and without invoking Rule 11. The decision was a wise one and it is to be hoped that a precedent was established, one that other Senate committees will follow. (House committees bar TV completely; Senate committees decide individually.)

Writing in *The Post* almost two years ago (THE FINAL IRONY OF JOE MCCARTHY, June 9, 1962), Edward Bennett Williams set forth the reasons for barring TV long before he undertook the defense of Bobby Baker. "When a witness objects to having his testimony broadcast or telecast," he said, "I think his wish should be respected. The average person is extremely nervous at appearing as a witness before a court or committee. It is unfair to ask him to appear before the entire country as well. If he objects strenuously to the broadcast or the televising, his testimony may be affected by nervousness or fear of public opinion. Further, it is a serious and unnecessary invasion of his privacy to project his face and voice into millions of homes without his consent."

These are compelling reasons. No one should be forced to appear on TV against his will. Whether he is Frank Costello, Jimmy Hoffa or Bobby Baker is beside the point. Every witness deserves the same fair, responsible treatment.

THREE MEN AGAINST THE TIDE

Individualism used to be a celebrated American trait. But in this age of galloping conformity, the person who stands against the mob, or refuses to go along, is likely to be regarded as a freak. In recent weeks three Americans have resisted the tide of conformity or stood against the mob in impressive but very different ways.

E. Kenneth Froslid, of Port Washington, Long Island, felt that the state of New York had no right to make him advertise the World's Fair on his 1964 license plates. He went into court and sued the state. The result was that a New York State Supreme Court justice ordered the Department of Motor Vehicles to provide unadorned license plates for Froslid and anyone else who requested them. It was not a momentous decision, but as a triumph of man over bureaucracy it was a beauty.

In Ghana a mob surged around the U.S. embassy and tore down the American flag. Emerson Player, of Denver, a Negro embassy official, rushed out in defiance of the mob and ran the flag back up the staff. The act was not earthshaking, but if he had done it in wartime, somebody probably would be putting up a monument to him.

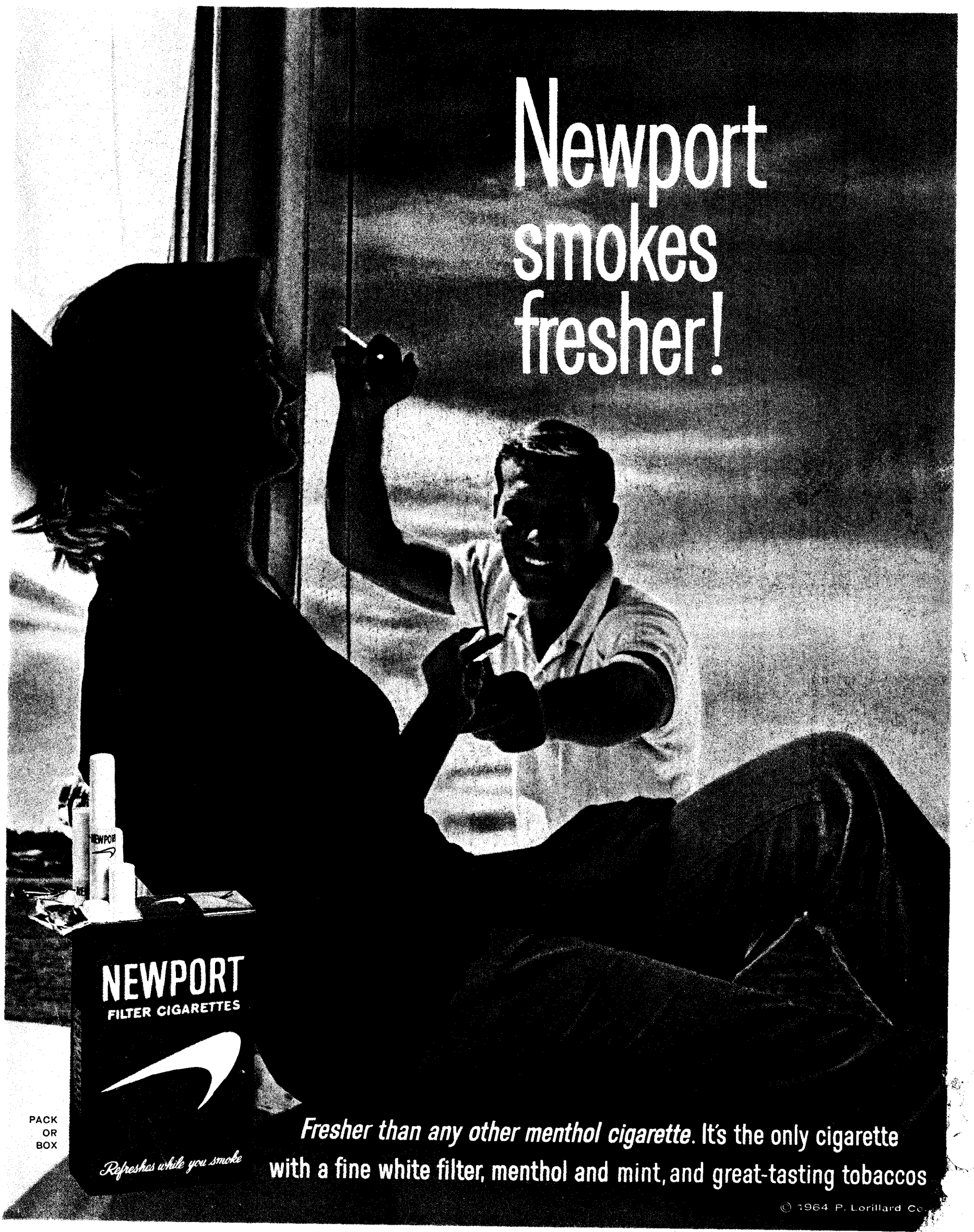
Mayor Arthur J. Holland, of Trenton, N.J., believed in integration and wanted to buy an old-fashioned house. So he bought an old-fashioned house in an integrated neighborhood, instead of following the trend to the suburbs. There is nothing heroic about living next to Negroes. But we like the way the mayor suited his actions to his beliefs. Like Mr. Froslid and Mr. Player, he refused to go along with the tide.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a pleasure
when you call Lon
You think about the word
you've heard...and the
loving voice that said the
It makes you feel so good
all over...again. Call soo
See if you don't agree.
BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Long Distance is the next best thing to being there

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED